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From Immigrant to Inventor

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I.—WHAT I BROUGHT TO AMERICA

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN I landed at Castle Garden forty-eight years ago I had only five cents in my pocket. Had I brought over five hundred dollars instead of five cents my immediate career in the new, and to me a perfectly strange, land would have been the same. A boy immigrant such as I was then does not begin his career until he has spent all the money which he has brought with him. I brought five cents and immediately spent it upon a piece of prune pie, which turned out to be a bogus prune pie. It contained nothing but pits of prunes. If I had brought five hundred dollars, it would have taken me a little longer to spend them, mostly upon bogus things, but the struggle which awaited me would have been the same in each case. It is no handicap to a boy immigrant to land here penniless; it is not a handicap to any boy to be penniless when he strikes out for an independent career, provided that he has the stamina to stand the hardships that may be in store for him.

A thorough training in the arts and crafts and a sturdy physique capable of standing the hardships of strenuous labor do entitle the immigrant to special considerations. But what has a young and penniless immigrant to offer who has had no training in any of the arts or crafts and does not know the language of the land? Apparently nothing, and if the present standards had prevailed forty-eight years ago I should have been deported. There are, however, certain things which a young immigrant may bring to this country that are far more precious than any of the things which the present immigration laws prescribe. Did I bring any of these things with me when I landed at Castle Garden in 1874? I shall try to answer this question in the following brief story of my life prior to my landing in this country.

Idvor is my native town; but the disclosure of this fact discloses very little, because Idvor cannot be found on any map. It is a little village off the highway in the province of Banat, formerly belonging to Austria-Hungary, but now an important part of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. At the Paris peace conference, in 1919, the Rumanians claimed this province; they claimed it in vain. They could not overcome the fact that the population of Banat is Serb, and particularly of that part of Banat where Idvor is located. President Wilson and Mr. Lansing knew me personally, and when they were informed by the Yougoslav delegates in Paris that I was a native of Banat, the Rumanian arguments lost much of their plausibility. No other nationality except the Serb has ever lived in Idvor. The inhabitants of Idvor were always peasants; most of them were illiterate in my boyhood days. My father and mother could neither read nor

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write. The question arises now, what could a penniless boy of fifteen, born and bred under such conditions, bring to America which under any conceivable immigration laws would entitle him to land? But I was confident that I was so desirable an acquisition to America that I would be allowed to land and was somewhat surprised that people made no fuss over me when I landed.

The Serbs of Idvor from time immemorial always considered themselves the brothers of the Serbs of Serbia, who are only a few gunshots away from Idvor on the south side of the Danube. The Avala Mountain, near Belgrade in Serbia, can easily be seen from Idvor on every clear day. This blue and to me at that time mysterious-looking peak looked always like a reminder to the Serbs of Banat that the Serbs of Serbia were keeping an eye of affectionate watchfulness upon them.

When I was a boy Idvor belonged to the so-called military frontier of Austria. A bit of interesting history is attached to this name. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the Austrian Empire was harassed by Turkish invasions. At periodically recurring intervals Turkish armies would cross her southern frontier, formed by the Rivers Danube and Sava, and penetrate into the interior provinces. Toward the end of the seventeenth century they advanced as far as Vienna, and would have become a serious menace to the whole of Europe if the Polish king Sobiesky had not come to the rescue of Vienna. It was at that time that Leopold I, Emperor of Austria, invited Charnoyevich, the Serb Patriarch of Ipek, in old Serbia, to move with thirty-five thousand picked families of old Serbia into the Austrian territory north of the Danube and the Sava Rivers, and to become its guardians. For three hundred years these Serbs had been fighting the Turks and had acquired great skill in this kind of warfare. In 1690 the Patriarch with these picked families moved into Austria, and they settled in a narrow strip of territory on the northern banks of these two rivers and stretching from the Adriatic to the so-called iron gate of the Danube. They organized what was known later as the military frontier of Austria. 1690 is according to tradition the date when my native village Idvor was founded, but not quite on its present site. The original site is a very small plateau a little to the north of the present site.

Banat is a perfectly level plain, but near the village of Idvor the River Tamish has dug out a miniature canyon, and on the plateau of one of the promontories of this canyon the old site of Idvor was located. It is connected to the new site by a narrow neck. The old site was selected because it offered many strategical advantages of defense against the invading Turk. The first settlers of the old village lived in subterranean houses which could not be seen at a distance by the approaching enemy. Remnants of these subterranean houses were still in existence when I was a schoolboy in the village of Idvor, over fifty years ago. The location of the original church was marked by a little column built of bricks and bearing a cross. In a recess on the side of the column was the image of St. Mary with the Christ Child, illuminated by a burning wick immersed in oil. The legend was that this flame was never allowed to go out, and that a religious procession by the good people of Idvor to the old monument was sure to avert any calamity, like pestilence or drought, that may be threatening the village. I took part in many of these processions to the old deserted village and felt every time that I was standing upon sacred ground; sacred, because of the Christian blood shed there during the struggles of the Christian Serbs of Idvor against the Turkish invaders. Every visit to the old village site refreshed the memories of the heroic traditions of which the village people were extremely proud. They were poor in worldly goods, those simple peasant folk of Idvor, but they were rich in memories of their ancient traditions.

As I look back upon my childhood days in the village of Idvor, I feel that the cultivation of old traditions was the principal element in the spiritual life of the village people. The knowledge of these traditions was necessary and sufficient to them in order to understand their position in the world and in the Austrian Empire. When my people moved into Aus-

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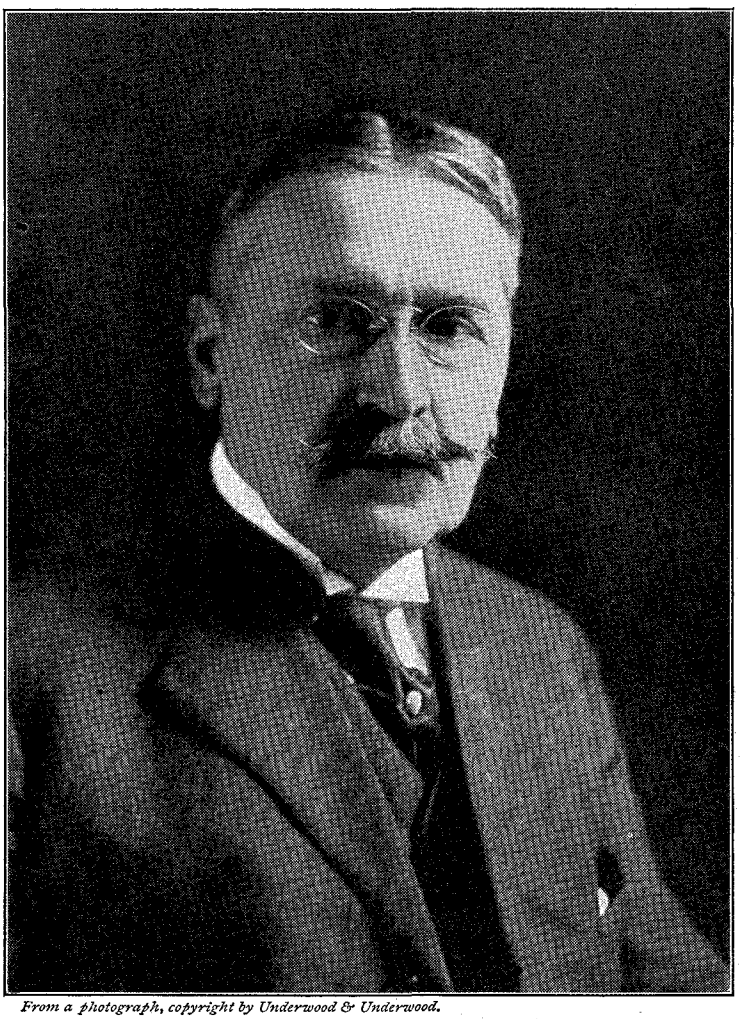
tria under Patriarch Charnoyevich and settled in the military frontier, they had a definite agreement with Emperor Leopold I. It was recorded in an Austrian state document called Privilegia. Ac-



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Professor Michael Pupin.

cording to this ancient document the Serbs of the military frontier were to enjoy a spiritual, economic, and political autonomy. Lands granted to them were their own property. In our village we maintained our own schools and our own churches, and each village elected its own local administration. Its head was the knez, or chief, usually a sturdy peasant. My father was a knez several times. The bishops and the people elected their own spiritual and political heads, that is, the Patriarch and the Voyvoda (governor). We were free and independent peasant landholders. In return for these privileges the people obligated themselves to render military service for the defense of the southern frontiers of the empire against the invading Turks. After they had helped to drive the Turks across the Danube, under the supreme command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and after the emperor had discovered the splendid fighting qualities of the Serbs of the military frontier, he managed to extend the original terms of the "Privilegia" so as

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to make it obligatory upon the military frontiersmen to defend the empire against any and every enemy. In this manner the Serbs of the military frontier of Austria defended Empress Maria Theresa against Frederic the Great; they defended Emperor Francis against Napoleon; they defended Emperor Ferdinand against the rebellious Hungarians in 1848 and 1849; in 1859 and 1866 they defended Austria against Italy. The military exploits of the men of Idvor during these wars supplied material for the traditions of Idvor, which were recorded in many tales and stirring songs. Reading and writing did not flourish in Idvor in those days, but poetry did.

Faithful to the old customs of the Serb race, the people of Idvor held during the long winter evenings their neighborhood gatherings, and as a boy I attended many of them at my father's house. The older men would sit around the warm stove on a bench which was a part of the stove and made of the same material, usually soft brick plastered over and whitewashed. They smoked and talked and looked like old senators, self-appointed guardians of all the wisdom of Idvor. At the feet of the old men were middle-aged men, seated upon low stools, each with a basket in front of him into which he peeled the yellow corn from the seasoned ears of corn, and this kept him busy during the evening. The older women were seated on little stools along the wall; they would be spinning wool, flax, or hemp. The young women would be sewing or knitting. I, a favorite child of my mother, was allowed to sit alongside of her and listen to the words of wisdom and words of fiction dropping from the mouths of the old men and sometimes also from the mouths of the middle-aged and younger men, when the old men gave them permission to speak. At intervals the young women would sing a song having some relation to the last tale. For instance, when one of the old men had finished a tale about Kara George and his historic struggles against the Turks, the women would follow with a song describing a brave lieutenant of Kara George, named Haidouk Velyko, who with a small band of Serbians defended Negotin against a great Turkish army under Moula Pasha. This gallant band as the song describes them reminds one of the little band of Greeks at Thermopylæ.

Some of the old men present at these gatherings took part in the Napoleonic wars, and they also remembered well the stories which they had heard from their fathers relating to the wars of Austria against Frederic the Great during the eighteenth century. The middle-aged men had participated in the fighting during the Hungarian revolution, and the younger men had just gone through the campaigns in Italy in 1859 and 1866. One of the old men took part in the battle of Aspern, when Austria defeated Napoleon. He received a high imperial decoration for bravery, and was very proud of it. He also went to Russia with an Austrian division during Napoleon's campaign of 1812. His name was Baba Batikin, and in the estimation of the village people he was a seer and a prophet, due to his wonderful memory and his extraordinary power of description. His diction was that of a gouslar (Serbian minstrel). He not only described vividly what was going on in Austria and in Russia during the Napoleonic wars in which he himself participated, but he would also thrill his hearers by tales relating to the Austrian campaigns against Frederic the Great, which his father upon his return from the battle-fields of Silesia had related to him. I remember quite well his stories relating to Kara George of Serbia, whom he had known personally. He called him the great vozd, or leader of the Serbian peasants, and never grew weary of describing his heroic struggles against the Turks in the beginning of the nineteenth century. These tales about Kara George were always received at the neighborhood gatherings with more enthusiasm than any other of his stirring narratives. Toward the end of the evening Baba Batikin would recite some of the old Serbian ballads, many of which he knew by heart. During these recitations his thin and wrinkled face would light up; it was the face of a seer, as I remember it, and I can now see his bald head with a wonderful brow towering over bushy eyebrows through which the light of his deep-set eyes would shine like the light of the moon through the needles of an aged pine. It was from him that the good people of Idvor learued the history of the Serb race

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from the battle of the field of Kossovo in 1389 down to Kara George. He kept alive the old Serb traditions in the village of Idvor. He was my first and my best teacher in history.

The younger men told tales relating to Austrian campaigns in Italy, glorifying the deeds of valor which the men of Idvor displayed in these campaigns. The battle of Custozza in 1866, in which the military frontiersmen nearly annihilated the Italian armies, received a great deal of attention, because the men who described it participated in it and had just returned from Italy. But I remember that every one of those men was full of praise of Garibaldi, the leader of the Italian people in their struggles for freedom. They called him the Kara George of Italy. I also remember that in my father's house in which these winter-evening gatherings took place there was a colored picture of Garibaldi with his red shirt and a plumed hat. The picture was hung up alongside of the "Ikona," the picture of our patron saint; on the other side of the Ikona was the picture of the Czar of Russia, who only a few years prior to that time had emancipated the Russian serfs. In the same room and hanging in a very conspicuous place, all by itself, was a picture of Kara George, the leader of the Serbian revolution. The picture of the Austrian emperor was not there after 1869!

The Serb ballads recited by Baba Batikin glorified the great national hero, Prince Marko; his combats were the combats of a strong man in defense of the weak and of the oppressed. Marko, although a prince of royal blood, never fought for conquest of territory. According to the gouslar, Prince Marko was a true champion of right and justice. At that time the Civil War in America had just come to a close and the name of Lincoln, whenever mentioned by Baba Batikin, suggested an American Prince Marko. The impressions which I carried away from these neighborhood gatherings were a spiritual food which nourished in my young mind the sentiment that the noblest thing in this world is the struggle for right, justice, and freedom. It was the love of freedom and of right and justice which made the Serbs of the military frontier desert their ancestral homes in old Serbia and move into Austria, where they gladly consented to live in subterranean houses and crawl like woodchucks under the ground as long as they could enjoy the blessings of political freedom.

The military frontiersmen had their freedom guaranteed to them by the "Privilegia," and in exchange for their freedom they were always ready to fight for the Emperor of Austria on any battlefield. Loyalty to the emperor was the cardinal virtue of the military frontiersmen. It was that loyalty which overcame their admiration for Garibaldi in 1866, and hence the Austrian victory at Custozza. The Emperor of Austria as a guardian of their freedom received a place of honor in the selected class of men like Prince Marko, Kara George, Czar Alexander the Liberator, Lincoln, and Garibaldi. These were the names recorded in the Hall of Fame of Idvor. When, however, the emperor in 1869 dissolved the military frontier and delivered its people to the Hungarians, the military frontiersmen felt that they were betrayed by the emperor who broke his faith to them which was recorded in the "Privilegia." I remember my father saying to me one day: "Thou shalt never be a soldier in the emperor's army. The emperor has broken his word; the emperor is a traitor in the eyes of the military frontiersmen. We despise the man who is not true to his word." This is the reason why the picture of the Emperor of Austria was not allowed a place in my father's house after 1869.

As I look back upon those days I feel, as I always felt, that the treacherous act on the part of the Austrian emperor in 1869 was the beginning of the end of the Austrian Empire. It was the beginning of nationalism in the realm of Emperor Francis Joseph of Hapsburg. The love of the people for the country in which they lived began to languish until it finally died. When that love dies the country must also die. This was the lesson which I learned from the illiterate peasants of Idvor.

My teacher in the village school never succeeded in making upon my mind that profound impression which was made upon it by the men at the neighborhood

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gatherings. They were men who had gone out into the world and had taken an active part in the struggles of the world. Reading, writing, and arithmetic appeared to me like instruments of torture which the teacher, who, in my opinion at that time, knew nothing of the world, had invented in order to interfere as much as possible with my freedom, particularly when I had an important engagement with my chums and playmates. But my mother soon convinced me that I was wrong. She could neither read nor write, and she told me that she always felt that she was blind, in spite of the clear vision of her eyes. So blind, indeed, that, as she expressed it, she did not dare venture into the world much beyond the confines of my native village. This is as far as I remember now the mode of reasoning which she would address to me: "My boy, if you wish to go out into the world about which you heard so much at the neighborhood gatherings, you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes; the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge and learning in the world which you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory." She was a very pious woman, and had a rare knowledge of both the Old and the New Testaments. The Psalms were her favorite recitations. She also knew the lives of saints. St. Sava was her favorite saint. She was the first to make me understand the story of the life of this wonderful Serb. This, briefly stated, was the story which she told me: Sava was the youngest son of the Serb Zhupan Nemanya. At an early age he renounced his royal titles and retired to a monastery in Mount Athos and devoted many years to study and meditation. He then returned to his native land in the beginning of the thirteenth century and became the first Serbian archbishop and founded an autonomous Serbian church. He also organized public schools in his father's realm, where Serbian boys and girls had an opportunity to learn how to read and write. He thus opened the eyes of the Serbian people, and the people in grateful recognition of these great services called him St. Sava the Educator, and praised forever his saintly name and memory. Seven hundred years had passed since St. Sava's time, but not one of them had passed without a memorial celebration dedicated to him in every town and in every home where a Serb lives.

This was a revelation to me. Like every schoolboy, I attended, of course, every year in January the celebrations of St. Sava's day. On these occasions we unruly boys made fun of the big boy who in a trembling and awkward voice was reciting something about St. Sava, which the teacher had written out for him. After this recitation the teacher, with a funny nasal twang, would do his best to supplement in a badly articulated speech what he had written out for the big boy, and finally the drowsy-looking priest would wind up with a sermon bristling with archaic church Slavonic expressions, which to us unruly boys sounded like awkward attempts of a Slovak mouse-trap dealer to speak Serbian. Our giggling merriment reached then a climax, and so my mischievous chums never gave me a chance to catch the real meaning of the ceremonies on St. Sava's day. My mother's story of St. Sava and the way in which she told it made the image of St. Sava appear before me for the first time in the light of a saint who glorified the value of books and of the art of writing. I understood then why mother placed such value upon reading and writing. I vowed to devote myself to both, even if that should make it necessary to neglect my chums and playmates, and soon I convinced my mother that in reading and writing I could do at least as well as any boy. The teacher observed the change; he was astonished, and actually believed that a miracle had occurred. My mother believed in miracles, and told the teacher that the spirit of St. Sava was guiding me. One day she told him in my presence that in a dream she saw St. Sava lay his hands upon my head, and then turning to her said: "Daughter Pyada, your boy will soon outgrow the village school of Idvor. Let him then go out into the world, where he can find more brain food for his hungry head." Next year the teacher selected me to make the recitation

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Main street in Idvor. In the house on left with three windows, a typical peasant house of Idvor, Pupin was born.

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on St. Sava's day, and he wrote out the speech for me. My mother amended and amplified it and made me rehearse it for her over and over again. On St. Sava's day the first public speech of my life was delivered by me. The success was overwhelming. My chums, the unruly boys, did not giggle; on the contrary, they looked interested, and that encouraged me much. The people said to each other that even old Baba Batikin could not have done much better. My mother cried for joy; my teacher shook his head and the priest looked puzzled; they both admitted that I had outgrown the village school of Idvor.

At the end of that year my mother prevailed upon my father to send me to a higher school in the town of Panchevo, on the Tamish River, about fifteen miles south of Idvor, quite near the point where the Tamish flows into the Danube. There I found teachers whose learning made a deep impression upon me, particularly their learning in natural science, a subject entirely unknown in Idvor. There I heard for the first time that an American named Franklin operating with a kite and a key had discovered that lightning was a passage of an electrical spark between clouds, and that thunder was due to the sudden expansion of the atmosphere heated by the passage of the electrical spark. The story was illustrated by an actual frictional electrical machine. This information thrilled me; it was so novel and so simple, I thought, and so contrary to all my previous notions. During my visit home I eagerly took the first opportunity to describe this new knowledge to my father and his peasant friends who were seated in front of our house and were enjoying their Sunday-afternoon talks. I suddenly observed that my father and his friends looked at each other in utter astonishment. They seemed to ask each other the question: "What heresy be this which this impudent brat is disclosing to us?" And then my father, glaring at me, asked, whether I had forgotten that he had told me on so many occasions that thunder was due to the rumbling of St. Elijah's car as he drove across the heavens, and whether I thought that this American Franklin who plays with kites like an idle boy knew more than the wisest men of Idvor. I always had a great respect for my father's opinions, but on that occasion I could not help smiling with a smile of ill-concealed irony which angered him. When I saw the flame of anger in his big black eyes I jumped and ran for safety. During supper my father, whose anger had cooled considerably, described to my mother the heresy which I was preaching on that afternoon. My mother observed that nowhere in the Holy Scriptures could he find support of the St. Elijah legend, and that it is quite possible that the American Franklin was right and that the St. Elijah legend was wrong. In matters of correct interpretation of ancient authorities my father was always ready to abide by the decisions of my mother, and so father and I became reconciled again. My mother's admission of the possibility that the American Franklin might, after all, be wiser than all the wise men of Idvor, and my father's silent consent, aroused in me a keen interest in America. Liucoln and Franklin were two names with which my early ideas of America were associated.

During those school-days in Panchevo I passed my summer vacation in my native village. Idvor, just like the rest of Banat, lives principally from agriculture, and during harvest-time it is as busy as a beehive. Old and young, man and beast, concentrate all their efforts upon the harvest operations. But nobody is busier than the Serbian ox. He is the most loyal and effective servant of the Serb peasant everywhere, and particularly in Banat. He does all the ploughing in the spring, and he hauls the seasoned grain from the distant fertile fields to the threshing-grounds in the village when the harvesting season is on. The commencement of the threshing operations marks the end of the strenuous efforts of the good old ox; his summer vacation begins, and he is sent to pasturelands to feed and to rest and to prepare himself for autumn hauling of the yellow corn and for the autumn ploughing of the fields. The village boys who are not big enough to render much help on the threshing-grounds are assigned to the task of watching over the grazing oxen during their summer vacation. The school vacation of the boys coincided with

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the vacation of the good old ox. Several summers I passed in that interesting occupation. These were my only summer schools, and they were the most interesting schools that I ever attended.

The oxen of the village were divided into herds of about fifty head, and each herd was guarded by a squad of some twelve boys from families owning the oxen in the herd. Each squad was under the command of a young man who was an experienced herdsman. To watch a herd of fifty oxen was not an easy task. In daytime the job was easy, because the heat of the summer sun and the torments of the ever-busy fly made the oxen hug the shade of the trees, where they rested awaiting the cooler hours of the day. At night, however, the task was much more difficult. Being forced to hug the shade of the trees during daytime, the oxen would get but little enjoyment of the pasture, and so when the night arrived they were quite hungry and eagerly searched for the best of feed.

I must mention now that the pasture-lands of my native village lay alongside of territory of a score of square miles which in some years were all planted in corn. During the months of August and September these vast corn-fields were like deep forests. Not far from Idvor and to the east of the corn-fields was a Rumanian settlement which was notorious for its cattle-thieves. The trick of these thieves was to hide in the corn-fields at night and to wait until some cattle strayed into these fields, when they would drive them away and hide them somewhere in their own corn-fields on the other side of their own village. To prevent the herd from straying into the corn-fields at night was a great task, for the performance of which the boys had to be trained in daytime by their experienced leader. It goes without saying that each day we boys first worked off our superfluous energy in wrestling, swimming, hockey, and other strenuous games, and then settled down to the training in the arts of a herdsman which we had to practise at night. One of these arts was signalling through the ground. Each boy had a knife with a long wooden handle. This knife was stuck deep into

The old monument on Staro Selo, the old village, where the original settlers of Idvor lived in subterranean dwellings.

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the ground. A sound was made by striking against the wooden handle, and the boys lying down and pressing their ears close to the ground had to estimate the direction and the distance of the origin of sound. Practice made us quite expert in this form of signalling. We knew at that time that the sound travelled through the ground far better than through the air, and that a hard and solid ground transmitted sound much better than the ploughed-up ground. We knew, therefore, that the sound produced this way near the edge of the pastureland could not be heard in the soft ground of the corn-fields stretching along the edge. A Rumanian cattle-thief, hidden at night in the corn-fields, could not hear our ground signals and could not locate us. Kos, the Slovenian, my teacher and interpreter of physical phenomena, could not explain this, and I doubt very much whether the average physicist of Europe at that time could have explained it. It is the basis of a discovery which I made about twenty-five years after my novel experiences in that herdsmen's summer school in Idvor.

On perfectly clear and quiescent summer nights on the plains of my native Banat, the stars are intensely bright and the sky looks black by contrast. "Thy hair is as black as the sky of a summer midnight" is a favorite saying of a Serbian lover to his lady-love. On such nights we could not see our grazing oxen when they were more than a few score of feet from us, but we could hear them if we pressed our ears close to the ground and listened. On such nights we boys had our work cut out for us. We were placed along a definite line at distances of some twenty yards apart. This was the dead-line, which separated the pasturelands from the corn-field territory. The motto of the French at Verdun was: "They shall not pass!" This was our motto, too, and it referred equally to our friends, the oxen, and to our enemies, the Rumanian cattle-thieves. Our knife-blades were deep in the ground and our ears were pressed against the handles. We could hear every step of the roaming oxen and even their grazing operations when they were sufficiently near to the dead-line. We knew that these grazing operations were regulated by the time of the night, and this we estimated by the position of certain constellations like Orion and the Pleiades. The positions of the evening star and of the morning star were also closely observed. Venus was our white star and Mars was called the red star. The Dipper, the north star, and the milky way were our compass. We also knew that when in the dead of the night we could hear the faint sound of the church-bell of the Rumanian settlement about four miles to the east of us, then there was a breeze from the corn-fields to the pasturelands, and that it carried the sweet perfume of the young corn to the hungry oxen, inviting them to the rich banquet-table of the corn-fields. On such nights our vigilance was redoubled. We were then all eyes and ears. Our ears were closely pressed to the ground and our eyes were riveted upon the stars above.

The light of the stars, the sound of the grazing oxen, and the faint strokes of the distant church-bell were messages of caution which on those dark summer nights guided our vigilance over the precious herd. These messages appealed to us like the loving words of a friendly power, without whose aid we were helpless. They were the only signs of the world's existence which dominated our consciousness as, enveloped in the darkness of night and surrounded by countless burning stars, we guarded the safety of our oxen. The rest of the world had gone out of existence; it began to reappear in our consciousness when the early dawn announced, what we boys felt to be, the divine command, "Let there be light," and the sun heralded by long white streams began to approach the eastern sky, and the earth gradually appeared as if by an act of creation. Every one of those mornings of fifty years ago appeared to us herdsmen to be witnessing the creation of the world,—a world at first of friendly sound and light messages which made us boys feel that a divine power was protecting us and our herd, and then a real terrestrial world, when the rising sun had separated the hostile mysteries of night from the friendly realities of the day.

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Sound and light became thus associated in my early modes of thought with the divine method of speech and communication, and this belief was strengthened by my mother, who quoted the words of St. John: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

I also believed that David, whose Psalms, under the instruction of my mother, I knew by heart and who in his youth was a shepherd, expressed my thoughts in his nineteenth Psalm:

"The heavens declare the glory of God. . . ."

. . . . . .

"There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

Then, there is no Serb boy who has not heard that beautiful Russian song by Lyermontoff, the great Russian poet, which says:

"Lonely I wander over the country road,
And in the darkness the stony path is glimmering;
Night is silent and the plains are whispering
To God, and star speaketh to star."

Lyermontoff was a son of the Russian plains. He saw the same burning stars in the blackness of a summer midnight sky which I saw. He felt the same thrill which David felt and through his Psalms transmitted it to me during those watchful nights of fifty years ago. I pity the city-bred boy who never felt the mysterious force of that heavenly thrill.

Sound and light being associated in my young mind of fifty years ago with divine operations by means of which man communicates with man, beast with beast, stars with stars, and man with his creator, it is obvious that I meditated much about the nature of sound and of light. I still believe that these modes of communication are the fundamental operations in the physical universe and I am still meditating about their nature. My teachers in Panchevo rendered some assistance in solving many of the puzzles which I met in the course of these meditations. Kos, my Slovenian teacher, who was the first to tell me the story of Franklin and his kite, was a great help. He soon convinced me that sound was a vibration of bodies. This explanation agreed with the Serbian figure of speech which says:

"My heart quivers like the melodious string under the gouslar's bow."

I also felt the quivering air whenever during my term of service as guardian of the oxen I tried my skill at the Serbian flute. Few things excited my interest more than the operations of the Serbian bagpiper as he forced the air from his sheepskin bellows and made it sing by regulating its passage through the pipes. The operations which the bagpiper called adjustment and tuning of the bagpipes commanded my closest attention. I never dreamt then that a score of years later I would do a similar operation with an electrical circuit. I called it "electrical tuning," a term which has been generally adopted in wireless telegraphy. But nobody knows that the operation as well as the name were first suggested to me by the Serbian bagpiper, some twenty years prior to the time when I made the invention in 1892.

Skipping over several sections of my story, I will say now that twenty years after my invention of electrical tuning a pupil of mine, Major Armstrong, discovered the electrical vacuum-tube oscillator, which promises to revolutionize wireless telegraphy and telephony. A similar invention, but a little earlier, was made by another pupil of mine, Mr. Vreeland. Both these inventions in their mode of operation remind me much of the operation of Serbian bagpipes. Perhaps some of those thrills which the Serbian bagpiper stirred up in me in my early youth were transferred to my pupils, Armstrong and Vreeland.

I was less successful in solving my puzzles concerning the nature of light. Kos, the Slovenian, my first guide and teacher in the study of physical phenomena, told me the story that a wise man of Greece with the name of Aristotle believed that light originated in the eye, which throws out feelers to the surrounding objects and through these feelers we see the objects, just as we feel them by our sense of touch. This view did not agree with the popular saying often heard in Idvor: "Pick your grapes before sunrise, before the thirsty sunbeams have

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drunk up their cooling dew." Nor did it agree with Bishop Nyegoush, the greatest of Serbian poets, who says:

"The bright-eyed dewdrops glide along the sunbeams to the heavens above."

The verse from Nyegoush I obtained from a Serbian poet, who was an arch priest, a protoyeray, and who was my religious teacher in Panchevo. His name, Vasa Zivkovich, I shall never forget, because it is sweet music to my ears on account of the memories of affectionate friendship he cherished for me.

According to this popular belief a beam of light has an individual existence just like that of the melodious string under the gouslar's bow. But neither the poet, nor the wise men of Idvor, nor Kos, the Slovenian, ever mentioned that a beam of light ever quivered, and if it does not quiver like a vibrating body, how can the sun, the moon, and the stars proclaim the glory of God, and how can, according to David, their voice be heard wherever there are speech and language? These questions Kos would not answer. No wonder! Nobody to-day can give a completely satisfactory answer to questions relating to radiation of light. Kos was non-committal and did not seem to attach much importance to the authorities which I quoted; namely, the Serbian poet Nyegoush, the wise sayings of Idvor, and the Psalms of David. Nevertheless, he was greatly interested in my childlike inquiries and always encouraged me to go on with my puzzling questions. Once he invited me to his house, and there I found that several of his colleagues were present. One of them was my friend the poet-priest, and another was a Hungarian Lutheran preacher who spoke Serbian well and was famous in Panchevo on account of his great eloquence. They both engaged me in conversation and showed a lively interest in my summer vacation experiences as herdsman's assistant. The puzzling questions about light which I addressed to Kos, and the fact that Kos would not answer, amused them. My knowledge of the Bible and of the Psalms impressed them much, and they asked me quite a number of questions concerning my mother. Then they suggested that I might be transferred from the school in Panchevo to the famous schools of Prague in Bohemia, if my father and mother did not object to my going so far away from home. When I suggested that my parents could not afford to support me in a great place like Prague, they assured me that this difficulty might be fixed up. I promised to consult my parents during the approaching Christmas vacation. I did, but found my father irresistibly opposed to it. Fate, however, decreed otherwise.

The history of Banat records a great event for the early spring of 1872, the spring succeeding the Christmas when my father and mother agreed to disagree upon the proposition that I go to Prague. Svetozar Miletich, the great nationalist leader of the Serbs in Austria-Hungary, visited Panchevo, and the people prepared a torchlight procession for him. This procession was to be a protest of Panchevo and of the whole Banat against the emperor's treachery of 1867. My father protested long before that by excluding the emperor's picture from our house. That visit of Miletich marks the beginning of a new political era in Banat, the era of nationalism. The schoolboys of Panchevo turned out in great numbers, and I was one of them, proud to become one of the torch-bearers. We shouted ourselves hoarse whenever Miletich in his fiery speech denounced the emperor for his ingratitude to the military frontiersmen as well as to all the Serbs of Voyvodina. Remembering my father's words on the occasion mentioned above, I did not hesitate to shout in the name of the schoolboys present in the procession: "We'll never serve in Francis Joseph's army!" My chums responded with: "Long live the Prince of Serbia!" The Hungarian officials took careful notes of the whole proceeding, and a few days later I was informed that Panchevo is not a proper place for an ill-mannered peasant boy like me, and that I should pack up and return to Idvor. Kos, the Slovenian, and protoyeray Zivkovich interfered and I was permitted to stay.

On the first of May, following, our school celebrated the May-day festival. The Serb youngsters in the school, who worshipped Miletich and his nationalism, prepared a Serbian flag for the festival march. The other boys, mostly Germans, Rumanians, and Hungarians, carried the

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Austrian yellow-black standard. The nationalist group among the youngsters stormed the bearer of the yellow-black standard, and I was caught in the scrimmage with the Austrian flag under my feet. Expulsion from school stared me in the face. Again protoyeray Zivkovich came to my defense and, thanks to his high official position and to my high standing in school, I was allowed to continue with my class until the end of the school year, after promising that I would not associate with revolutionary boys who showed an inclination to storm the Austrian flag. The matter did not end there, however. In response to an invitation from the protoyeray, father and mother came to Panchevo to a conference, which resulted in a triumph for my mother. It was decided that I bid good-by to Panchevo, a hotbed of nationalism, and go to Prague. The protoyeray and his congregation promised assistance if the financial burden attached to my schooling in Prague should prove too heavy for my parents.

Approach to Staro Selo over bridge spanning Toukosh, an arm of River Tamish.

When the day for the departure for Prague arrived, my mother had everything ready for my long journey, a journey of nearly two days on a Danube steamboat to Budapest, and one day by rail from Budapest to Prague. Two multicolored bags made of a beautifully colored web of wool contained my belongings: one my linen, the other my provisions, consisting of a whole roast goose and a big loaf of white bread. The only suit of clothes which I had I wore on my back, and my sisters told me that it was very stylish and made me look like a city-bred boy. To tone down somewhat this misleading appearance and to provide a warm covering during my journey for the cold autumn evenings and nights, I wore a long yellow overcoat of sheepskin trimmed with black wool and embroidered along the border with black and red arabesque figures. A black sheepskin cap gave the finishing touch and marked me as a real son of Idvor. When I said good-by to father and mother on the steamboat landing I expected, of course, that my mother would cry, and she did; but to my great surprise I noticed two big tears roll down my father's cheeks. He was a stern and unemotional person, a splendid

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type of the heroic age, and when for the first time in my life I saw a tear in his luminous eyes I broke down and sobbed, and felt embarrassed when I saw that the steamboat passengers were taking a sympathetic interest in my parting from father and mother. A group of big boys on the boat took me up and offered to help me to orient myself on the boat; they were theological students returning to the famous seminary at Karlovac, the seat of the Serb Patriarch. I confided to them that I was going to the schools of Prague, that I never went from home farther than Panchevo, that I had never seen a big steamboat or a railroad-train, and that my journey gave me some anxiety, because I could not speak Hungarian, and had some difficulty in handling the limited German vocabulary which I learned in Panchevo. Presently we saw a great church-tower in the distance, and they told me that it was the cathedral of Karlovac, and that near the cathedral was the palace of his holiness, the Patriarch. It was at this place where the Turks begged for peace in 1699, having been defeated with the aid of the military frontiersmen. Beyond Karlovac, they pointed out, was the mountain of Froushka Gora, so famous in Serbian poetry. This was the first time I saw a mountain at close range. One historical scene crowded upon another, and I had some difficulty to take them all in even with the friendly assistance of my theological acquaintances. When Karlovac was reached and my theological friends left the boat, I felt quite lonesome. I returned to my multicolored bags, and as I looked upon them and remembered that mother had made them I felt that a part, at least, of my honey-hearted home was so near me, and that consoled me.

I noticed that lunch was being served to people who had ordered it, and I thought of the roast goose which mother had packed away in my multicolored bag. I reached for the bag, but, alas! the goose was gone. A fellow passenger, who sat near me, assured me that he saw one of the young theologians carry the goose away while the other theologians engaged me in conversation, and not knowing to whom the bags belonged, he thought nothing of the incident. Besides, how could any one suspect a student of theology? "Shades of St. Sava," said I, "what kind of orthodoxy will these future apostles of your faith preach to the Serbs of Banat?" "Ah, my boy," said an elderly lady who heard my exclamation, "do not curse them; they did it just out of innocent mischief. This experience will be worth many a roast goose to you; it will teach you that in a world of strangers you must always keep one eye on what you have and with the other eye look out for things that you do not have." She was a most sympathetic peasant woman, who probably had seen my dramatic parting with father and mother on the steamboat landing. I took her advice, and during the rest of my journey I never lost sight of my multicolored bags and of my yellow sheepskin coat.

The sight of Budapest, as the boat approached it on the following day, nearly took my breath away. At the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor I had heard many a story about the splendor of the emperor's palace on the top of the mountain at Buda, and about the wonders of a bridge suspended in air across the Danube and connecting Buda with Pest. Many legends were told in Idvor concerning these wonderful things. But what I saw with my own eyes from the deck of that steamboat surpassed all my expectations. I was overawed, and for a moment I would have been glad to turn back and retrace my journey to Idvor. The world outside of Idvor seemed too big and too complicated for me. But as soon as I landed, my courage returned. With the yellow sheepskin coat on my back, the black sheepskin cap on my head, and the multicolored bags firmly grasped in my hands, I started out to find the railroad-station. A husky Serb passed by and, attracted by my sheepskin coat and cap and the multicolored bags, suddenly stopped and addressed me in Serbian. He lived in Budapest, he said, and his glad eye and hand assured me that a sincere friend was speaking to me. He helped me with the bags and stayed with me until he deposited me in the train that was to take me to Prague. He cautioned me that at about four o'clock in the morning my train would reach Gaenserndorf (Goosetown), and there I should

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get out and get another train which would take me to Prague. The name of this town brought back to memory my goose which disappeared at Karlovac, and gloomy forebodings disturbed my mind and made me a little anxious.

This was the first railroad-train that I had ever seen. It disappointed me; the legendary speed of trains about which I heard so much in Idvor was not there. When the whistle blew and the conductor shouted "Fertig!" (Ready!), I shut my eyes and waited anxiously, expecting to be shot forward at a tremendous speed. But the train started leisurely and, to my great disappointment, never reached the speeds which I expected. It was a cold October night; the third-class compartment had only one other passenger, a fat Hungarian whom I could not understand, although he tried his best to engage me in a conversation. My sheepskin coat and cap made me feel warm and comfortable; I fell asleep and never woke up until the rough conductor pulled me off my seat and ordered me out.

"Vienna, last stop," he shouted.

"But I was going to Prague," I said.

"Then you should have changed at Gaenserndorf, you idiot!" answered the conductor with the usual politeness of Austrian officials when they see a Serb before them. "But why didn't you wake me up at Gaenserndorf?" I protested. He flared up and made a gesture as if about to box my ears, but suddenly he changed his mind and substituted a verbal thrust at my pride. "You little fool of a Serbian swineherd, do you expect an imperial official to assist you in your lazy habits, you sleepy muttonhead?"

"Excuse me," I said with an air of wounded pride, "I am not a Serbian swineherd; I am a son of a brave military frontiersman, and I am going to the famous schools of Prague."

He softened, and told me that I should have to go back to Gaenserndorf after paying my fare to that place and back. When I informed him that I had no money for extra travelling expenses, he beckoned to me to come along, and after a while we stood in the presence of what I thought to be a very great official. He had a lot of gold braid on his collar and sleeves and on his cap, and he looked as stern and as serious as if the cares of the whole empire rested upon his shoulders.

"Take off your cap, you ill-mannered peasant! Don't you know how to behave in the presence of your superiors?" he blurted out, addressing me. I dropped my multicolored bags, took off my yellow sheepskin coat in order to cover the bags, and then took off my black sheepskin cap, and saluted him in the regular fashion of a military frontiersman. I thought that he might be the emperor himself and, if so, I wondered if he had ever heard of my trampling upon his yellow-black flag at that May-day festival in Panchevo. Finally, I screwed up my courage and apologized by saying:

"Your gracious Majesty will pardon my apparent lack of respect to my superiors, but this is to me a world of strangers, and the anxiety about my belongings kept my hands busy with the bags and prevented them from taking off my cap when I approached your serene Highness." I noticed that several persons within hearing distance were somewhat amused by this interview, and particularly an elderly looking couple, a lady and a gentleman:

"Why should you feel anxious about your bags?" said the great official. "You are not in the savage Balkans, the home of thieves; you are in Vienna, the residence of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary."

"Yes," said I, "but two days ago my roast goose was stolen from one of these bags within his Majesty's realm, and my father told me that all the rights and privileges of the Voyvodina and of the military frontier were stolen right here in this very Vienna."

"Ah, you little rebel, do you expect that this sort of talk will get you a free transportation from Gaenserndorf to Vienna and back again? Restrain your rebellious tongue or I will give you a free transportation back to your military frontier, where rebels like you ought to be behind lock and key."

At this juncture the elderly looking couple engaged him in conversation, and after a while the gold-braided mogul informed me that my ticket from Vienna to Prague by the short route was paid for,

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and that I should proceed. The rude conductor who called me a Serbian swineherd a little while before that led me to the train and ushered me politely into a first-class compartment. Presently the elderly looking couple entered and greeted me in a most friendly, almost affectionate, manner. They encouraged me to take off my sheepskin coat and make myself comfortable, and assured me that my bags would be perfectly safe.

Their German speech had a strange accent, and their manner and appearance were entirely different from anything that I had ever seen before. But they inspired confidence. Feeling hungry, I took my loaf of snowy-white bread out of my bag, and with my herdsman's knife with a long wooden handle I cut off two slices and offered them to my new friends. "Please, take it," said I; "it was prepared by my mother's hands for my long journey." They accepted my hospitality and ate the bread and pronounced it excellent, the best bread they had ever tasted. I told them how it was made by mixing leaf-lard and milk with the finest wheat flour, and when I informed them that I knew a great deal about cooking and that I learned it by watching my mother, the lady appeared greatly pleased. The gentleman, her husband, asked me questions about farming and taking care of animals, which I answered readily, quoting my father as my authority. "You had two splendid teachers, your father and your mother," they said; "do you expect to find better teachers in Prague?" I told them briefly what sent me to Prague, mentioning particularly that some people thought that I had outgrown the schools not only of my native village but also of Panchevo, but that in reality the main reason was because the Hungarian officials did not want me in Panchevo on account of my showing a strong inclination to develop into a rebellious nationalist. My new friends gave each other a significant look and said something in a language which I did not understand. They told me that it was English, and added that they were from America.

"America!" said I, quivering with emotion. "Then you must know a lot about Benjamin Franklin and his kite, and about Lincoln, the American Prince Marko."

This exclamation of mine surprised them greatly and furnished the topic for a lively conversation of several hours, until the train had reached Prague. It was conducted in broken German, but we understood each other perfectly. I told them of my experience with Franklin's theory of lightning and of its clash with my father's St. Elijah legend, and answered many of their questions relating to my calling Lincoln an American Prince Marko. I quoted from several Serbian ballads relating to Prince Marko which I had learned from Baba Batikin, and at their urgent request described with much detail the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor. They returned the compliment by telling me stories of Benjamin Franklin, of Lincoln, and of America, and urged me to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a Serbian translation of which I discovered some time afterward. When the train reached Prague they insisted that I be their guest at their Prague hotel, called the Blue Star, for a day, at least, until I found my friends in Prague. I gladly accepted and spent a delightful evening with them. The sweetness of their disposition was an unfathomable riddle to me. The riddle, however, was solved several years later.

I mentioned above that the first sight of Budapest nearly took my breath away. The first view of Prague filled me with a strange religious fervor. The ancient gates surmounted by towers with wonderful stone carvings and inscriptions; the lofty domes, crowning mediæval cathedrals, the portals of which were bristling with beautiful images of saints; the historic public buildings, each of which told a story of the old glories of Bohemia's kingdom; the ancient stone bridge across the Moldava River supporting statues of Christian martyrs; the royal palace on the hill of Hradchin, which seemed to rise way up above the clouds—all these and many other wonderful things made me feel that it was places like Prague which St. Sava visited when he deserted his royal parents and went to the end of the world to seek new knowledge. I saw then why the protoyeray of Panchevo suggested that I go to Prague; I even began to suspect that he expected the influence of Prague to turn my attention to theol-

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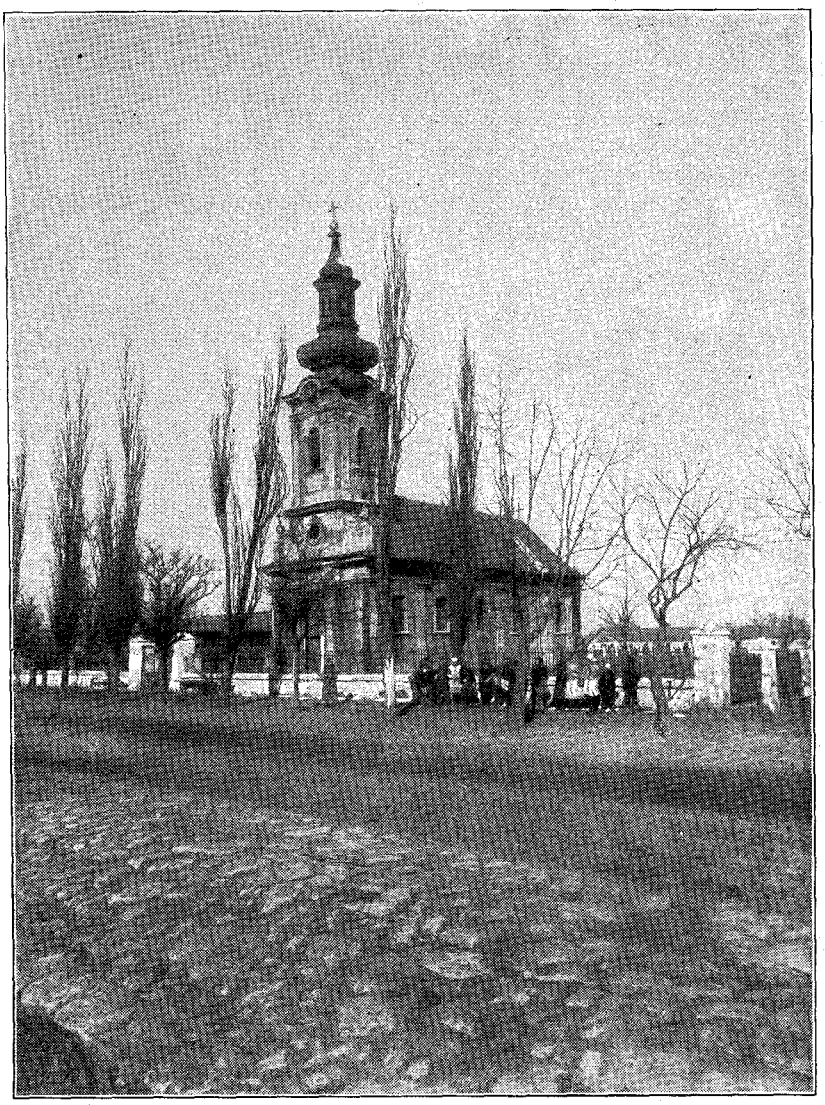

The village church in Idvor, surrounded by the village green, where Kolo dancing takes place on Sundays and holidays.

ogy. I think now that it would have done so if it had not been for that unpleasant goose incident at Karlovac. Besides, there was another influence at Prague which was more powerful than any other influence in the Austrian Empire at that time.

The sights of Prague interested me more than its famous schools, which I was to enter and delayed entering. But finally I was enrolled, and the boys in the school scrutinized me with a puzzled expression, as if they could not make out what country or clime I came from. When they found out that I hailed from the Serb military frontier, all uncertainty vanished and I knew exactly where I stood. The German boys became very cold, the Chekhish boys greeted me in their own tongue and hugged me when by my Serbian answer I proved not only that I understood them but that I also expected them to understand my Serbian greeting. They were all nationalists to the core and did their best to make me join their ranks, which, after some reluctance, I finally did. I showed them then

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two letters from protoyeray Zivkovich introducing me to Rieger and to Palazky, the great apostles of Panslavism and of nationalism in Bohemia. From that day on I was one of their young revolutionary set, and henceforth school lessons looked tame and lost most of their charm to me.

The German victory in France two years prior to that time, resulting as it did in the creation of a united Germany, encouraged Teutonism to run riot wherever it met a current opposing it, as it did in Prague. Nationalism in Bohemia was a reaction against Austrian Teutonism in those days, just as it was a reaction against Magyarism in Voyvodina and in the military frontier. Hardly a day passed without serious clashes between the Chekh nationalist boys and their German classmates. That which made my stay in Panchevo impossible met me in Prague in an even more violent form. Loyal to the traditions of the Serbian military frontiersmen, I liked nothing better than a good fight, and I had the physique and the practice, gained in the pasturelands of Idvor, to lick any German boy of my age or even older. The German pupils feared me and the German teachers condemned what they called my revolutionary tendencies, and threatened to send me back to Idvor. As time went on, I began to wish that they would expel me and give me a good excuse to return to Idvor. I missed the wide horizon of the plains of Banat in the narrow streets of Prague. My little bedroom in a garret, the only living quarters that I could afford, was a sad contrast to my mode of life on the endless plains of Banat, where for six weeks each summer I lived under the wide canopy of heaven, watching the grazing oxen, gazing upon the countless stars at night, and listening to the sweet strains of the Serbian flute. The people I met on the streets were puffed up with Teutonic pride or with official arrogance; they had none of the gentle manliness and friendliness of the military frontiersmen. The teachers looked to me more like Austrian gendarmes than like sympathetic friends. They cared more for my sentiments toward the emperor and for my ideas about nationalism than for my ideas relating to God and his beautiful world of life and light. Not one of them reminded me of Kos, the Slovenian, and of protoyeray Zivkovich in Panchevo. Race antagonism was at that time the ruling passion. If it had not been for the affectionate regard which the Chekhish boys and their parents had for me I should have felt most lonesome; from Banat to Prague was too sudden a change for me.

Another circumstance I must mention now which helped to brace me up. I delivered, after many months of delay, my letters of introduction to Rieger and to Palazky. I saw their pictures, I read about them, and finally I heard them address huge nationalist meetings. They were great men, I thought, and I could not screw up sufficient courage to call on them, as the protoyeray wished me to do, and waste their precious time on my account. But when I received a letter from the protoyeray in Panchevo asking why I had not delivered the letters of introduction he gave me, I made the calls. Rieger looked like my father: dark, stern, reserved, powerful of physique, with a wonderful luminosity in his eyes. He gave me coffee and cake, consuming a generous supply of them himself. When I kissed his hand, bidding him good-by, he gave me a florin for pocket-money, patted me on the cheek, and assured me that I could easily come up to protoyeray's expectations and surprise my teachers, if I would only spend more time on my books and less on my nationalist chums. This suggestion and indirect advice made me very thoughtful. Palazky was a gentle, smooth-faced old gentleman, who looked to me then as if he knew everything that men had ever known, and that much study had made him pale and delicate. He was much interested in my description of the life and customs of my native village, and when I mentioned St. Sava, he drew a parallel between this saint and Yan Huss, the great Chekh patriot and divine, who was burned at the stake in 1415 at Constance because he demanded a national democratic church in Bohemia. He gave me a book in which I could read all about Huss and the Hussite wars and about the one-eyed Ziska, the great Hussite general. He gave me no coffee nor cake, probably because his health did not permit him to

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indulge in eatables between meals, but assured me of assistance if I should ever need it. I eagerly read the book about Yan Huss and the Hussite wars, and became a more enthusiastic nationalist than ever before. I felt that Rieger's influence pulled me in one direction and that Palazky encouraged me to persist in the opposite direction which I had selected under the influence of the spirit of Chekh nationalism.

In my letters to my elder sisters, which they read to father and mother, I described with much detail the beauties and wonders of Prague; of my receptions and talks with Rieger and Palazky; elaborated much the parallel between St. Sava and Yan Huss to which Palazky drew my attention, and which I expected would please my mother; but I never mentioned Rieger's advice that I stick to books and leave nationalist propaganda of the boys alone. I never during my whole year's stay in Prague sent a report home on my school work, because I never did more than just enough to prevent my dropping to the lower grade. My mother and the protoyeray in Panchevo expected immeasurably more. Hence, I never complained about the smallness of the allowance which my parents could give me, and, therefore, they did not appeal to my Panchevo friends for additional help, which they promised. I felt that I had no right for such an appeal, because I did not devote myself entirely to the work for which I was sent to Prague.

While debating with myself whether to follow Rieger's advice and leave nationalism in the hands of more experienced people and devote myself to my lessons only, an event occurred which was the turning-point in my life. I received a letter from my sister informing me that my father had died suddenly after a very brief illness. She also told me that my father had a premonition that he would die soon and never see me again when, a year ago, he bade me good-by on the steamboat landing. I understood then the meaning of the tears which on that day of parting I saw roll down his cheeks for the first time in my life. I immediately informed my mother that I wanted to return to Idvor and help her take care of my father's land. But she would not listen, and insisted that I stay in Prague, where I was seeing and learning so many wonderful things. I knew quite well what a heavy burden my schooling would be to her, and my school record did not entitle me to expect the protoyeray to make his promise good, which would be a great assistance to her. I decided to find a way of relieving my mother of any further burdens as far as I was concerned.

One day I saw on the last page of an illustrated paper an advertisement of the Hamburg-American line, offering steerage transportation from Hamburg to New York for twenty-eight florins. I thought of my mellow-hearted American friends of a year ago who bought a first-class railroad-ticket for me from Vienna to Prague, and decided on the spot to try my fortune in the land of Franklin and Lincoln as soon as I could save up and otherwise scrape up money enough to carry me from Prague to New York. My books, my watch, my clothes, including the yellow sheepskin coat and the black sheepskin cap, were all sold to make up the sum necessary for travelling expenses. I started out with just one suit of clothes on my back and a few changes of linen, and a red Turkish fez which nobody would buy. And why should anybody going to New York bother about warm clothes? Was not New York much farther south than Panchevo, and does not America suggest a hot climate when one thinks of the pictures of naked Indians so often seen? These thoughts consoled me when I parted with my sheepskin coat. The day of sailing found me in Hamburg, ready to embark but with no money to buy a mattress and a blanket for my bunk in the steerage. Several days later my ship, the *Westphalia*, sailed —on the 12th day of March, 1874. My mother received several days later my letter, mailed in Hamburg, telling her in most affectionate terms that, in my opinion, I had outgrown the school, the teachers, and the educational methods of Prague, and was about to depart for the land of Franklin and Lincoln, where the wisdom of people was beyond anything that even St. Sava had ever known. I assured her that with her blessing and

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God's help I would certainly succeed, and promised that I would soon return rich in rare knowledge and in honors. The letter was dictated by the rosiest optimism that I could invent. Several months later I found to my great delight that my mother accepted cheerfully this rosy view of my unexpected enterprise.

The ship sailed with a full complement of steerage passengers, mostly Germans. As we glided along the River Elbe the emigrants were all on deck, watching the land as it gradually vanished out of our sight. Presently the famous German emigrant song rang through the air, and with a heavy heart I took in the words of its refrain:

"Oh, how hard it would be to leave the home-land shores
If the hope did not live that soon we shall see them again.
Farewell, farewell, until we see you again."

I did not wait for the completion of the song but turned in, and in my bare bunk I sought to drown my sadness in a flood of tears. Idvor, with its sunny fields, vineyards, and orchards; with its grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; with its beautiful church-spire and the solemn ringing of church-bells; with its merry boys and girls dancing to the tune of the Serbian bagpipes the Kolo on the village green—Idvor, with all the familiar scenes that I had ever seen there, appeared before my tearful eyes, and in the midst of them I saw my mother listening to my sister reading slowly the letter which I sent to her from Hamburg. Every one of these scenes seemed to start a new shower of tears, which finally cleared the oppressiveness of my spiritual atmosphere. I thought that I could hear my mother say to my sister: "God bless him for his affectionate letter. May the spirit of St. Sava guide him in the land beyond the seas! I know that he will make good his promises." Sadness deserted me then and I felt strong again.

He who has never crossed the stormy Atlantic during the month of March in the crowded steerage of an immigrant ship does not know what hardships are. I bless the stars that the immigration laws were different then from what they are now, otherwise I should not be among the living. To stand the great hardships of a stormy sea when the rosy picture of the promised land is before your mind's eye is a severe test for any boy's nerve and physical stamina; but to face the same hardships as a deported and penniless immigrant with no cheering prospect in sight is too much for any person, unless that person is entirely devoid of every finer sensibility. Many a night I spent on the deck of that immigrant ship hugging the warm smoke-stack and adjusting my position so as to avoid the force of the gale and the sharpness of its icy chilliness. All I had was the light suit of clothes which I carried on my back. Everything else I had I converted into money with which I covered my transportation expenses. There was nothing left to pay for a blanket and mattress for my steerage bunk. I could not rest there during the cold nights of March without much shivering and unbearable discomfort. If it had not been for the warm smoke-stack I should have died of cold. At first I had to fight for my place there in the daytime, but when the immigrants understood that I had no warm clothing they did not disturb me any longer. I often thought of my yellow sheepskin coat and the black sheepskin cap, and understood more clearly then ever my mother's far-sightedness when she provided that coat and cap for my long journeys. A blast of the everlasting gales had carried away my hat, and a Turkish fez such as the Serbs of Bosnia wear was the only head-gear I had. It was providential that I did not succeed in selling it in Prague. Most of my fellow emigrants thought that I was a Turk and cared little about my discomforts. But, nevertheless, I felt quite brave and strong in the daytime; at night, however, when standing alone alongside of the smoke-stack I beheld through the howling darkness the white rims of the mountain-high waves speeding on like maddened dragons toward the tumbling ship, my heart sank low. It was my implicit trust in God and his regard for my mother's prayers which enabled me to overcome my fear and bravely face the horrors of the angry seas.

On the fourteenth day, early in the morning, the flat coast-line of Long Island

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hove in sight. Nobody in the motley crowd of excited immigrants was more happy to see the promised land than I was. It was a clear, mild, and sunny March morning, and as we approached New York Harbor the warm sun-rays seemed to thaw out the chilliness which I had accumulated in my body by continuous exposure to the wintry blasts of the North Atlantic. I felt like a new person, and saw in every new scene presented by the New World as the ship moved into it a new promise that I should be welcome. Life and activity kept blossoming out all along the ship's course, and seemed to reach full bloom as we entered into New York Harbor. The scene which was then unfolded before my eyes was most novel and bewildering. The first impressions of Budapest and of Prague seemed like pale-faced images of the grand realities which New York Harbor disclosed before my eager eyes. A countless multitude of boats lined each shore of the vast river; all kinds of craft ploughed hurriedly in every direction through the waters of the bay; great masses of people crowded the numerous ferry-boats, and gave me the impression that one crowd was just about as anxious to reach one shore of the huge metropolis as the other was to reach the other shore; they all must have had some important thing to do, I thought. The city on each side of the shore seemed to throb with activity. I did not distinguish between New York and Jersey City. Hundreds of other spots like the one I beheld, I thought, must be scattered over the vast territories of the United States, and in these seething pots of human action there must be some one activity, I was certain, which needed me. This gave me courage. The talk which I was listening to during two weeks on the immigrant ship was rather discouraging, I thought. One immigrant was bragging about his long experience as a cabinetmaker, and informed his audience that cabinetmakers were in great demand in America; another one was telling long tales about his skill as a mechanician; a third one was spinning out long yarns about the fabulous agricultural successes of his relatives out West, who invited him to come there and join them; a fourth confided to the gaping crowd that his brother, who was anxiously waiting for him, had a most prosperous bank in some rich mining-camp in Nevada where people never see any other money except silver and gold and hardly ever a coin smaller than a dollar; a fifth one, who had been in America before, told us in a rather top-lofty way that no matter who you are or what you know or what you have, you will be a greenhorn when you land in the New World, and a greenhorn has to serve his apprenticeship before he can establish his claim to any recognition. He admitted, however, that immigrants with a previous practical training, or strong pull through relatives and friends, had a shorter apprenticeship. I had no practical training, and I had no relatives nor friends nor even acquaintances in the New World. I had nothing of any immediate value to offer to the land I was about to enter. That thought discouraged me as I listened to the talks of the immigrants; but the activity which New York Harbor presented to my eager eyes on that sunny March day was most encouraging.

Presently the ship passed by Castle Garden, and I heard some one say: "There is the Gate to America." An hour or so later we all stood at the gate. The immigrant ship, *Westphalia*, landed at Hoboken and a tug took us to Castle Garden. We were carefully examined and cross-examined, and when my turn came the examining officials shook their heads and seemed to find me wanting. I confessed that I had only five cents in my pocket and had no relatives here, and that I knew of nobody in this country except of Franklin, Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I had read in a Serbian translation. One of the officials who had one leg, only, and walked with a crutch, seemed much impressed by this remark, and looking very kindly into my eyes and with a merry twinkle in his eye he said in German: "You showed good taste when you picked your American acquaintances." I learned later that he was a Swiss who had served in the Union army during the Civil War. I also confessed to the examining officials that I had no training in the arts and crafts, but that I was anxious to learn, and that this desire brought me to America. In answer to the

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question why I did not stay at home or in Prague and learn instead of wandering across the sea with so little on my back and nothing in my pocket, I said that the Hungarian and Austrian authorities had formed a strong prejudice against me on account of my sympathies with people, and particularly with my father, who objected to being cheated out of their ancient rights and privileges which the emperor had guaranteed to them for services which they had been rendering to him loyally for nearly two hundred years. I spoke with feeling, and I felt that I made an impression upon the examiners, who did not look to me like officials such as I was accustomed to see in Austria-Hungary. They had no gold and silver braid and no superior airs, but looked very much like ordinary civilian mortals. That gave me courage and confidence, and I spoke frankly and fearlessly, believing firmly that I was addressing human beings who had a heart which was not held in bondage by cast-iron rules invented by their superiors in authority. The Swiss veteran who walked on crutches, having lost one of his legs in the Civil War, was particularly attentive while I was being cross-examined, and nodded approvingly whenever I scored a point with my answers. He whispered something to the other officials, and they finally informed me that I could pass on, and I was conducted promptly to the Labor Bureau of Castle Garden. My Swiss friend looked me up a little later and informed me that the examiners had made an exception in my favor and admitted me, and that I must look sharp and find a job as soon as possible.

As I sat in the Labor Bureau waiting for somebody to come along and pick me out as a worthy candidate for some job, I could not help surveying the other fellow immigrants who, like myself, sat there waiting for a job. I really believed that they were in a class below me, and yet they had no trouble in being admitted. They had no need of favors on the part of the officials in order to be admitted. I did, and therefore, I inferred, they must have appeared to the officials as being more desirable. It is true, I said, arguing with myself, that they had a definite trade; they undoubtedly had some money; and they certainly looked more prosperous than I did, judging by their clothes. But why should the possession of a trade, of money, or of clothes stand so much higher in America than it did in Idvor, my native village? We had a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a barber in Idvor; they were our craftsmen; and we had a Greek storekeeper who had a lot of money and wore expensive city-made clothes, but there was not one respectable Serb peasant in Idvor, no matter how poor, who did not think that he was superior to these people who had only a transient existence in our historic village. The knowledge of our traditions and our implicit belief in them made us feel superior to people who wandered about like gypsies with no traditions, and with nothing to anchor them to a definite place. A newcomer to our village was closely scrutinized, and he was judged not so much by his skill in a craft, nor by his money, nor by his clothes, but by his personality, by the reputation of his family, and by the traditions of the people to whom he belonged. The examiners at Castle Garden seemed to attach no importance to these things, because they did not ask me a single question concerning my family, the history of my village, or the history of the military frontier and of the Serb race. It is no wonder, said I, consoling myself, that I appeared to them less desirable than many of the other immigrants who would never have been allowed to settle in Idvor, and whose society on the immigrant ship interested me so little. In fact, it was often repulsive to me, because I could not help considering many of them as a sort of spiritual muckers. My admission by a special favor of the examiners was a puzzle and a disappointment to me, but it did not destroy the firmness of my belief, that I brought to America something which the examiners were either unable or did not care to find out, but which, nevertheless, I valued very highly, and that is: a knowledge of and a profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of my race. My mother and the illiterate peasants at the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor taught me that; no other lesson ever made a deeper impression upon me.

(To be continued.)

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One fishes from a boat on the best kind of pike water.—Page 283.

Coarse Fishing in France

BY ETHEL ROSE

Illustrations (including frontispiece) by A. B. Frost and Guy Rose

I SHALL never forget my first sight of a typical French fishing scene.

Arriving in France the day before, I had travelled by night from Paris to the little town on the Grand Morin where I awoke to a warm sunny morning, made rather unreal to me by a faint bluish haze that enveloped even nearby things in a glamour of soft color.

I walked in the meadows beside the little winding river and I saw, seated on a camp-stool under a large white umbrella, a fat Frenchman dressed in a pongee suit and a big, flapping straw hat with a piece of red tape around the crown. His shirt was widely open at the throat and his feet were bare in his slippers. In his hand he held a long fishing-pole, and fastened to the bank before him were two others.

Beside him was a pail for bait, another about the same size for his fish, and a basket containing a bottle. His wife was there also, industriously sewing, full in the broiling sun.

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The three floats bobbed on the water. The stout angler dozed.

In the distance were more fishermen equally energetically occupied. Some were alone, some in groups, some had families with them, or dogs; they seemed to extend away in infinite perspective; and so I think of them now, endlessly fishing on all the rivers of France.

The sport goes merrily on somewhere or other for various kinds of fish all the year round; and when there is a close season in one place there is an open one in another, for the climate of France varies in a short six hundred miles from that of the bleak northern border to the almost tropic heat of the Midi; and the change of seasons and the times of fishing for different varieties of fish in the same locality only offer more frequent opportunities for exciting *ouvertures de la pêche*, and more excuses for investing in various kinds of tackle, or all the improvements made thereto since last year; as well as for interminable discussions as to the best lines, lures, hooks, and (especially important) the most fetching devices for ground-baiting; and the qualifications of those innumerable little "articles de luxe" which, though not absolutely indispensable, are dear to the heart of every true angler.

Taking it all together, there are a good many kinds of coarse fish and not one of them is too insignificant to be considered fair game; for while an American boy will delight in fishing for minnows that would be beneath the notice of his elders; in France *goujon* and *ablette* fishing is a recognized branch of the art, and some of the most popular of the day resorts are those which can offer their visitors the chance to catch enough of those tiny midgets to furnish a mess for the first course of the luncheon; while the little restaurants tucked away under the trees along the river banks boast such appetizing names as "*A la Bonne Friture*" or "*Au Goujon Renommé.*"

The fisherman is indeed fortunate if he lives near a stream containing perch, as they are quite gamey enough to be fun to fish for, as well as fairly good eating.

Carp, on the other hand, are sluggish, and by no means to the taste of everyone, though there are some remarkable old recipes for preparing them, many of them being original with the monks, who raised these fish chiefly in their ponds.

There are also bream and barbel and tench and dace and roach and eels, besides chub that run to huge size and are hard to catch and unpleasant to eat.

The very small fry consists of gudgeon, whitebait, and minnows, all of which are fried whole and are most delicious when well cooked.

The king of them all, however, the *brochet*, or pike, is by far the most highly esteemed by the connoisseur both as game and food, for which latter purpose those of about two pounds in weight are the best. There are *brochet* fishers who can vie with any others for indolence and sedentary methods, but those of the newer school who use live bait or troll or practise "*le spinning*" can cover as much ground as a hunter and come home fully as fatigued.

The term "*le spinning*" is fondly if erroneously believed to be the correct English expression, and simply means casting the artificial bait. This is a comparatively new thing over here, and although there is no doubt that it is quite legal there are still grave arguments in the villages and in the press as to whether such an arrangement can properly be called a "*ligne flottante*," or floating line, which is the only one permitted by law; and I have seen the "spinning" fisherman seriously advised, should he go into such an obstinate-minded community for his sport, to fasten a tiny quill float to his line by means of a thread, this being too small to interfere with the practical working of the tackle and at the same time being a conclusive proof of his law-abidingness if he should be threatened with a *procès* by some zealous though antiquated objector.

It seems that an article printed in *Forest and Stream* giving directions for making the short bait-casting rods once awakened great interest—chiefly, I should fancy, through translations—and a number of men made their own rods; while one or two places sell material for spoons and other artificial baits.

All this received much comment and encouragement in the sporting press from men who actively and continually try to raise the standard of shooting and fish-

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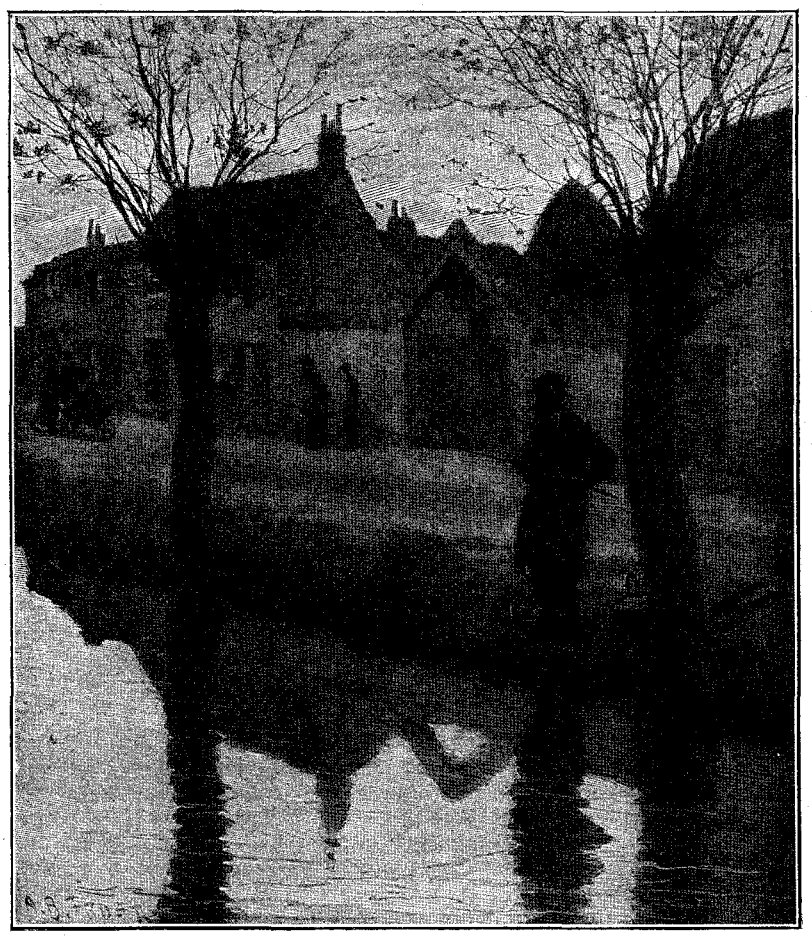
ing throughout France by both practice and precept.

Even where one fishes from a boat on the best kind of pike water, a lake or sluggish stream, this is no sport for invalids if one hooks, as did a friend of ours, a monster of about twenty pounds and plays him for half an hour with all the energy, nervousness, and excitement of which only a French *amateur* of the sport is capable, bringing him finally in triumph to the boat's side, only to have a trembling friend hit him wildly on the head with an oar with such force as to break the line and send the fish flying home. "I could have willingly killed X!" the disconsolate one said to us with tears in his voice as he recounted the contest days afterward.

These enormous fish run to over thirty pounds in weight and sometimes veritable combats take place in landing them; as one instance where a guard caught one unexpectedly and his dog attacked and helped to kill it, dashing into the water for the purpose, and both man and dog were severely bitten by the fish.



There are such purely delightful places in which to enjoy one's self and nature.—Page 284.

Brochet are said to live to a great age, even fifty years or more, and there is a delightful tale supposed to prove that at least one of them attained to nearly three hundred. It is to the effect, though on what authority I do not know, that in 1497 there was captured in the Lake of Kaiserweg in Mannheim a pike twenty feet long, weighing three hundred and sixty pounds, and wearing an inscribed ring of gilded

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bronze which had been attached to it by order of the Emperor Barbarossa two hundred and sixty-seven years before!

The smallest town on or near a stream boasts its shop or part of a shop devoted to "*articles de pêche*," advertised by an abnormally long bamboo pole which thrusts itself out over the street, or by a big, glittering, brass fish twirling gaily in the breeze. Outside are stacked bundles of bamboos of various sizes, qualities, and lengths, and landing-nets on long wooden handles. The window contains an assortment of the cheaper kinds of tackle: rods of different degrees; reels for bait-fishing, reels for "*le casting*" or "*le spinning*," and reels for all other occasions; besides lines and leaders and large twists of white horsehair; hooks and gangs of hooks and artificial lures; and, above all, floats: floats of every size and description, from large gayly painted wooden things resembling tops to fairy-like little quills; and there are always baskets and boxes and pails and camp-stools; and all sorts of nets and snares and traps and tridents, some of them being forbidden by law. And not only do the shops sell these illegal things, but the fishing journals, while on one page decrying poaching and calling upon the officials to act, will on the next describe in detail the best way to take fish in some prohibited manner.

Fishing is, without a doubt, the most popular sport in France: literally all ages, degrees, and kinds of people indulging in it—that is, for coarse fish—and even the devotees of fly-fishing for trout and salmon will at times fish just as keenly and enthusiastically for perch or even for chub!

One reason for this, I fancy, lies in the fondness of the French people for being out-of-doors: not merely for out-of-door purposes, but for conducting all the business of life there when it is possible.

One eats out-of-doors everywhere in the country whenever it is half warm enough, and on the sidewalks in the towns if there is no other place (sometimes with a huge brazier of glowing coals beside one); and all sorts of occupations are carried on in the open air, from doing the washing to giving an acrobatic performance. For one thing, the houses are often damp and dark; and for another, all outdoors in France is so beautiful and there are such purely delightful places in which to enjoy one's self and nature: there are little brooks half hidden by long grass at the foot of quaint pollard willows, and wider streams that meander through open meadows and green woodland, and calm ponds drowsing in the shimmering summer heat-mist, and busy *quais* in the hearts of cities, and wide reaches of rivers with ruined castles outlined on the bordering hills; all of them bathed in that atmosphere and color which belong to France alone.

Women fish habitually as they seldom do in the United States, but as they do everything in France; namely, they simply do it because they want to, without making a fuss or talking about it. Singly or in gay parties or in staid family groups or as one of a sentimental couple down from Paris, they fill the boats at the day resorts, while stolid town-dwellers stand in line with the men on the *quais* though they may be fat or aged or have their faces done up with the toothache.

My neighbor lives in a large, square house with a high-walled garden full of fine old trees and showy parterres of flowers; she has made a fortune in the rag and bottle business and has retired to enjoy the fruits of her industry. She is enormously, tremendously fat, and she wears her hair in two little braids wound coquettishly around each ear; her age is —uncertain. Every day of the fishing season she spends the afternoon seated on a rug under a tree on the sloping bank of the tranquil "*bras de la Seine*," rod in hand; a bait-box, and a net for keeping her fish alive in the stream, close by; and her big poppy-trimmed hat tossed on the grass. She catches good big fish and plenty of them, and the way she can reel them in, scoop them out with her long-handled net, and cast the fresh bait far out on the water, all without stirring from her place, is a wonder.

At five o'clock her *bonne* arrives with the *gouter:* bread, butter, cakes, and a bottle of sweet wine in a basket with a white napkin over the top; and her small nephew and niece appear too. She is a genial person and is always pleased to be complimented on her catch.

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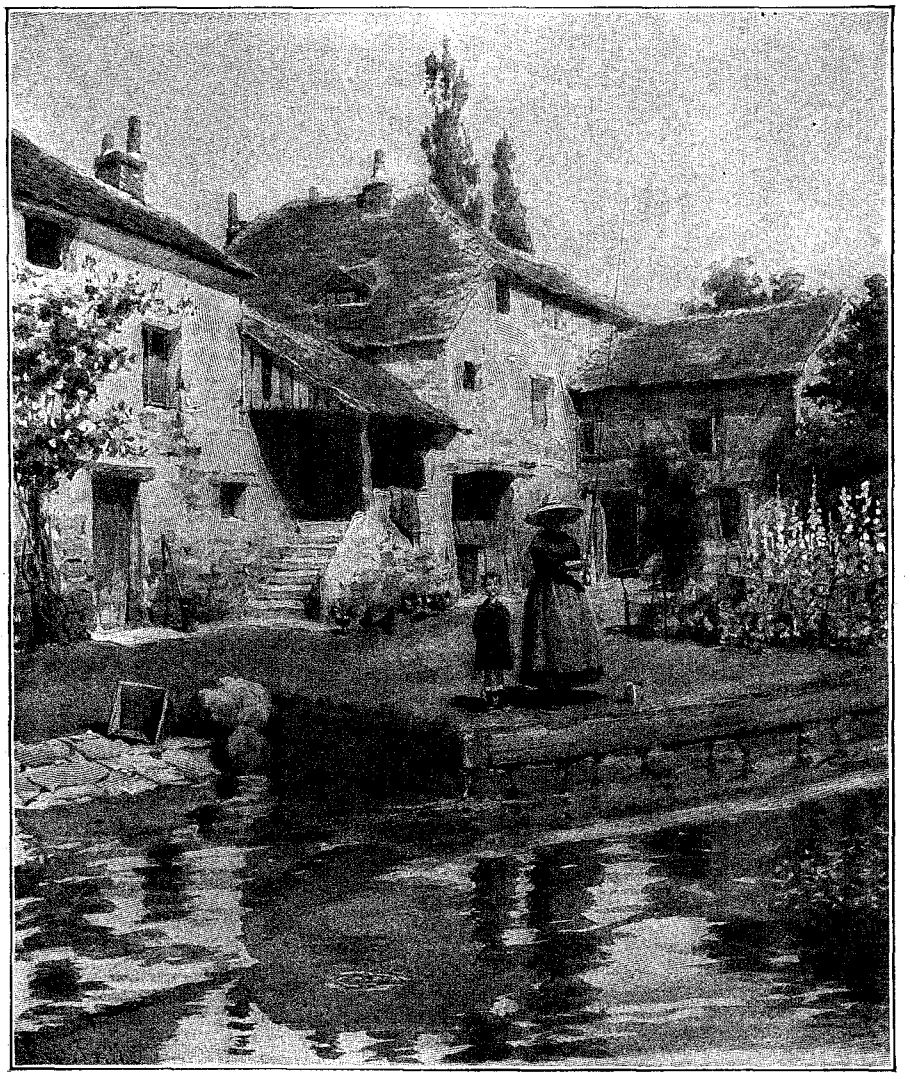

Women fish habitually as they seldom do in the United States.—Page 284.

Girls fish as they do everything else, under their mother's wing; but that women do fish and do read the fishing journals as well is attested by the following advertisement for a dressmaking school which appears regularly in one of them:

"Ladies! Fishing is good sport but—to learn to make your own gowns is more profitable."

Boys, of course, fish in every country on this round globe, and one may see swarms of little school-boys in their universal black aprons (could anyone possibly imagine an American boy in a full, long-sleeved, black apron!) standing on the bridges in the towns or thronging the country stream-sides and ponds; catching very small fry indeed, mostly, but vastly excited over it. They are usually hatless and their heads are very close-cropped and they carry tin cans for their captures and have exceedingly primitive outfits, often a branch from some bush for a rod, with a piece of string and perhaps even a bent pin. They never seem to go very far afield for their fun, as our boys would; the village is their world, or the limits of their father's cot-

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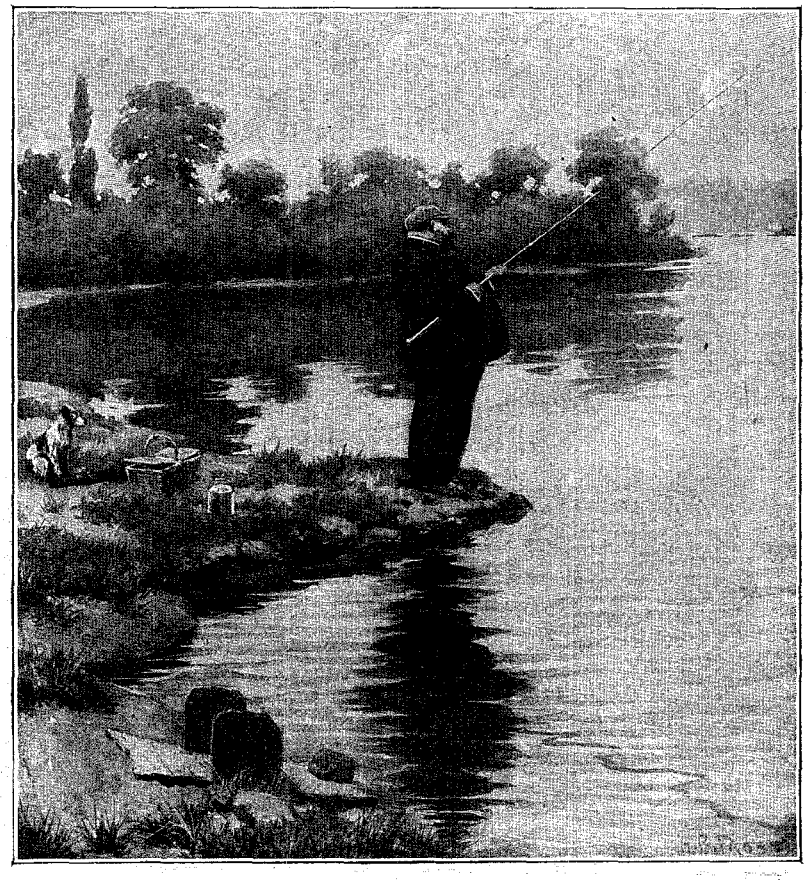
tage gardens often enough, with mother at hand to secure the prize as soon as they feel a nibble.

Gipsies were encamped by the brook one day and on the farther side of the railroad embankment we came upon a very small, very ragged, absolutely homely, little boy fishing with a twig and a bit of twine; when we asked him if he had had any luck he looked up with a sudden irradiation of his small face that made it wonderful as he said, "No, monsieur, my hook is too large for these little fish, but it is a pleasure all the same to sit here and feel them nibble the bait."

As for the men: the Frenchman who never fishes is indeed a rarity, and the *amateur* who lives in the country will manage to spend a part of each day at his favorite sport; while if he is a town-dweller he will on Sundays hie himself to some pet retreat in the suburbs, laden with a camp-stool, a basket of luncheon, and all sorts of gear, finding occasionally, to his unspeakable chagrin, that the special spot fondly believed to be known to him alone is already occupied by another and successful brother of the line.



Though there is not a competitor in sight there is not even a sign of a fish either.—Page 287.

The enthusiast not only wets his line at daybreak of the opening day, and fishes, when he can, straight through the season, but the twilight of the last evening finds him lingering on the bank in the penetrating dampness hoping for one more unfortunate to add to the year's score.

The instinct for sport does not, alas! always accompany the love for it, and in spite of ground-baits and other supposedly irresistible lures there is always some Jonah to whom the likeliest-looking

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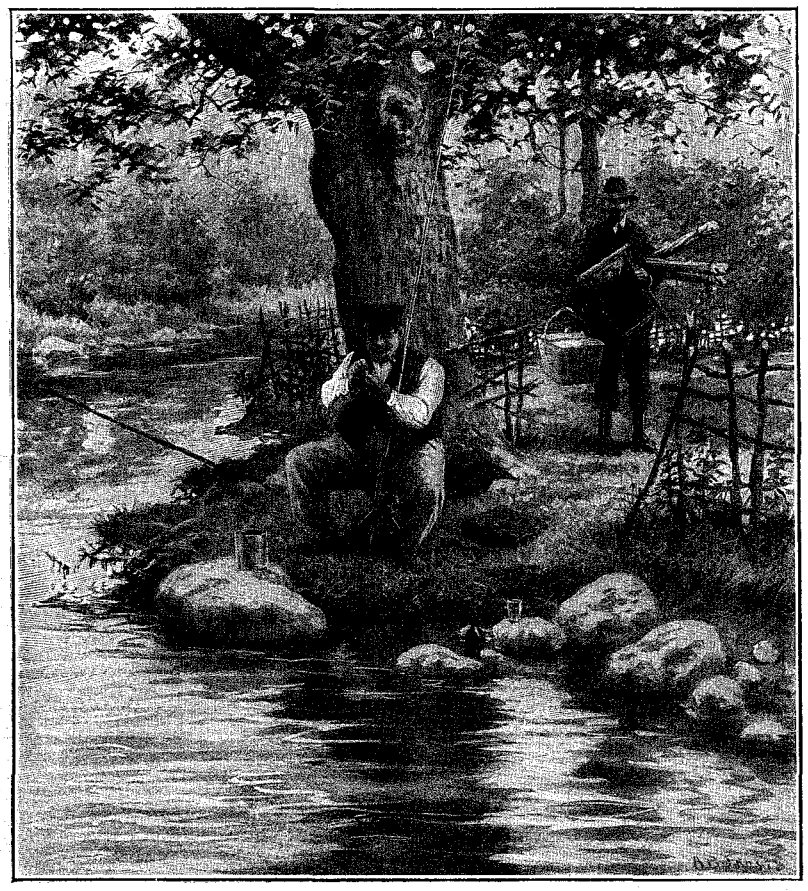
spot is but a snare and a delusion, and patience of no avail, for though there is not a competitor in sight there is not even a sign of a fish either.

A second reason for the popularity of fishing is that it may be so inexpensive a pleasure, for tackle need not cost much and one is not obliged to purchase a permit as for shooting. Practically the only preserved waters are those containing trout or salmon or flowing through private grounds, though in theory no one has a right to fish on any stream classed as "non-navigable," either from a boat or otherwise, without the consent of the landowner. Lakes and streams on property owned by municipalities may, if not already free, usually be fished by paying a small sum for a permit.

All "navigable" rivers are owned by the state and anyone may fish on them from a boat or, with the owner's consent, from the bank provided a line is used, but the netting and trap-fishing privileges are leased, usually to professionals.



Laden with a camp-stool, a basket of luncheon, and all sorts of gear, finding occasionally that the special spot . . . is already occupied.—Page 286.

Several years ago there was much agitation for and against the passing of a law requiring a permit; the most potent appeal that can be made in France, "That it would deprive the poor man of his pleasure," having been successfully employed against it. Most of the more than eight hundred fishing societies opposed the idea, claiming that with the money so obtained the state would be unable or unwilling to do as much or as wide-spread good for the cause as is now done by the societies, which are scattered over almost the whole

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of France and whose object is the amelioration of fishing conditions, the repression of poaching, the re-stocking of streams, etc.

One of the most dastardly and destructive methods of poaching, and one that in the long run would certainly seem to defeat its own ends, is to poison the water with lime or to kill the fish with dynamite, proceedings that deliver them up dead by the hundreds but sometimes depopulate the rivers in two or three seasons.

Besides the local poachers who infest every waterside, trespassing with their illegal *engins*, all France is overrun by wandering families and bands of nomads who pillage wherever they go and are a regular nuisance as beggars.

Otters also are a frequent cause of fish destruction, especially on trout streams, where they can ruin the fishing in their locality and kill practically all the trout in an incredibly short time.

All kinds of competitions for prizes are continually taking place in France, and in this the fishing clubs are to the fore with their yearly "*concours*," to which non-members may generally subscribe. Even towns themselves, when on fishing rivers, have them, and there is an "open-to-all" event every year in Paris when the quais are lined with every imaginable variety of angler and there is an ever-shifting and changing crowd of onlookers and critics.

Prizes in money and goods are given to the successful competitors, always including one for the largest fish and one for the greatest number; and in at least one of these events the taker of the smallest fish receives a prize.

More than six hundred such contests are held every year, and many of them are announced or recorded in the fishing journals.

For larger towns one reads the day's programme beginning at 7 A. M. with the reception at the station of visiting clubs;

Anchored off the bank are flat-bottomed boats, some of them thoughtfully provided with awnings and chairs.—Page 292.

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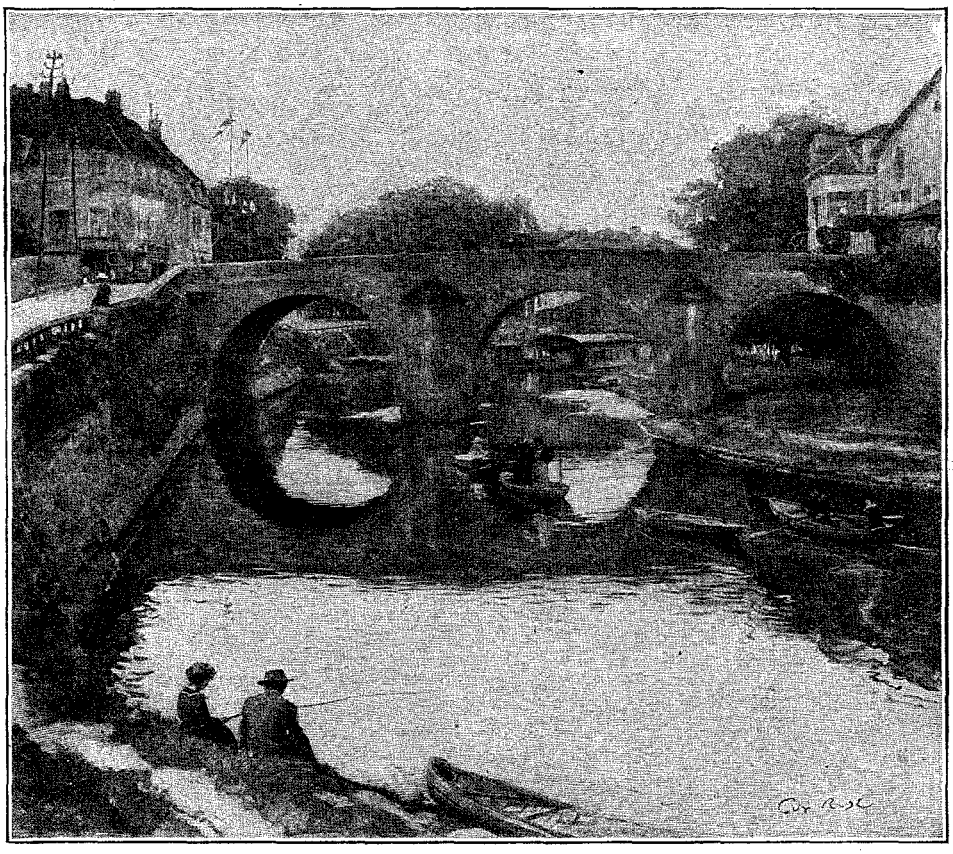

One may choose the cool shade of a bridge resounding to overhead traffic.—Page 292.

at nine a grand fanfare of music and a procession to the scene of the contest, which then takes place, followed by a luncheon "*amical*" at 12 (tickets four francs). At 2.30 carrier pigeons are loosed bearing the names of the victors; at 4.30 there is a balloon ascent; and then the presentation of the innumerable recompenses and prizes, not forgetting the ladies and children; the whole winding up in the evening with illuminations and the inevitable "*bal.*"

Annual banquets used to be given by the "Fishing Club" and the "Casting Club de France," when the name of the minister of agriculture headed a long list of well-known men and women.

Most societies permit the use of three lines at a time, and these are generally of different types and differently baited in order to give one as many chances as possible, for though certain baits are the recognized thing for certain fish, still every now and then something new and wonderful is discovered. The classic things are small fish, alive or preserved; real and imitation frogs, insects, and mice, worms of all kinds and colors treated in innumerable un-wormlike ways; grubs, and grains of wheat, and certain fancy specialties.

Ground-bait is almost as much of a *sine qua non* as the bait on the hook, and there are almost as many varieties as there are fishermen.

When an especially successful one is discovered, its proud originator promptly sends it off to be printed in his favorite "*Journal de Pêche*," and these tidbits range all the way from lumps of coagulated blood, swelled wheat grains, and pellets of different kinds of dough, to such complicated mixtures as "1 pt. of bran and 1 pt. of willow blossoms made care-

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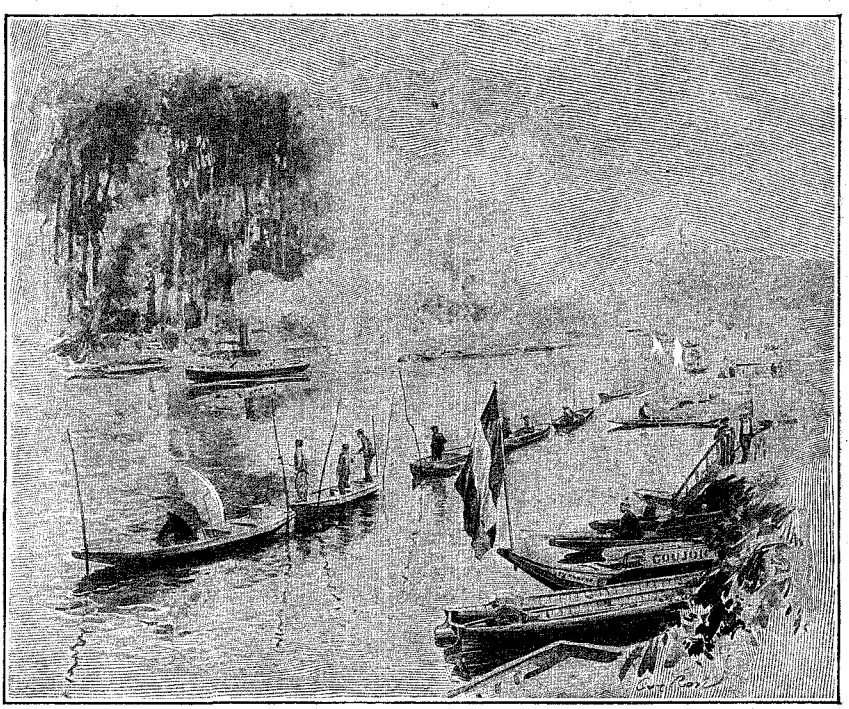
fully into a paste by adding water drop by drop. To this add one pound of boiled and mashed potatoes and one half a loaf of household bread which has been soaked several hours and carefully squeezed in order to get out all the air which would otherwise cause it to float. All this to be stirred and pounded until it is of exactly the right consistency." The method of depositing a morsel of this dainty directly beneath the bait on one's hook requires a page in itself, but in the end the combination seems to be irresistible. There are hundreds of similar recipes that seem beyond human ingenuity to devise, and it is said that a little condensed milk added to the above or any other proves to be an added attraction.

There is no fish so poor—and some are very bad—that some one cannot be found to eat it, and one can easily give away what one does not want for one's self and so have a feeling that the sport is not entirely futile.

In the sinuous little Epte down across the meadows there are small fish mostly, but some of the chub are leviathans and hard to catch, so a Parisian friend spent his vacation fishing for them indefatigably in a deep pool near the Seine. Whether it was due to the appalling messes he used for bait or to his superior skill is a question, but it is certain that he rejoiced the heart of his peasant landlady by presents of marvellous strings of fish that none of us would accept, though he ate them himself and vowed that they were fine.

A local sport, spying from his boat-house windows, observed with envy and indignation the extraordinary luck of this outsider, and one morning there was a second boat anchored in close proximity to the particular spot that our friend had so carefully ground-baited the night before. What was worse, the new-comer also had luck and did not refrain from showing his satisfaction, a displeasing exhibition, besides being manifestly unfair. The monsieur from Paris went home early that



Here in a day you will see a greater variety of types of the genus fisherman than in months of country wanderings.—Page 292.

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I remember a portly, frocked, and be-sashed personage sunk peacefully down in his garden-chair, . . . slumbering audibly.—Page 292.

day and spent the evening busily engaged with bits of wood, nails, string, and wire. In the dead of night he took the finished "*machine*" to the fishing-ground and lowered carefully to the bottom of the river, at the exact spot where number two had fished, a weighted water-wheel contrivance that was turned steadily by the current with much attendant splashing. Then he carefully ground-baited at a respectful distance.

Next morning the native was already in position, stolidly fishing, when the conspirator languidly made his appearance, but he did not seem to be having good luck. Our friend started in at his new place and began at once to catch fish as ostentatiously as possible. Consternation of the intruder, who had not even had a bite! Still greater discomfiture as the morning wore on and by noon he had taken nothing, while his neighbor was catching them as usual with irritating frequency. When the native went home to luncheon, he took all his paraphernalia with him and did not come back again.

It was not from him that we heard of this outwitting of a Norman, but if you could have seen the face of the trickster as he dramatically told the tale with waving of hands, lifting of eyebrows, and waggings of a pointed black beard, and heard his pleased little sigh as he resumed his cigarette and his chair by the fire, you would, I know, have rejoiced with him as we did.

There were, some years ago, three or four fishing papers which vied with one another for prestige, all of them frequently printing exactly the same article, but one, the "*Pêcheur Populaire*," or "*Popular Fisherman*," had a unique and amusing method of advertising itself: it owned a small automobile boat flying the paper's name from its flag-staff, and during the summer months this craft cruised in the fishing rivers near Paris. It was fitted out with a supply of the small articles used by anglers and if one of the fraternity found himself in need of anything he had only to hail this good Samaritan by crying out: "*Pêche Pop!*" when he would promptly be furnished, absolutely free of charge!

The fishing resorts near Paris are a delight to the eye, for there are usually tall

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trees or pollard willows on the banks, a much-frequented footpath beneath the trees, flowering meadows and fields of grain on either hand, hamlets and scattered cottages here and there, and always an inn, or inns, with some such alluring name as "La Carpe Joviale" or "Au Rendezvous des Pêcheurs," with tables and chairs by the waterside and hidden away in arbors and leafy thickets. There are swings and *balançoires* and delightfully foolish games, such as the one where you toss disks into the mouth of a large iron frog, and the grown-ups delight in them as much as the children do.

White-aproned garçons run to and fro with trays and bottles, while in the less pretentious establishments the patrons themselves serve you and converse amicably, for here they do not do the cooking themselves, as the custom is farther south.

Anchored off the bank are rows of large, flat-bottomed boats, some of them thoughtfully provided with awnings and chairs, and each one having its fish-well. In the season these will all be occupied, some by tranquil and portly personages who pass the day with scarcely more movement than the boats themselves, others by gay parties who scream and laugh and play mild jokes; but for the most part it is an occupation to be taken seriously, conducive to retrospection and somnolence, and probably only appreciated in its deepest essence by those small retired tradesmen who have worked hard and economized incredibly all their lives and are now reaping the reward of their labors; absolutely satisfied with a tiny house and garden, on an annuity or income of perhaps two hundred dollars a year.

When any one is so favored by fortune as to possess a riverside home, he can indulge in a private float, and I have seen these arrangements like big, low-sided boxes about twelve feet long, moored a few yards from shore, awninged and fitted with tables and chairs, occupied by the entire family: mother sewing, father fishing, children playing, and a dog usually yapping wildly and threatening to fall overboard.

A small and wobbly row-boat serves as a tender and will bring the *bonne* with refreshments at five o'clock.

Paris is the paradise of anglers—of a kind. Does not the Seine flow through its midst? The Seine, with broad quais on either side where one may stand at the water's edge or establish one's camp-stool and other belongings on the clean cobbles; where the parapets of street and bridge above are fringed with leaning rows of onlookers; where one may choose the cool shade of a bridge resounding to overhead traffic, or an airy spot beneath tall, rustling trees, or bask in the sunshine on a pile of sand while one watches the busy river life; the *mouches*, or passenger-boats, darting from one landing to another like their namesakes the flies; the long lines of freighters that have come up the river in tow of the fussy red-and-black steam-tugs that are called *guêpes*, or wasps; the weekly boat from Rouen, or possibly one from London; the vast wash-boats where the *blanchisseuses* of Paris cleanse the linen of that teeming city; the baths with their potted shrubs and plants; the awninged swimming schools; the professional dog-washer and clipper of poodles with his timid or obstreperous clients.

Here in a day you will see a greater variety of types of the genus fisherman than in months of country wanderings: verily all sorts and conditions of men.

I have never, myself, seen a priest fishing there, possibly because in Paris they are too busy; but in the country they are frequent enough, and I remember a portly, frocked, and be-sashed personage topped by his wide hat, sunk peacefully down in his garden-chair with hands clasped on his stomach, slumbering audibly in the afternoon heat; the inevitable three rods propped out before him, while three small and unsuspected victims were tearing madly and futilely about in the water.

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Joyce

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD
Author of "Miss Fingal," "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THEY met at a dance. She was taken to it by the Daltons, who lived in a flat lower down. They had only met her in the lift, but she attracted them—twenty-one, pretty and slim, blue eyes, brown hair, and the freshness of youth. It struck them that she didn't get much out of life, for they never saw her with any one of her own age, and her mother looked cross and tiresome. One day a girl they were to have taken to a charity dance annoyed them by crying off at the last minute. They discussed what could be done while they waited for the lift from the top floor. It arrived with Joyce Lawson in it, looking her prettiest. Suddenly an idea occurred to them. They offered to take her.

"A dance!" Her face lighted up. "I should adore it." Then her thoughts taking a natural course, she added doubtfully: "If I can—I am not a bit smart. I should have to dig up my one and only frock and see if it would do."

Anything would do, they told her. She was sure to look nice.

When she went up in the lift again, she felt as if she landed in the seventh heaven.

John Dacres was at the dance—thirty-three, fairly tall, clean-shaven, thoughtful-looking. He had bought a ticket from Dalton, who was interested in the charity, and went for half an hour to look on, but he didn't dance. He was rather bored when Joyce was hurled at him—till he saw her pale little face and blue eyes, eager and half-frightened, and the pretty hair twisted round her head. He took her to be younger than she was, and felt that he ought to be agreeable.

"Do you mind sitting out?" he asked.

"Oh, no"—with a long-drawn sigh of content, for anything pleased her on this wonderful night. They went to a balcony, and gradually he drew from her the scanty details of her every-day life.

"It must be dull for you," he said, "if you have no intimate friends in London and your mother is not able to go about with you."

"But it is dull for mother, too."

He thought her answer tender and not too gushing. "I suppose you have books?"

"Very few. I don't think I care for reading much. When I'm not doing anything, I mean things for mother, I look out of the window."

"Look out of the window?"

She nodded. "We are very high up, and no one can see me; I like to wonder who all the people are and where they are going, and wish I could go with them; sometimes I pretend I do."

"And where do you generally arrive?"

"Nowhere. They seem to go on into distances in which there isn't anything at all that I know about—isn't it foolish?"

"No, not foolish." He put more meaning to it than it had, for it seemed imaginative to him. "It's a way sometimes to undiscovered countries."

She didn't understand, and she was puzzled by the way he looked at her, as if he were sorry for her, but not much entertained. Luckily a partner appeared and hurriedly claimed her; so she gave herself up to the excitement of the dance. She had not been to one since the summer she was seventeen, when she had stayed with her mother at a hydro in Wales. It had rained nearly all the time and they had sat indoors, but there had been one or two balls at the Assembly Rooms a mile off, and a party of young people went to them while their elders stayed at home. Her mother let her go with reluctance and only because the doctor insisted. She remembered the young man, something like the one she was with now, with whom she had danced the "Sun-

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shine" waltz. Luckily it was one of the few fine nights; they wandered in the garden and he kissed her. She couldn't think how he came to do it. "You are awfully nice, you know. I believe I could fall in love with you," he said. Then they went back to the ballroom: and she never saw him again. . . . She wished the band would play that waltz now. There was no garden, but there was something magical in a dance; she felt as if it might be a conjuring trick that changed the whole world. She was almost afraid to remember that when it was over she would have to go back to the top flat and the irritable, silent mother sitting by the fire.

John Dacres went home thinking of a book he wanted to finish, for in the evening he did some rather stolid criticism; in the daytime he was a permanent official of minor importance. Work interested him more than anything else. He was bored by theatres and the usual entertainments of London. He dined at his club occasionally, and did a little golf on Saturdays and Sundays. His sisters were married and lived long distances off. He had no other relations and few friends. He cared nothing for women. There were stray men he had known at Harrow or Oxford who turned up now and then, and even dined with him. They called him "good old Dacres" and thought him too stodgy for frequent use. He had a house and three old-fashioned servants in Victoria Road, Kensington, and never worried about the future. Marriage? He shook his head when any idea of it occurred to him or one of his sisters suggested it in a letter; it would upset the place, the quiet rooms, the methodical servants. Besides he didn't know any one, he never fell in love: it was not in his line.

He forgot Joyce Lawson, except just once or twice in the week after the charity dance, when he had a vision of a girl sitting at a window, high up in a block of flats, watching the people on the roadway beneath. "I'll go by, if I think of it, and look up; strange things girls are," he said to himself, and forgot her again. One day he met the Daltons at Charing Cross Station, just going off to Italy.

"How is Miss"—he wasn't even sure of her name—"the girl you took with you to that dance?" he asked.

"Oh, poor little thing, you mean Joyce Lawson. I am so sorry for her. Her mother died yesterday, and we were so busy that we had no time to do anything for her; but we never saw them, except in the lift, and knew nothing about them."

"I suppose she has relations."

"I don't believe she has."

"Is she all alone?" Suddenly a remembrance of the lonely life she had pictured to him flashed back.

"I expect so. We heard that they never had any visitors, and the old servant looks rather sullen."

"Is there anything one could do for her?"

"I don't think so. You might take her some flowers. Do. It would ease my conscience. I meant to get her some, but hadn't a moment. It's the flat at the very top, above ours," Mrs. Dalton said it over her shoulder as they hurried to their train.

Flowers? He was rather bothered at the suggestion. After all, he had only seen her once, and he felt that she might resent them as an intrusion. But she haunted him through the hours at his office, and when he left it in the afternoon he was possessed by her. A girl of one-and-twenty—he didn't believe she was as old—she didn't look it—alone with her dead mother, and in a top flat, so that not even a footstep passed her door. . . . Of course, she had telegraphed for country friends . . . they might not have come yet . . . to do nothing would be rather brutal. . . . He bought some roses, and went up in the lift. Then he hesitated—but of course he was only going to give them in to the servant. He knocked, and waited a long time; his courage ebbed; then she opened the door herself.

In the dim light her face looked white and thin. She had evidently been crying, and her pretty hair was rumpled, as if it had been buried in a cushion. "Oh!" She stood still, sadly staring at him, but she remembered him after a moment. "Mr. Dacres!"

"I am sorry," he said awkwardly. "I didn't mean you to see me."

"It's such a relief," she whispered, as if afraid to raise her voice. "I am all

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alone and so unhappy. Parker—she is the maid—has gone out to get some things."

"I'm sorry," he repeated. "I meant to leave these without your seeing me—just a few roses."

She took the white package and put her little nose down as if to smell them through the paper. "It's so kind of you," she said. "And, oh, do come in. It's getting dark."

"I think not—now."

"Oh, do," she entreated. "I am alone and—" She shivered.

She made way for him, and they entered together a rather dreary little sitting-room. He stood just a yard or two inside for a minute, saying commonplaces, and remembering a book he had read lately about death being only sad to those who were left; he tried to quote it in a sympathetic voice. She looked up at him, with a dazed expression. His manner was rather severe and aloof, but it was kind and protecting, and she was so relieved to see him. "I'm frightened," she said, still in a whisper, and nodded toward the dim passage. There was a closed door at the end.

"You are not afraid of your mother?" he asked gently.

"I am—she looks so remote . . . I never saw any one before . . . and the room feels different." She shivered again. "It is full of silence; everything in it seems to know— I can't bear it! Do stay till Parker comes—she will be here directly."

Of course he stayed. He sat down and watched the bowed head and locked hands on the sofa. She was shudderingly silent, and he could think of nothing more to say. Then Parker let herself in with a latch-key. She came at once to the sitting-room and stood in the doorway, looking at them with surprise, a tall, gaunt woman with a hard face and sullen manner. "I didn't think any one was coming," she said.

The girl raised her head. "I asked Mr. Dacres to stay till you came back," she explained, as if she feared being called to account. "He has brought me some roses."

He got up to go. Parker retreated to the front door. "If I could be of any use —could do anything. But you have relations who will be with you?"

She shook her head. "There isn't anybody except Aunt Henrietta, who has telegraphed that she can't come to London—it gives her neuritis. And Ella—Ella is her daughter—is away."

"But who will manage for you here?"

"Parker will, I suppose—she has been with us three years—and the lawyer; he is very kind. There isn't any one else." It was almost an appeal.

He hesitated. "You will go to your aunt presently?"

"No," she answered quickly.

He felt embarrassed. He was sorry for her, but he didn't want to mix himself up with her affairs. She was outside his track. While he was considering how he could depart without seeming unsympathetic, she said with sudden vehemence:

"I can't go to Aunt Henrietta; she was never kind to me, and Ella is dreadful. And there's no one to advise me—or anything."

"I am awfully sorry—if I could be of any use—" he repeated vaguely.

Parker, who knew nothing of the stranger, came to the doorway again. There was dismissal in her manner. Then the white face looked up. "Do come again," she said. "It has been such a help."

"Of course I will," he answered, and hated himself for the hesitation he feared she detected.

All the way home he felt as if a sense of responsibility had stolen up to him. And there was no forgetting her. He thought of her rumpled hair, her white face, her shrinking, and the entreaty in her voice. He wondered what she would do, if she had any money, and whether Parker would stick to her like a grim but faithful dragon; but even then she could hardly go on living in that dismal top flat.

At the end of ten days he felt that things must have somehow adjusted themselves, and to stay away longer would look as if he shirked going. He took her two little books, one hidden in each side pocket, lest a propitious moment in which to give them did not occur. They were "Green Mansions" and "The Road Mender"—nature studies, and not

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too frivolous. Reading was the mainstay of his own life, but he felt she would not look at anything very serious. He could think of no other gift; chocolates did not occur to him, and there was something foppish to his mind in carrying flowers. He had done it last time, but that was different.

She was better, evidently glad to see him, and she was certainly pretty; the experiences she had been going through had put more expression into her face. She gave him some tea, which Parker brought in reluctantly, as if she thought it rather soon to be having a visitor—of the other sex, too; but this did not occur to him. When the tea had been taken away, he brought out the two books. She was pleased at having a gift, and smiled as she turned over the leaves.

"They look very nice," she said. It was not quite the right adjective, of course; but it didn't matter. She was so young; by and by she would know better. This was unadulterated youth: he had seen so little of it before. While she was interested in the books, he looked at the shelf in the corner—a single shelf, and a miscellaneous collection: two or three volumes of sermons, some essays, Tennyson's poems, and a few old-fashioned novels. He wondered if she had read anything else.

"These were your mother's?" he said.

She nodded. "I used tc read to her sometimes," with a sigh that he misunderstood.

"You miss her very much, I'm afraid."

She shook her head. "Perhaps—but I wish I grieved more—I feel so wicked not to. I try—but I can't." She got up and stood by the mantelpiece. "It's Ella's fault—she told me—when I was little, too. It was so cruel. I have always hated her for it."

"What did she tell you?"

"That mother didn't love me. She never loved father. She only married him out of pique, and Aunt Henrietta couldn't forgive it. Aunt Henrietta was father's sister. . . . Mother brooded all her life, and said father was a stranger—always a stranger; he had done something that made her dislike him, and she didn't like me because I was father's child—she told Aunt Henrietta so. She seemed to shrink from me sometimes. I was afraid of her—that's why I didn't love her much. I knew I was in her way." She was almost passionate with miserable remembrance. "The man who treated her badly died; perhaps she went to him, for she looked so content. . . . She had been waiting—she was glad to go. She had never wanted me, and she has quite forgotten me now—she never looks back for a single moment, or cares—poor mother," she added, with a far-off look in her blue eyes. "Perhaps she is happy at last—that's why I can't grieve for her."

"When did your father die?"

"Oh, years ago. I don't even remember him."

He thought for a moment. "But why shouldn't your father's relations be kind to you?"

"Oh, no." She shuddered. "Ella called mother 'that woman' once. I heard her; and it was she who told me about everything. I can't grieve for mother, but I hate them for their cruelty to her, and I think they hate me because I was her child."

There was a long silence before he asked: "What will you do—with yourself?"

"I don't know yet."

"There is Parker——"

"She is going to her son at Durham. I don't want to be with her; she is always cross, and only stayed because she thought it couldn't be long. I must go away from this flat. There won't be enough money to pay for it now mother's pension is over, but I don't know where I shall go."

"You might find some work," he ventured. "Girls do so many things now. It would fill your life."

"I am not clever. I don't know how to do anything—I mean anything that could be paid for, and I want to feel free. I never have been that, and never went anywhere alone."

"Do you want to go—anywhere alone?"

"Yes—yes"—with a long-drawn sigh.

"You would be very lonely."

"But I have always been lonely."

"You seemed happy that night at the dance. I watched you for a minute or two after our talk."

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

The girl raised her head. "I asked Mr. Dacres to stay till you came back."—Page 295.

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She nodded. "I felt that I was wanted. First, when the Daltons asked me to go, and then when I got there—only by my partners, you know; but I felt wanted, just as I did at the hydro in Wales, when I went to dances there. It was only for an hour or two then; but I have never been wanted at all anywhere else, and yet I have never been free. Now I am—" She broke off and shuddered. "It haunts me so that I didn't care enough for mother. You see, she wasn't like the mothers one reads of in books; she made me feel that she only did things for me because it was a duty, and I resented it so—it was wicked of me, but I did," she added doggedly.

Parker entered and looked at them. "Miss Joyce," she said almost roughly, "the lawyer will be here soon and you've got to be ready for him. This Mrs. Thornton may be coming too."

He was glad to be extricated from a difficult situation. "I'm going," he said. "But Mrs. Thornton—is she a friend?"

"Oh, no. I have never seen her. She is a friend of Mr. Burt's, the lawyer, and she may take the flat. She is coming up from Devonshire to-day."

"I see. . . . Good-by." He said it as if it were final—she felt it. "I wish I could have been of some service to you," he added.

"But you will come again?" There was something like desperation in her voice that arrested him.

"I will if you wish it"——

Then Parker interposed. "It had better not be this week; there's plenty to do—and no time for visitors," she added disagreeably.

"There is," Joyce flashed. After all, there was fire hidden in her somewhere. "Do come. It won't matter to Parker."

"Visitors annoy me," the woman muttered.

"I'll come next week," he said. "Good-by till—till, let's say, Tuesday." He felt like a straw to a drowning woman.

Parker followed him with heavy footsteps to the outer door. He heard her lock it after him with what sounded like malicious determination to keep him away. "I believe that woman bullies her," he thought as he walked home. There was more in the girl than he had imagined, but she was curiously deficient in sentiment. He disliked sentiment, he had none himself—at least he thought so—but it seemed unnatural that a woman should be without it; he had imagined, too, that relationship was a net in which the affections, of girls especially, were inevitably entangled. She had spoken of her mother with sympathy, with pity, but with so much detachment that for an hour or two it repelled him. He wished he could shake her off. "But that would be rather unfair," he thought later. "She is so young to be alone, and may come to all sorts of grief if she doesn't look out." He did no work that evening, and the days of the week dragged by, while more and more insistently Joyce Lawson came into them.

Monday at last—the day before he was going to see her again. All the evening he sat thinking out plans for her, building up possible futures. He wished he knew how much money she had; he imagined that it could not be much, for it was a small top flat and there were no signs of affluence or luxury about it; moreover, she had spoken of a pension that ended with her mother. He wanted horribly to do something for her, something that would arrange her life satisfactorily. Money he could give her, of course—he was a generous man and would gladly have given it—but it might not be necessary, and anyhow it would be difficult. Besides, it was a home she wanted—and happiness. It hurt him to feel how much she must long for happiness. Obviously, she had never known it. A stray gasp or two of pleasurable excitement—that had been all her share; she had apparently never really had even a comfortable home. He looked round his study. He thought of the dining-room, and the one place laid for dinner, of the little-used drawing-room up-stairs. "There would be plenty of room for her here, but that would never do." He was amused for a moment while he imagined her going up and down the quiet staircase, or sitting on the opposite side of the fire. He shook his head. He had lived so long alone, it would be too strange. Besides, after all, she was not a child. She was twenty-one . . . old enough to be married, but he didn't want

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to marry her; he was not in love with her, nor she with him. It would be a solution, of course, but he didn't think it was one that she would admit, nor that he could face. She was not like a girl one would expect to fall in love with—and he didn't believe that sort of thing had entered her head. She was merely a forlorn little thing, with not much in her, who had been snubbed or bullied all her life, who knew nothing of the world, and wanted to escape from her gloomy surroundings into some better atmosphere. It was no use thinking about it; he didn't see a way out for her. If she had been five-and-twenty it would have been so much easier. He turned to his work, but still Joyce Lawson haunted him . . . such a little white face, and such sad, appealing blue eyes . . . they had charming lashes, he remembered, though he did not know before that he had noticed them . . . pretty hair, too —he liked the rumpled state he had seen it in. Poor little girl, she was rather a little idiot. But she would develop; she was so young. He wondered what would have happened to her by to-morrow, and if she would look up with that little fleeting smile of hers, as if she sheltered herself in his strength. . . .

The lift was out of order. He had to walk up-stairs. When he was nearly at the top a woman with a long gray veil thrown back from a close-fitting bonnet passed him on her way downward. She had large shining eyes, a grave face, thin and very sweet—the eyes and face of a visionary. She looked at him, and he felt that an unasked question was on her lips, but she made no pause or sign, and in a moment she had vanished. Parker opened the door before he could knock. "I heard you coming," she said, and led the way to the drawing-room. "She'll be here when she's taken off her things. She was out when that woman came, and they've been talking every since she was back." She entered with him and, shutting the door, stood with her back to it, looking at him with an expression of disagreeable exultation. "We've sold the flat," she said, "lease and furniture—everything just as it stands—and we have got to turn out this week. I'm going to Durham, on Saturday."

"And Miss Lawson? Where is she going?"

"I don't know. I can't have her with me; there's my son to look after. She's got all sorts of silly notions; she ought to go to her relations, but she won't hear of it."

"She doesn't like them."

"Lots of us don't like relations, but we have to put up with them. I think you had better talk to her. I shall be gone, so it's nothing to me, but there's one thing I want to say, and that is if you don't mean anything you had better leave her alone. I don't hold with men hanging about—here she is."

He was astounded, but it was impossible to answer, for Joyce entered, and Parker hurriedly vanished.

He looked at her and suddenly his heart went out to her—a slip of a girl in a plain, dull, black frock—very grave, but content. A change had come over her. In her eyes there was an expression that seemed like a reflection of the strange woman's. From sheer bewilderment he held the soft hand a moment longer than was necessary, but it had no visible effect on her.

"We are going away," she said, as if she hardly believed it. "I'm so glad you have come, for in a few days I shall be gone." She stopped, crossed to the sofa and sat down, waiting for him to speak.

"Parker told me. And that she goes to her son. But you?"

"I shall go away—quite a way from London. I want to think a great deal—to be different."

"Yes?" he said doubtfully, "and you can—you have somewhere to go?"

"Oh, yes, it is all arranged," she added with a sigh of content.

He wondered if she meant some place abroad, and he thought of the money it would cost.

"And you could manage it all?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "for I shall be richer than I expected. I shall have nearly two hundred a year, and there will be six hundred pounds directly for this flat—but I shall not go to the end of the world; to North Devon, perhaps. She said it was beautiful, and by the sea."

"She? Who said it?"

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"Mrs. Thornton, the woman who has bought this flat." She looked up with a little dreamy smile. "She knows about so many things. Mr. Burt brought her the other night. I have only seen her three times, but she has set me thinking, and she has made the whole world different." For a moment a horrible idea possessed him. Could it be that the strange woman was a psycho-analyst? He hated the whole gang; Freud and Jung were maniacs or impostors to him, who veiled indecencies with obscurities. "Did she talk about psycho-analysis?" he asked coldly.

She looked at him bewildered. "I don't know anything about that. What is it?"

"You needn't know anything about it, dear child."

She turned her head a little toward the scanty blaze at the last two words and asked: "But what does it mean? What did you call it?" She didn't even know the word; he loved her for it.

"It means self-consciousness and morbidity, everlasting introspection, and self-contemplation. Their stuff annoys me more than I can say." He tried to laugh it off. "People should forget themselves, not sit and gloat over their inner consciousness." He tried to pass it off and asked in a different voice: "She didn't talk to you about that sort of thing?"

She looked at him, and he saw the blueness of her innocent eyes; then away into the fire again—her hands still crossed on her lap in the way she had while she spoke: "She said she could divine things and could see that I was desolate, but it was my own fault, for I had starved my soul."

"What did she mean?" He was still suspicious.

"She said that when a child was born its mother nourished it and clothed it and taught it to walk and speak, did everything for its body, to keep life in it—good, healthy life. But we had to do the rest for ourselves, to nourish our souls, to clothe them with thought and knowledge and especially with love and the memory of work—work done for others, or for the world, and then it safeguarded us with patience and courage and understanding, and out of it happiness grew. And if we didn't do this, consciously or unconsciously, the evil influences came and disfigured us."

She was evidently trying to repeat the words she had heard, but she was confused, as if she saw them written up, and only read them through a mist. "She said I had starved my soul, she could see it, and if I had not done wrong things, it was only because I had not had the chance of doing them."

"Perhaps you have not had the chance of doing anything at all, one way or the other."

She took no notice of the interruption and went on. "She said I ought to have felt it, while I was living with mother, all the years since I was born; but how could I—I knew nothing—no one cared for me or taught me, how could I know? Now I shall go away for a little while into a distance and think it out in some place that is beautiful. She said that would be the wisest thing to do; and the world itself is so beautiful that if I let my eyes see and my ears hear, my soul would steal out and sun itself, and the beauty of the world would nourish it and warmth would come into my heart, and I should learn to love it—as something that was my own. And when I did, I should love the people in it and feel for them, and long to serve them, to do things for them, that would give them happiness—for if one's heart and soul were saturated with beauty, one gave it out and helped to make a whole with nature."

"She belonged to some form of Pantheism," he said to himself rather than to Joyce.

She went on as if she had not heard him. "I have been waiting all my life for a door to open, to go through it into some different part of the world. I feel as if I had beaten at the door of it with my hands; and if, after mother died, I had stayed on here I should have died, too, of starvation as I think now that she did—perhaps of starvation for love— No one loved her, not even I." There were tears falling slowly down her face, but she did not know it. "She made me feel that I had been no good to any one, done nothing—nothing. But I will. . . . I have been waiting . . . she said every one could do something for the world, love or work, or give it some happiness for others

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to use, and that if it were ever so little it gave one a right to live under its sky and to tread its ground—for even the least of us had a share in the world; it was a divine inheritance, to use well or ill. I shall go away and seek for my share."

She gave a long sigh as if she were rested already. "If I had only known it before, everything would have been so different," she seemed to be speaking into a distance rather than to him—into one of the distances of which she had spoken at the dance.

He got up and went over to her. "You can't go alone," he said. "Let me go with you and seek for my share?"

She drew back. "I want to go alone—I must."

"Why shouldn't I marry you, then we might fight out things together?"

She stood up and looked searchingly at his face. "Oh, no, I couldn't," she said with low determination. "Besides, you don't like me very much. You are sorry for me—but you need not be now—you were shocked the last time you were here, I felt it. You went away disliking me."

"I love you to-day and I want you—I want to take you away and marry you."

He put his arm round her and softly kissed her cheek—just once, as he might have kissed a child.

She drew back, without any sign of response or resentment. "I am glad you did that," she said; "for you have been so good to me; but I couldn't marry you, it has made me feel it—I couldn't," she seemed almost frightened.

He looked at her puzzled, as well as rebuffed, then he remembered the twelve years' difference between them. "I am much older than you," he began.

"I know, it has helped me. I can't think what I should have done if you hadn't come when you did. But I don't want you to marry me. I couldn't bear it."

"But why couldn't you?"

"I don't want to tell you—please go away—let me be alone." There were tears in her eyes. She held out her hands. He kissed them, and rested his face for a moment on the soft cool palms: he felt them tremble. "Dear child," he said, "I don't want to distress you." Then without another word he turned away, let himself out, and went down the long staircase feeling that he had left behind a mystery, a symbol, perhaps, that held the secret of his future.

"I am a conceited ass—for somehow I thought that she cared for me," he told himself as he walked home. "But it's no use worrying her. I have just got to put up with it."

The house at Kensington seemed very silent as he entered. There was a fire burning in his study, some books on the writing-table had come while he was absent, an evening paper was on the arm of the chair. It all looked comfortable and homelike. "I believe she could have been content here," he thought. "However, it's no good, perhaps it's as well."

A month later—two months. He had no news of her, nothing happened, his days went by in the precise order they had done for years. But gradually there came to him a sense that the house was waiting, that it had been starved, too. He felt it every time he passed the doors of the rooms that might have held human happiness. He had lived a life of routine; if other things had been within his reach they had passed him and gone on. He had money enough for comfort, an easy post, he did some criticism for a literary journal because it interested him, but that dozens of other men, worse off, could have done equally well, that was all. For the first time this occurred to him, because of what little Joyce had said. (He called her "little Joyce" in his thoughts, and she was always in them, or at the back of them). "I don't even collect coins or china to leave to a museum, or keep a dog or a horse," he said with a grim smile; "not that that would redound to my credit." He thought over his life; it had been comfortable and without shocks. He had travelled a good deal on well-beaten tracks, but only for his own satisfaction; he had gone alone, made no acquaintance, gathered no results from his observations. . . . He turned to his table, one of the books waiting to be reviewed was on Waste Products. "I am one myself," he thought. "But after all there are thousands of cumberers like me, and the world would

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be a gaping nuisance if it were filled solely with a crowd forever up and doing." Still, it worried him that he was not getting enough out of it himself—nor it of him. He knew a good deal one way and the other, but it was locked up, and the key to its hiding-place was seldom exercised. He was capable of emotion, of affection, even of passion, as all men are; but he had no goal of any sort, and he had shirked human obligations. Gradually he came to feel that, as Joyce had put it, his life was starved, too, on one side of it at any rate. "But I'm becoming morbid," he thought, "doing psycho-analysis on myself," he kicked away an imaginary something. "It would be much better to take a long walk and make love to a pretty woman. More natural, and wholesome exercise." Make love? He was not sure that he knew how; he had never been good at small talk or paying little attentions—after all he was a lazy beggar and self-centred. Perhaps that was why Joyce had refused him. Somehow she had found him out. Joyce! She said that the woman who passed him on the stairs had made the whole world different for her. Joyce was making it different for him. He was beginning to feel that he couldn't go on much longer without seeing her. It was ridiculous, but he believed he had fallen in love at last with a little white-faced girl with a soft voice and blue eyes, to whom he had felt vastly superior at the dance, and had only pitied when he found her in the top flat, while her mother was lying dead.

The winter had gone. There were violets and primroses heaping the baskets of the women by Kensington Station. There were spring flowers, of course, in the hedges of the countryside where Joyce had gone. She was a springtime girl herself, unconsciously waiting for her summer. He was rather pleased with the idea. . . . And it was all very well, but he was going to find out where she was. Some one at the flat would know.

A strange servant opened the door. Miss Lawson's address? She would go and ask, and left him in the little hall. It looked more comfortable than when he had seen it last, as if it belonged to a different manner of home. . . . Mrs. Thornton would like to see him. . . . He followed the maid to the little sitting-room he remembered. It was transformed too: books and etchings, a different sofa with many cushions, a writing-table with a shaded lamp, and various signs of comfort. A tall woman in black rose from the writing-table—her face was grave and sweet, just as he had seen it that day on the stairs. She had quantities of gray hair; soft lace fell from it and from her throat. He felt her fascination in a moment, her magnetism, just as Joyce had done.

"You are Mr. Dacres," she said. "We passed each other one day—I heard about you, from Joyce Lawson."

"May I know where she is?" he asked, when he had made his apologies for intruding. "I should like to write to her," he looked at her and gathered courage. "I want to see her again."

She smiled as if she knew. . . .

"She is in North Devon—at Lynmouth. Do you know it?"

"No. I have often heard of Lynton."

"Lynton is on a height, and fashionable. Lynmouth is immediately beneath it. It is very small and quiet and reaches to the sea. It is soft and springlike there now—the trees and the flowers are coming out."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes—with an old servant of mine. I have lent her my cottage by the harbor till Easter—a month yet, isn't it?"

"How kind you have been to her!"

"I knew a great deal about her, poor little girl, from Mr. Burt, who is a friend of mine. He was sorry for her; the mother was a strange, morose woman. When she had gone he asked me to come and see her. I wanted a little flat in town, and she was glad to let me have this."

He hesitated before he asked: "Do you think I might go and see her?"

She looked at him for a moment; he felt as if she knew every thought he had. "I think you might," she hesitated, then she asked: "Are you fond of her?"

"I love her," he said simply. "But she wouldn't have anything to say to me."

It seemed to amuse her. "I think I know about you," she told him presently.

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"It has been growing on me every day—since I saw you last—you are simply the world to me."—Page 305.

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"Your father was General Dacres—he died in South Africa?"

"Yes, that's it—a splendid fellow, but it doesn't make me any better, nor Joyce inclined to have anything to say to me. You told her that her soul was starved. I think mine has been starved, too, but it's my own fault. I have done some work that any one else could do, and would probably be glad to do, if I were out of the way; but no one is a bit the better because I am alive, and I don't believe I ever gave a day's happiness to any one in my life." He felt as if he had come to confession.

She liked him for it. "You were a great help to that child when she had no one else near her."

It swept over him that perhaps that was why he loved her, and for the first time in his life he dimly realized the blessedness of serving. "I wish I could think that," he said awkwardly; "I did nothing really—though I believe I would do anything in the world for her." The color mounted to his face, for he had not meant to say so much.

Again just as if she understood all that was in his rather simple heart, Mrs. Thornton held out her hand and smiled again.

The beauty of Lynmouth took him by surprise. He arrived in the twilight. The hills that guarded it from the outer world looked like mountains, and the dwellings, half hidden on their wooded sides and only betrayed here and there by the redness of a roof or, as the shadows deepened, the twinkling of a light, gave the place a foreign air. In the little harbor were sailing-boats and fishing-craft that might have been Italian. Facing the harbor was a gentle slope, called Mars Hill, going up from the water's edge, and on it, closely grouped together, were half a dozen Old World little houses or cottages. They had fore-courts, only wide enough to hold some clumps of flowers, and low gates. Some of the roofs were thatched, and over their fronts creepers and honeysuckle spread, and climbing rose-trees that presently would cover them with bloom. They looked in at the casement windows and almost smothered the doorways. He ascertained which was Mrs. Thornton's house—it was on Mars Hill—then went for a stroll while he considered what he would do about Joyce. She had refused him once, she might do it again, and he wondered whether she would be happy if he married her. She was setting out on her way through the world, he might not be able to keep pace with her, she had led such a methodical life, too; when she found things out a bit, she might not be satisfied. . . . He imagined her in the quiet Kensington house—and the closed rooms open—and all he might do to make her happy. He would take her to Italy . . . he would buy her all sorts of things . . . and it would be absurd to come all this way for nothing; besides, whether he liked it or not, the little girl had got him by the scruff of the neck and he must see her. . . .

The kind-looking woman with grizzled hair, dark eyes, and a large white apron, who opened the door, smiled at him with approval. She showed him into the sitting-room; it faced the sea; on the right were the high hills and the wonderful vegetation. Books—books that were good to read—covered one side of the room; there was a piano, and comfy chairs and cushions. Joyce sat with her back to the window and had not seen him coming—the inevitable afternoon tea was set out, a covered muffin dish was on the fender; for, though the weather was soft and warm, there were still lingering spells of cold. She had been reading, a book was on her knees—a slender comfortable little figure in an easy chair. She rose with a sound of happy surprise. "Oh," she held out her hands.

"Did you think I would come?"

"I didn't know. . . ."

"You look so much better, so different—I could bless Mrs. Thornton," he said when he had been given tea and food from the covered dish.

"I bless her every day—many times," she answered. "I told you I had been beating with my hands at the door of a different part of the world—she gave me the key to it. . . . Isn't it beautiful here. Let us go out—there are hills and zigzag pathways up them and a rushing river through a wood in a valley."

"Take me at once," he laughed—for sheer joy at her manner.

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While she put on her hat, and a wrap round her throat—they were on a peg outside the room—he picked up the book she had been reading. "Kipling—do you like him?" he asked as they went outward and turned to the left—past the harbor and the cliff railway.

She nodded. "He has seen how beautiful the world is—and he is so tender."

"He can be pretty fierce."

"Only because he can't bear the things that are done to spoil it—he loves it so—and he hates the things that people have to suffer when they might be so happy."

They strolled on to the little promenade. It was just a new road beside the sea with a new sea wall, on its opposite side was one of the wonderful wooded heights. It was all still in the making, and ended, after a quarter of a mile, in chaos and great slabs of blasted rock—Joyce had climbed over them often in the past weeks, down to the last stone that was safe, and counted the incoming waves. . . .

He looked at her—the slender girl he loved walking by his side, and he was happier than he had been for years—in his whole life, perhaps. He faced it squarely. He had never seen her in a hat before—it fitted close, yet allowed strands of fair hair to escape, and he could see the content in her blue eyes. They hardly spoke till they stopped and stood leaning over the wall, listening to the plash of the waves beneath. "It's so heavenly," she said with a long-drawn sigh; "if people could all live in beautiful places they would never be wicked."

"I think they might try," he answered cynically. "I am afraid they do."

"But they are good and kind naturally," she answered; "it's only when they are cruelly treated that they give back to the world the pain they have suffered—I think that's how it was with mother." The tears came to her eyes. "I can't bear to think that I didn't love her—I try to tell her so in my thoughts—sometimes I think she knows—and is glad I am here. . . ."

They heard a clock strike in the distance. He waited a minute before he spoke.

"Why did you say you couldn't marry me?"

"You only pitied me, that was why you asked me. I thought it would be dreadful for you;" she had turned her face away.

"My dear—" he began.

"I felt it when you kissed me."

He laughed at that. "Did any one ever kiss you before?" he asked, just as a joke.

"Yes."

He could hardly believe his ears. "Who was it?"

"I don't know, I never saw him again—it was after a dance at the hydro in Wales—we went out to the garden after the waltz, and just before we went in—it was dark and I didn't dream what he was going to do, he kissed me and said: 'I believe I could fall in love with you——' "

"And then?"

"And then we hurried in—I never saw him again—I was dreadfully ashamed. . . . I am glad I have told you—what will you think of me?" She put her cool hands to her face.

"You blessed innocent, I love you for telling me—say you'll marry me."

She looked up, and then away from him. "When you kissed me," she said in a low voice, "I knew that you were not in love with me—it was so different."

"But I am, dear," he protested. "It has been growing on me every day—since I saw you last—you are simply the world to me."

"And you to me," she whispered. She turned toward him then, unconsciously rejoicing in his tallness and the strength of the arm that held her. Luckily the twilight had deepened, and not a soul was in sight. It was just as well.

"I think I have outdone that impudent beggar in the garden," he said at last. "I must go back to-morrow, but in a month, when I get my Easter leave, I shall carry you off." He kept his word.

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A Sheaf of James Huneker's Letters

EDITED BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

HUNEKER was one of the least old-fashioned men that have ever lived, yet it is an old-fashioned word that comes to mind as I turn over his letters—the word "sensibility." No other defines so well the source of that peculiar play of intellectual and emotional activity which marks both his books and his correspondence. When the latter is presently published, it will fall naturally into association with the body of his work as a record of critical adventures. As he ranged up and down the world he threw out incessantly the most sensitive of feelers, touching, seeing, tasting everything, a metaphysician in one moment, a gourmet in the next, a man of gusto all the time. Some few interests in life perhaps escaped this indefatigable amateur of sensations. I cannot discover that there was much room in his cosmos for either politics or sport. But taking "the seven arts" for his province he covered a sufficiently wide area.

The breadth of his scope is possibly the first thing that you notice about him. The next is his happy avoidance of the dilettantism which lies in wait for the ordinary savorer of every new thing. He avoided it because he was a human creature if ever there was one. I never knew so well read a man who was so little bookish. He lived, in a measure, by the art of quotation; he was a master of allusion. Nevertheless, in considering the myriad names, incidents, and anecdotes with which almost any characteristic essay of his is sprinkled, it is fairer to regard them as drawn not so much from reading as from what I prefer to call experience. A critic by profession, he was absorbed, naturally, in things. But he never lost sight of the people behind them. His letters are full of people.

An old friend of ours, famous for his musical evenings, used to call himself a collector—a collector of acquaintances. Huneker was like that, but with a difference. He went about seeking contacts with brains. When he talked with men and women celebrated in those arts to which he was dedicated, he gave as much as he received. Hence the liveliness, the sympathy, in that picturesque "copy" which he was always producing. Somewhere he says that all his books are reprints, meaning that he made them up out of the newspaper articles in which he recorded his impressions. He might have said: "I make my books out of actualities." He was the man of letters doubled with the journalist, seizing the affair of the moment and flinging it alive upon his page. When he visits Frau Foerster-Nietzsche and she gives him access to all her souvenirs of her brother, he writes to his friend Rosebault: "Can't you see me moving around like a nervous nightmare among the books, letters, pictures, busts, and all the treasures of this artistic home!" To him they were not insensate objects, they were fragments from the life of Nietzsche. He touched them clairvoyantly when he came to write about his visit.

One thing that his zest and his understanding did for him is clear from his letters, they made him a citizen of the world. "I sell as well in London as I do in America," he could justly boast. "My 'Chopin' is in French. My 'Overtones' in Italian. My 'Visionaries' in Bohemian." It pleased him that sketches of his had been admired by Maeterlinck and Remy de Gourmont, that Huysmans had liked his "Eighth Deadly Sin," that Anatole France had praised "The Third Kingdom." In winning this European repute he had simply come into his own, ratifying the cosmopolitanism which was the distinguishing element in his nature, the *panache* that he proudly wore. How did he achieve it? The volumes of "Steeplejack" give his more formal answer to the question. Light on the subject is also

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afforded in the following reply to an inquiry for biographical facts:

To Henry L. Mencken

Westminster Court,
April 11, 1916.

MY DEAR MENCKEN:

I fear this letter will give you as much boredom as yours gave me pleasure; really, I'm becoming alarmed at the sight of my name with your signature—I'll never live up to all the things you say of me! And I needn't add, that you know how grateful I am for your lonely but golden voice in the wilderness. Also—I'm damned glad that *you* are about to print a volume. You should have done it years ago. I only hope I'll have a page on some journal to review your book! A few corrections and suggestions before I answer your questions: (don't get scared! I've a morning to myself—one of many since my illness—and I propose to tell you all you ask and more. Nothing is more desiccating than the gossiping egotism of writers). 1st. De Pachmann pointed at the audience and said, "He knows more than *you*"—meaning, of course, the critics as well as the London public. Catch the little chap admitting that anyone knew more than he did of Chopin. Few do (notably Godowsky, the Superman of the keyboard). 2nd. I do hope you will not endorse the legend of Pollard's, i.e., that I never wrote of Americans, only of foreigners, whereas, all my life I've toiled in the cause of American poets, painters, musicians, prosateurs, critics—witness, E. A. MacDowell and all contemporary American composition for which I battled in the *Musical Courier* as far back as 1886. And for 18 years, all over the land I attended the annual meetings of the Music Teachers Association where new music (American) was given.

In art ask the 1903-1912 crowd—Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan, Prendergast &c. what I did on *The Sun* (even Manet and Monet and Degas were laughed at here in 1900). The Cubists don't interest me. I have to get off somewhere and with the exception of Matisse and Picasso and Epstein and Augustus John, I don't dote on the new chaps. I've letters from Frank Norris; Dreiser (whose Gerhardt novel—I've forgotten the title, I read in Mss. and sweated blood in the corrections—to no purpose. He is without an ear for prose, or an eye for form), Steve Crane and the new writers—first of all and best, H. B. Fuller, whose "With the Procession" and "Cliff Dwellers" were models of realism in their day—which prove my sympathy for American art and letters. No, my dear H. L., Pollard had that crazy notion on the brain and did me an injustice. What I didn't do was to print a volume on American arts, &c. I'll do it some day and date it and you may be surprised.

No, I've not a drop of German blood in me. I wish I had for then I would possess more of what I once called The Will-to-Sit-Still. (Sitzfleisch.) I'm too Celtic, too centrifugal, as opposed to the centripetal Teuton, too fickle if too Catholic, and I'm a poor man at 56. My philandering in the 7 arts has kept me roving from literature to art and that is not very German. Even the German beer and cuisine are not in it with the Austro-Hungarian. I'm Celto-Magyar—Pilsner and Donnybrook Fair.

Now as to your questions: First effort—a short story written July 4, 1876 (thermometer at 105°) in Phila. Bad imitation of E. A. Poe—my first idol—and in print. It is called "The Comet" (ominous title!). Then I went to Paris 1878—to see Liszt—and wrote for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* specials on the music, painting, sculpture, literature, stage, &c.; wrote very much in my present gossipy manner—I've no literary style, except a possible personal note—and I've all this stuff in print to show. I came to New York in 1886. I first read Ibsen in 1878. I became acquainted with Nietzsche in 1888—his "Richard Wagner at Bayreuth." I imitated Carlyle—the Carlyle of "Sartor" till my mother—who wrote pure, undefiled English—gave me Cardinal Newman; with Flaubert he has been my model. God knows you would never suspect it. The first Ibsen critic in America was William Morton Payne, editor of *The Dial*, Chicago; with Prof. H. H. Boyesen of Columbia he discoursed on the plays (and completed the Jaeger Life) But as far back as 1891 I was in the critical trenches as dramatic critic

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and fighting the poison bombs of the old time criticism. Then Ibsen was a "degenerate"; today, he is a tiresome preacher.

I had only a brief Maeterlinck fever. I'm over it 15 years. Shaw is shallow, but amusing. I read him in 1886—a rotten music and art critic. But I quoted him in the *Musical Courier* and persuaded its owner, the late Marc A. Blumenberg, to buy an essay of Shaw's on old musical instruments, clavichord, &c. and their superiority to the modern grand pianoforte (like all innovators and revolutionists, Shaw faces the past socialism, idealism &c). This article—I believe to be the first that ever appeared in America—is buried in the pages of the *Musical Courier* for May 1890 or 1891. From the Phila. *Bulletin*, when I returned, I went to *The Courier* (for 15 years). Joined *The Recorder* in 1891; then *The Morning Advertiser;* finally *The Sun* in 1900. Since then—1912—I've written for *The Times*, still do (was music, dramatic and art critic on *Sun*. Also editorial writer, book reviewer, and foreign correspondent).

I studied piano at Paris with a Chopin pupil, the venerable George Mathias; in New York with Joseffy. Was his—(Don't blench Bill! This is the last)—assistant as piano pedagogue at the National Conservatory, N. Y., for 10 years. Have never published any music, though my grandfather, John Huneker, was a rotten composer of church music and a capable organist of St. Mary's Church, Phila.; my other grandfather was an Irish poet, patriot, refugee, printer, James Gibbons, president of the Fenian Brotherhood in America. (The limit—poet and organist! No wonder I drink Pilsner). My "best seller" thus far (mirage No. 93!) is "Iconoclasts" (published 1903) then the "Chopin" and now "Ivory Apes" &c. which has gone here and in England. (See *Spectator* Dec. 18–15). My "Chopin" is in German (Georg Müller, Munchen & Leipzig). My "Iconoclasts" is in print but not published in Germany and Austria ("Bilderstürmer"—idiotic title). The "Chopin" is also in French and Italian, and, oddly enough there is an edition (pirated) of "Visionaries" in Bohemian! (Prague). I have it. (The translator, poor devil, came over here in money distress and it was summer and I was in Europe. He got a job at the German Hospital as a lift boy. It fell. He was killed. No royalties for me, no money for him). And now the secret of my soul.

In France and Germany my two volumes of tales, "Melomaniacs" and "Visionaries" are the best liked of my books (they have both been translated by Lola Lorme of Vienna but the war has kept them off the market). I think they are, in spots, worth all my alleged critical stuff. That is, they belong, for the most part, to what the Germans call "Kulturnovellen," and are not Anglo-Saxon or American fiction at all. I have "The Lord's Prayer in B" in German and French. Also in German—"The Purse of Aholibah," "A Chopin of the Gutter" &c (in weekly and monthly publications). My favorites are (in "Visionaries") "The Third Kingdom," "Rebels of the Moon," and in "Melomaniacs" "Avatar." Both books have been called valuable documents for alienists &c., and both books do not sell. They are too heavy. Did you read "Visionaries"? May I send, if not, both these fictions? (Ah! the parental passion for the ugly ducklings of the inky family). In conclusion (quick! a drink at my expense) I loathe movements—artistic, political, literary, religious—all propaganda &c. There are no "schools" in art or literature, only good writers and artists; there are no types, only individuals. And the best beer comes from Bohemia as the best music comes from Germany; the best prose from Paris, the best poets from England—you can't get away from it, old son. But the best fried oysters and terrapin and literary critic—from Baltimore! By God! And may this same god have mercy on your soul if you read this through at a sitting. Again—thanks. We must meet, with G. J. N. here in May, late in May.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER.

There are no schools, he says. Only good writers and artists. His affirmation of the distinction, forever cropping out in his writings, was specifically made in "Egoists." It laid him open to the charge that his perspective sometimes got a lit-

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tle awry, involving the transformation of geese into swans. He retorted in his next book, scornfully disclaiming any pretensions to "general ideas," which, in fact, he distrusted and detested. None the less, Huneker had a compass in his baggage. When I disagreed with some of the conclusions in "Egoists" he wrote: "Understand me—I love several of the men in it but I'm dead sick of the decadents, dead sick of the entire crew of 'modernity' yowlers. The good I shall always stick up for, but my early idols—how many of them?—have fallen into the void, and will vanish in the embraces of the mother of dead dogs." That was in 1909. Some years later he returns to the motive as follows:

To John Quinn

Westminster Court,
March 26, 1916.

DEAR JOHN:

Don't buy any more pictures. You have too many already. Don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk. This new crowd is already ancient. Buy a few *great* pictures and sculptures—like the Puvises, or the Augustus Johns or the Arthur B. Davies; don't tolerate rot because it is signed 1916. Remember John, all these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. It's so in music and literature; it's so in art. There *is* a norm and these young chaps may fume and sputter but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk. As to the egotist painter—yes, a terror, but with more talent and temperament in his little fingers than the whole crowd here—Davies and Lawson excepted. (Lawson is now our greatest colorist in landscape. A jewelled palette. George [Luks] is *not* Dusseldorf, but Holland; above all a master in clear characterization, even if he does limp technically at times. He is *vital*—color, line, character. The rest doesn't much matter.

As ever,

JIM.

I tackled him at once, in print, on the subject of Cézanne. It provoked this further intimation that he was on the side of the angels:

To Royal Cortissoz

Westminster Court,
January 7, 1916.

MY DEAR ROYAL:

The quotation about Cézanne piqued my curiosity. I found that I had written it in 1904 in an account of the Automne salon in Paris. In 1906 I wrote Paul's obituary. I met the old chap first in 1901 at Aix. We went *via* tramway from Marseilles. Hot, dusty, dirty Aix! Cézanne, like John La Farge, hated handshakes. He loathed his origin. His father first a barber, then a valet, finally a banker. In 1904 at the "Hommage à Cézanne" exhibition (Salon d'Automne) a huge Salle was given over to him. Again I spoke to him, but as I failed to address him as "Cher Maître!" he didn't answer. Of course, he had quite forgotten that I had visited him at Aix for a newspaper story. *If* I had said that Cézanne was the antithesis of Corot—as you suggest—I would have put too high a price on his worth; Bouguereau is the more apposite comparison; though your point is well taken. Since those days I've seen the best Cézanne—the local exhibition last week was hardly representative; since then I've read and "roasted" the rot of Clive Bell and W. H. Wright; and since then, while I haven't revised my opinion of the strength and sincerity of C. yet I've deemed it necessary for my own critical health to see him in perspective. I did so in *Scribner's*, now incorporated in "Ivory, Apes & Peacocks"; and I do so from time to time in *Puck*. C. would be the first to revolt against the idiotic idolatry which makes him *chef d'école;* during his life he attacked both Gauguin and Van Gogh (I admire this latter Dutch Johnnie) for misreading his meanings. What the Cubists and Futurists will do in the future who shall dare say! I prefer the Italian group; at least, they do not attempt the species of glorified geometry of the Cubisten. I paid my respects to the hideous German art—modern, of course—in my new book, leaning heavily on a quotation from R. C.

All this to prove I'm not a *Cézanne-ist*, even if I like—above all—his still-life.

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His landscapes are all alike—he is the Single Speech Hamilton of landscapists. But it doesn't matter what I think, anyway; I'm just unburdening myself and for my prolixity a friend's pardon. How are you, Royal?

As Ever Cordially
JAMES HUNEKER.

P. S.—He was little more than third-rate, after all, this grumpy old bird, wasn't he? A new title: "The Barber's Son from Aix: or Why He Used a Shaving Brush for Disfigured Subjects."

There is a great deal about art in the letters, art here and abroad. In the course of his repeated European rambles he was as often in the galleries as in the concert-room and the opera-house. Rembrandt and Hals rejoiced his soul. So did the Flemish Primitives. But I leave this topic for the reader to pursue in the collection to be published. For an illustration of his literary judgment, remembering especially the interest in things American of which he speaks in his biographical letter to Mr. Mencken, I take this tribute to a native novelist:

To Edwin W. Morse

The Carrollton,
November 17, 1905.

DEAR MR. MORSE:

The day you gave me Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth"—Tuesday, I think—I began reading it at 7:30 p.m. and ended at 1:30 a.m. It is a big book, big because she has dared to let style go to the devil and stick to characterization—a renunciation, I fancy, for one of her temperament. Who is going to dramatize the novel? It contains strong scenes in abundance—an embarrassment of dramatic, even theatric, situations. Much of Lily Bart would evaporate in the hard, dry atmosphere of the theatre but that Jew Rosedale—he would loom up magnificently. I am not sure but that he would be the central figure in the play. He is wonderful. Studied from life and yet a summing up of racial traits and tribal ambitions. He is much more vital and convincing than Selden, who, at the close, is a pale prig. However I am not writing a review—only a word of thanks for the pleasure the book has given me. And I am for personal reasons, curious about Mrs. Wharton's plans for a drama. I could knock the novel into an acting play in 3 months; though I fancy she will make her own version.

With best wishes and thanks for the trouble, I am,

Sincerely,
JAMES HUNEKER.

He thought George Moore and Joseph Conrad the big men of their day, Hardy being out of the field. "George in his desert descriptions," he wrote to John Quinn, "can give R. Hichens cards and spades for being a landscapist. He has a sense of verbal values." But he was dubious about Moore's "humorous bone." Huneker was an impressionist. The letters abound in brief, fleeting expressions of feeling and opinion about books. But occasionally he comes to grips with a subject and defends a point of view at some length. Witness this:

To W. C. Brownell

The Carrollton,
October 9, 1908.

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

We are equally right and wrong. The article on "Baudelaire et la Baudelaireisme," may be found in Vol. VIII of Scherer's "Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine" (Paris 1863–1889. Nine volumes.) This would argue that it appeared in the '80's. It did. It was caused by a review of Bourget's "Essais" (1882); when — about — did you see it and in what revue? Possibly the *Deux Mondes*. James' book (1st edition) appeared 1878. The study must have been written a year or two previous. He gives no dates. Subsequent editions of his volume appeared 1884, and 1893. (Lord! isn't it lovely to be able to write 1884 again; 1908 is so chilly, so dreary to me.) Scherer was an ex-Protestant (Calvinistic) clergyman. His mother an Englishwoman. Little wonder he couldn't savor Baudelaire. Besides, he was bad-tempered when contradicted. And he hated Carlyle, Molière, Diderot; so Baudelaire is in good company. Will you take it as an impertinence if I beg of you to revise, be it ever so slightly, your belief that Poe was a greater poet than Baudelaire! While

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Poe was far from being Emerson's jingleman, he never struck the profounder chords of passion so marvellously sounded by the wretched Baudelaire. Take down "Fleurs du Mal" from the shelf and read the tiny masterpiece again. There is all the horror we find in Poe; but also humanity, pathos, sex.

Another thing, before Baudelaire ever heard of Poe he had written the greater number of his poems of Spleen and Ideal. This was *before* 1846 or 1847, when he first read the Poe *tales*—not the verse. Anyhow the color and contact of the "Fleurs du Mal" reveal the enormous difference. I admit that in the Poems in Prose, Baudelaire was affected by Poe. All this I set forth with many amplifications in the "Baudelaire Legend," which Mr. Burlingame was considerate enough to accept. It is not, my dear Mr. Brownell, that I wish our estimates to accord—that would indeed be presumptuous on my part—but, that, since the spring of 1908 I came into possession of the newly published life, the Diary ("Mon Cœur mis a nu") the posthumous words and the Letters. Therein I saw that while Baudelaire raved all over Paris about Poe, he was fundamentally Baudelaire from first to last. Naturally, this will not affect your Poe study; but it may throw, as the newspaper critics say, a new light on the Frenchman. I "go" for Stedman and Bayard Taylor, who, while abusing Poe for his thirst (what a sublime thirst it was!) nevertheless pitch patriotically into Baudelaire, claiming that *he* imitated Poe. Rubbish! He was the victim of an accursed and beautiful temperament—one all his own. Documentary evidence I have by the yard as you will see later. I hope I don't bother you with this chatter. You are one of the elect, *mon cher maître*. I owe much to you. (Though this does not seem a grateful way of repaying one's obligation does it?)

In Henry James' "French Poets and Novelists" (1893 edition) page 60 ocures the following sentence: "Nevertheless, Poe was much the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the *greater genius*." I can't agree. Poe was more versatile than Baudelaire and that's saying much. Baudelaire had critical gifts for art. *There*, Poe was shallow; at least not well grounded. If Poe could only have lived in Paris! What absinthe duettos, with Baudelaire singing bass!

Sincerely yours,
JAMES HUNEKER.

Literature and art recur, as I have said, constantly, in Huneker's correspondence. But it is music that provides the groundswell. He cannot touch the subject without being interesting. Even his briefest asides are piquant, as, for example, in this passage from a letter to his friend Ziegler: "Thanks for the rehearsal invitation. But I'm through with opera. I couldn't sit through Humperdinck, as much as I admire his score—a score in which siege guns slaughter tom-tits. If you wish for genuine 'Kinder scenen' quality—Hauptmann's 'Hannele' contains more than all the pseudo-Wagnerism of H's pretty but quite sophisticated score." One smiles over that "through with opera." He was never through with music. I must give more than one of the letters which show how he listened to it:

To H. E. Krehbiel

Weimar,
September 24, 1904.

LIEBER HARRY

I thought of you this week more than once as I went through this ever charming town. Everything is as it stood last year; Europe does not change its physiognomy as does America. Whether this be a good or a bad sign I leave to social philosophers. One thing is certain—Weimar is a spot for weary souls, nervous souls; persons who will insist on going to Marienbad for a month to lose flesh only to put it on again a few months later. We had a cold *kur* at Marienbad this summer. Four weeks of chilly, raw or bitter cold weather is not conducive to *schurtzeri*. So after 6 or 8 hours a day hill climbing, starvation, hunger and thirst—above all thirst— I only took off 12 lbs. and by the Lord Harry I am putting them on again as fast as my throat can swallow good, old Pilsner and comforting Thuringian cooking!

We overdid the walking here so in consequence we are both laid up at this hotel with bad colds and sore legs. We walked to Jena—5 hours. I wanted to see if the plum-trees were so plentiful as the time when Heine walked over here from Jena

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to visit the god-like Goethe. They are—and so are the stones. A dusty walk. To Tiefurt proved prettier, also the ascent to Schloss Belvidere in Ober-Weimar. We went over to Eisenach for the day, saw *dich theure Hall*, and rode like sensible folk in a railroad car to Erfurt the same. I've seen everybody on the Liszt matter; had a dozen introductions here from Burmeister and others. The Stahr sisters, Baronin V. Meysenderf and others still live. Most of all I enjoyed an afternoon with Frau Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche up at her beautiful villa—Nietzsche Archiv. There I revelled in the pictures, books, busts and correspondence. At last I got at the Wagner affair. This sister is a woman of wonderful energy. She loves her brother's memory to veneration point. She drew for me a different portrait of the man. She regrets the Wagner incident and spoke with tenderness and respect of Richard and Cosima. As usual Harry, mutual friends fomented bad blood between the men.

I enclose programme [of "Fidelio"] as it might interest you. The performance was sound, straightforward rather than brilliant. But it did my dusty old soul good to hear the tremendous second act. Bad as is the book; ridiculous as are the situations—I mean theatrically—there is music in this act that makes the stars sing. What a duet! The Leonora was Thila Plaschinger *als gast.* She is a big woman of the Valkyr type with a voice that at times recalls the steel-blue tones of the only Lilli Lehmann. But there the likeness ends as her tone production is very Teutonic. A superb actress nevertheless and so the "Abscheulicher" had meaning, eloquence, rage and pathos. Stunning too, was the acting in Act II. Pizarro was excellent—a visitor from Hanover. The rest not bad. The chorus good—every man acted and sang. The conductor Kryzanowski—I wonder is he any relative to the Chopin maternal branch?—deserves a better band. Its material is mediocre, especially the wood; as is the case in Germany. Only 6 first fiddles; about 38 men. But they whizzed through the Leonora No. 3 which opened the evening. No other overture was given, the second act beginning with the usual introductory measures.

I hear Mahler in Vienna has made some sweeping changes in the staging of "Fidelio." Frl. Mildenberg wears an Andalusian costume; swaggers like a youth, avoids feminine postures and really looks masculine. He plays the Leonora No. 3 between the Zwischen akt.—or while the stage is being set for the last scene using the E major Fidelio at the start [isn't it E?] It seems to me Seidl did something of the sort and did it years ago. We also saw the "Goetz von Berlichingen" the night of its 100th anniversary and a heavy work it is. Goethe was miles behind Schiller in his sense of dramatic form. Best of all was the "Freischütz" which is quite within the capabilities of the company, the stage manager and the band. They attempt big things in this historic little house—"Meistersinger" is announced, so is "Tannhauser." And now old man I must stop boring you. I hope, across an oaken table, to tell you the gossip I picked up. We return in November. Future movements—Berlin next week for a cycle of Ibsen and Hauptmann plays; opera and concerts. Ansorge is a frequent visitor here, so is Von Wildenbruch, R. Dehinel, R. Strauss, d'Albert and the poet Detler v. Liliencron. Vogrich is a great figure since his "Buddha" was sung. It is to be given soon in Paris. He lives here. They speak now in the newspapers of "The new Weimar"—but I fancy it will not be remembered as long as the old of Goethe or even as the middle-aged Weimar of Liszt. I hope you are well and escaped Worcester! Mrs. Huneker joins me in regards to the family.

With Love from

JIM.

To H. E. Krehbiel

Fischer's Park Hotel,
Rome, October 9, 1905.

DEAR HARRY

Just a few lines by way of greeting after some exciting experiences in the earthquake country—Calabria, Messina (Sicily). We spent a few weeks swimming at Sorrento and came here for a month. I've been over the entire Lizst ground—at Ville d'Este, Tivoli; slept at his old hotel Elibert (kept by the Fischer of this hostelry) and also at St. Francesco Kloster. The old fellow is still remem-

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bered. Fancy, though, coming to Rome for the Gregorian music at St. Peter's and only hearing a mass by Milozzi fairly well sung by male choir (only one male soprano with a voice like a flute) over emphasis in the accents—operatic you would say—and no *spoor* of Gregorian. Mr. Lewis, your friend from New York—he formerly lived on East 16th St.—was at St. Peter's the morning we were and spoke to the leader of the choir, who told him that poverty was the reason the Pope's plans for musical reforms were not carried out.

Another disappointment was the singing of the French nuns at Trinita—Mendelssohn wrote special music for this community. If Frank Damrosch's Musical Art Society would sing in such a mediocre manner we would all raise a howl, and in Rome! We were at an audience given by the Pope Leo X in the Vatican last Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5, and, Harry—photographed in a group with his "Holiness"! Fancy such mundane proceedings in the grand old Vatican. I'm no better Catholic than I was. How can one believe in the pagan city! Even the mass takes on a pagan tone. Why even Conried's Parsifal circus developed a more pious atmosphere.

But the glories of the two vanished civilizations, the gardens, palaces, the statuary, pictures and churches! It is an education and a joy to live here for a day. The Vatican library is maddening. You pass from one masterpiece to a million more—black letter works on music, first editions of Dante, manuscripts before Christ. Indeed Christ and Apollo are mixed up here. How I wish you were here. But music—I've heard better at the Madeleine, Paris; above all heard the true Gregorian chant at the Benedictine Monastery, Solesmes, before the expulsion. Hope to see you next month some time. We go from here to Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa—and then home. Regards from both (if Mrs. H. stays much longer the pope will baptize her; I am hurrying her away else a convent looms in her future!)

As ever your Old Boy
JIM.

I hope you had a pleasant summer and the Beethoven will be ready soon.

To Charles J. Rosebault

Park Hotel,
Charlottenburg, January 26, 1913.

DEAR CHARLES:

Last night Mrs. Huneker dreamed of Mrs. Rosebault. No use, I said, I owe her good man a letter, so here is its apology. As my inky volcano has been again in eruption, spouting slag, lava, scoriæ, mud and brickbats (see *The Times*) my writing is so much to the worse, especially as I had a grand piano here in our big room (what a charming hotel, just opposite the Zoo) and my old stiff fingers are beginning to relax with the aid of Bach and Tausig. Heard d'Albert play the other night—audience 2000, delirious. Such playing—a smear, a blur, 1000000 dropped notes, rotten rhythms &c. but the whole like something elemental, an earthquake, a tornado, a collision of planets, the sun in a conflagration. Since Rubinstein! I stood on my chair to yell with the rest (I was really standing on my head.) Piano playing pays here. America is not the only land of dollars. I paid 20 marks for 2 wretched seats at the Philharmonic. What a genius at the keyboard. His own music is a clever quilt of other men's ideas. *Oh d'Albert!!* Never shall I forget that dwarf-giant, that Kobold—demi-god!

As Ever
JIM.

Huneker was all for the arts and the world well lost. But I have sought to stress the human element in him, the passion for tangible experience which detaches him altogether from the rather arid atmosphere of the purely sedentary type. There is a phase of this brilliant man's life which might easily be overlooked by the reader of his books, namely, his strenuous performance as a mere worker. He couldn't, to save him, use a typewriter but had to stick to the pen. Despite that handicap to a desperately busy journalist, he carried himself through unimaginable tasks. Over and over again he reports to a friend some positively spectacular labor. I might cite a dozen examples, but one will suffice, from a letter to Edward C. Marsh: "I had to write six columns for today's *Sun*, leader in the book page, regular art department, and a column editorial. Yes-

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terday after six hours of concentrated agony I finished six thousand words. Only six thousand! But twenty-five years behind them. I'm not crying for sympathy but, really, Marsh, you ought to buy me a drink for my courage."

Huneker's brilliance, his flair, came to him by nature. It is an instinctive gift that vitalizes his criticism. It is the artless, unforced play of his mind and imagination that makes his work so original and so readable. But to the admiration that we yield him it is well to add the special respect that goes to a man who had enormous industry and devotion. For my own part, thinking affectionately of my friend's comradely traits, of his fun as well as of his genius, I think also of the magnificent workman that he was, of the generous pains he took with everything that fell to his hand to do. It is a humdrum virtue, if you like, this virtue of heroic application. But there is something fine about it, too, something, I repeat, heroic.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to bid Jim Huneker farewell on a note of gravity. There was too much humor in him for that, he had too keen a delight in just the joy of living. There is nothing more like him in the whole mass of his correspondence than a passage in a letter of his to Mr. Rosebault: "I crossed the Donau attracted by a big sign across the bridge, 'Tonello's Restauration.' I supposed, naturally enough, a macaroni-spaghetti-Chianti blow-out, and my old jaws watered. We went upstairs, found an absolutely clean place, with no more Jews (*geschmat*) than you meet in any Vienna restaurant, and I at once and quite briskly ordered two portions of spaghetti. The waiter, a melancholy man, replied: 'Sir, pardon. This is a Kosher restaurant.' Well, we couldn't leave and I'm glad we didn't for I never in my life tasted such roast goose and knockerl. The secret was not the Hebraic chef but the tiny flavoring of garlic in the sauce—garlic, which is the C major of all flavoring, if people but knew it."

People didn't know enough, in his view, about garlic. Neither did they know enough about the ambrosial blisses of Pilsner. Here is Huneker's philosophy on what he loved to call "the witching amber brew," the delectable beverage which, along with the seven arts, made his earthly pilgrimage enchanting:

To Frederick James Gregg

New York,
June 19.

SIR:

While the political heathen is raging mightily throughout the land let us heed the still small voice of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has dared to say and in a city where lives "Mike the Mouquineer"! that for him the domestic brew is as naught; only in Germany does he sip with joy the amber. Now isn't this a bit arbitrary! I do not speak in defence of American beer, I never drink it, simply because I don't like it; also because it is kept so barbarously cold. Beer is not alone a beverage, beer is food. It must be digested. Fancy taking into your stomach ice-cold soup! Yet that is what the American nation practically does every day and night—it swallows, gulps, absorbs its beer ice-cold. And in few resorts where imported beer is sold is the stuff kept as it should be. Luckily good (but not old) Dr. Knirim is practicing here the gentle art of serving Pilsner without spoiling the coat of one's stomach. His Pilsner Sanatorium (not many miles away from the cotton and coffee exchanges) boasts a distinguished number of patients, who daily drink at a moderate temperature and also tempo—the Doctor is strict as to tempo, for him always andante—Pilsner that must come from Walhalla, so velvety and mellow and soothing is it. Without a license from the County medical association does this worthy German-American practice the art of curing; indeed, it would do the aforesaid association good to drop in at the "Doctor's" and follow his advice: "don't take pills, take Pilsner." The people with sick nerves, sick stomachs and hob-nail livers are ordered to go on a Pilsner regime. Rheumatic and gouty persons are forbidden wine and spirits, but allowed, in moderation, Pilsner. I remember at Marienbad even the fat man is given his fixed quantity of Pilsner per diem. Eat slowly, drink slowly—Pilsner—and don't cut your throat to spite your thirst! We recommend to Dr. Abbott a *kur* at the famous Pilsner Sanatorium—where the cheese is as wonderful as the beer.

JIM THE PENMAN.

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The Wall Dog

BY ELIZABETH HERRICK
Author of "After All," "Against the Wind," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY

THE disreputable-looking Ford touring-car with the ladder tied on one side, a red flag flaunting from the rear rung of the ladder, and paint-pails obvious in the semi-obscurity of the back seat, climbed nimbly up the Mohawk Trail and tooted derisively as it skipped past the big, laboring Endehard.

"I'd have every Ford driver on the Trail arrested for speeding, if I had my way," grumbled the president and chief magnate of the Oswego Oil Co. to his companion and manager, a youngish man recently advanced to his responsible position.

"That was a mighty pretty girl, though," appreciated the manager. "Crinkly, bright-colored hair and eyes with a dancing devil in them. She looked straight at you, Mr. Salter."

"H'm! I didn't look at her. I was looking at the vehicle. What was the red rag tied to—a ladder?"

"I didn't notice. *I* was looking at the girl—a peach-colored skin—just that same warm, crimsony down, don't you know?"

"My daughter had a skin like that—wonderful color!" And, half subconsciously, Mr. Salter sighed.

His manager, who, being new to the position, didn't know as much about the magnate's family as every reporter for the society columns of the Sunday papers, waited a respectful minute, then with, he hoped, just the right degree of sympathetic reticence:

"She—died?" he questioned.

The magnate's nervous, prematurely aging face twitched.

"No! She married!" he said dryly. "But it was all the same to me. I've never seen her since."

"Ah!" young Ames commented with discretion, though he burned to ask a leading question.

Mr. Salter leaned out of the car and looked behind it at the purple billows of mountains surging up against the sky and far below the narrow crystal ribbon of river tangled at their foot.

"Wonderful panorama!" he murmured and turned back to scowl at the dust of the insolent car, veiling the range ahead.

"Wasn't that a journeyman's outfit?" he nodded toward the dingy black-brown speck rapidly disappearing. Leaning forward, he tapped his chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Lawson," he rebuked, "it goes against me to take that fellow's dust."

"Yes, sir! She's doing all she can, sir!" But the big car lunged forward under the incentive with a heavy g-r-r-r-r of complaint.

The president of the Oswego Oil threw himself back with an air of exasperation.

"Then I'll sell her for junk and buy a Ford and fire *you*. Nobody needs a chauffeur to drive a Ford." And he glowered out of the car at so much of the landscape as was visible through the Ford's trail of dust.

His manager, however, being still young and having seen that the girl was fair, followed the nimble sprinting and hair-raising careening of the car ahead with absorbed interest.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, half under his breath, as the Ford whirled apparently to the outer rim of a dizzy curve overhanging the valley, almost on a level line with the first tier of mountains behind, suddenly checked its mad course on the very brink of destruction and skidded in a coquettish whirl of dust around the elbow of the mountain as if its recent behavior were merely a practical joke. "I thought the darn fool was going to break her neck and his own."

"Common rubbish!" The magnate

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shrugged callously, as if it wouldn't have mattered much if the worst had befallen. "Out on his employer's time, sweethearting. Serve them both right!"

"She's darned pretty, though," repeated the manager and he hoped in his heart that something—even an accident of a minor sort—might happen to delay that adventurous car till the Endehard could get another near glimpse of her. "I'll wager a girl like that could put anything over she set her mind to, with those dare-devil eyes. I think—though I couldn't swear to it, that"—he spoke in a self-conscious voice—"she wore knickerbockers."

The magnate's "T'chk!" was almost a snort.

"Of course she did! You aren't married, are you, Mr. Ames?"

The young man reddened.

"No, sir—not yet!"

"Well, *don't* marry a girl with dare-devil eyes and knickerbockers. She'd lead a man anywhere."

Robert Ames laughed, but he looked more than ever self-conscious.

"It's not probable I'll ever see her again!" He tried to speak with elaborate carelessness, the while he was eagerly scanning the road ahead, as the Endehard groaned around the curve where the Ford had cavorted, but the white-gleaming stretch was disconcertingly blank. The insolent little car had outdistanced them. The stretch being level, the chauffeur took it on high. Half-way to the next bend, maddeningly, a tire blew out.

The president of the Oswego Oil, irritated by the accident, chose to be captious.

"What the deuce are you taking me up along the trail to see, anyway—a dare-devil in knickerbockers?"

Ames, recalled from romance to business, transferred his enthusiasm. Whether he ever saw her again or not, he must make Mr. Salter see what good publicity lay in the new road ads.

"No—it's romance of another sort, though—business romance. You see, it's this way—" He settled himself confidentially toward his employer. "A young guy that's started out to make a name for himself—I'll say, he's some artist. Started out to be an illustrator, but he got married, so he had to go to sign-painting instead—gave me the idea. We're putting the signs all along the trail at each curve, so when you round it, it looks as if you were going to run right into the sign—big white letters on a grass-green background; a little way off it looks as if the letters hung on air—'Oswego Oil takes you over the trail'; then, on one side, there's a picture of one of our oil-wells. It's great! He's putting them in darned cheap, too. I don't see how he can do it for the price and make a cent for himself, but that's his lookout. He's just started in business for himself and I dare say he figures this job as an ad for his business."

"Well, that's good business," Mr. Salter commended, with a nod of approval. "Shows the fellow has a glimmer of common sense, if he did start out wrong."

"Start out wrong? Why, the guy's a born artist!"

"So I understood you to say. And I say a born artist's a damn fool. I know all about born artists. Had 'em in my own family. But this man seems to show sense, so I've hopes of him. Probably he's figuring on getting all of our work, but I'm not going to throw down Corliss Co. because a young fool got married—unless, of course," he corrected himself warily, "your man can do Corliss's work enough cheaper to pay us. You may tell him we have to have an inducement—that is, tell him, of course, if these signs look good to us."

"Oh, they'll look good, all right," Ames spoke with enthusiasm. "I've seen the first three. He began the North Adams end and is working this way."

"So? Then perhaps 'twas his outfit we've been taking the dust of!" The president of the Oswego Oil revived his grievance with added sense of injury—if he were paying money to the fellow!

The manager, wavering between a wild hope that it might be and fear lest it was, thought in that case he'd have recognized him.

"Huh! I wouldn't recognize my own brother in a Ford!" observed Mr. Salter. "Fixed her up, Lawton? All right! Put her on high!" And the great car purred along.

The insolent little Ford stopped five miles ahead just on the curve of the road

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in front of a looming sign-board from which "Oswego" in great white letters had begun to stare out of a grass-green background. The journeyman leaped out, untied the ladder from the side of the car and put it on the bunters, laid a plank over the rungs, and came back to the car for his paint pails.

"That was Mr. Ames back there in the Endehard," he remarked. "He'll probably stop to look at this sign, so we'll have to slash it, if he's to get the effect."

The girl had jumped out, pulled off her trim Norfolk jacket of blue silvertone and flung it back into the car. She gave a swift glance down herself and her lips curved deliciously—dark-blue knickerbockers, white silk shirt with a dark-blue tie knotted under its collar, brown silk hose and oxfords—what she could see of herself was good enough for any man's eyes—though perhaps a bit startling.

"I hope he'll approve of your helper!" She put a hand on the plank and sprang up beside him. He took hold of the falls and pulled the scaffold up within easy reach of the letters. "Hand me the green mop, please, dear!" she commanded. "I'll *have* to slash it, all right, to fill in around these letters before he gets here."

He dipped the largest of the brushes in a pail of green paint and handed both to her, then fell to work on his picture with feverish haste. He painted with sure, skilful strokes, and the country landscape grew under his brush. He talked as he worked—between strokes.

"Just fill in around 'Oswego,' then take the fitch and put in the black outline. If you'll get a couple of letters outlined before he shows up—they *may* have a blowout, Heaven permitting—I'll take you over to Whitcomb's for a chicken dinner!"

"I'll do the letters O. K.," she promised, slapping on the green paint in ragged outline around the white letters. "*Maybe* I'll get 'Oil' cut in, too, but you won't take me to Whitcomb's for a chicken dinner, because I won't go. We'll have our roast chicken at home when Oswego pays for the signs—I hope you soaked them! Meanwhile, bacon and eggs and ham sandwiches for the wall dogs!"

His swift brush stayed a minute as he turned to her quickly, his good-looking, sensitive face nervously twitching.

"I wish you wouldn't call yourself a wall dog!" he protested.

"Why not? If you're one, I'm one."

He flung out his brush with a temperamental gesture and faced her.

"Great heavens!" he said. "As if it wasn't hard enough to see you up here beside me and think what I took you from—" He made another gesture of bitterness; his brows contracted.

She shrugged and laughed, then painstakingly outlined M with the fitch dipped in black paint, stood back and surveyed her handiwork critically.

"You took me from a bored doing-nothing to a mighty interesting doing-something. Just think, Verne, I might have been designing curtains for the Charity Bazaar or painting paper dolls for an orphanage fair instead of wielding a real brush and helping a first-class artist, who's bound to come to his own some day, on signs for the biggest oil company on earth. You ask President Salter"—her lips curled derisively—"if it isn't an honor to be employed in any capacity by the Oswego Oil!"

Verne Dana made a sound, between tightly compressed lips, like a groan.

"That's just what hurts me worst—that you *should* be painting Oswego Oil signs. That's why I didn't want you to come up the trail."

She stopped painting long enough to throw a wide, all-embracing lover's glance around the great sweep of mountains and valley.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world!" she declared ardently—"especially *to-day*," and flashed him a mischievous side-glance from her golden-brown eyes. "Isn't Mr. Ames *very* good-looking?" she asked innocently, with a flourish of the fitch.

Dana had resumed his painting, but he looked up again quickly.

"I hadn't observed it," he answered, a little bit stiffly.

Her eyes glimmered again under the down-swept fringe of her eyelashes.

"You dear goose," she murmured affectionately. "Neither had I!"

"Well, but he is," Dana conceded, after a minute, "darned good-looking.

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You'll see for yourself in a minute. Here he comes now."

His helper turned sharply, at imminent risk of life and limb, and looked over her shoulder up the curve around which the long tank with its big lamps was just coming into view. Then, womanwise, she settled her narrow-brimmed, rather high-crowned blue sailor hat a thought more jauntily on her head with the hand that had no paint on it and surreptitiously rubbed off a green splash from the back of the other on the far side of her knickerbockers. The lovely bloom on her cheeks deepened and her breath seemed to come a bit quicker, but, as the car slowed to a standstill, she dipped her fitch in the black paint and began boldly on E.

Both men in the car leaned forward and looked at the picture—not of the Oswego oil-well in its green fields they had travelled up the trail to see, but of the girl poised on the scaffold—the lithe, graceful figure, knickerbocker-clad, the rounded arm, from which the shirt-sleeve was rolled back above the elbow, wielding with swift, deft strokes a painter's brush, the flung-back, beautiful head, the vivid, beautiful face, the narrowed golden-brown eyes, absorbed on the letter, the blooming red lips, over which a little smile, as at the fun of the thing, began to play witchingly.

"Well, what do you think of it, Mr. Salter?" Ames spoke, as he was bound, of the oil-well, but he was privately thinking the other picture still better worth coming a hundred miles to see. The oil magnate's fixed stare deepened swiftly to horror.

"Think?" he spluttered. "I think it's outrageous! What's *she* doing up there?"

"Why," Ames answered, as if he had just made the discovery, "that's the girl, isn't it, in the Ford that passed us? I thought she looked familiar."

"Yes. *I* thought she did, too," Mr. Salter said dryly. "But who the dickens taught her to letter?"

"Probably she took a course in applied art somewhere. Women do a lot of that work now."

The magnate made a queer sound of contempt with his teeth and upper lip.

"Probably! Her damn fool father educated her—to stand on a plank like a movie actress and paint signs in pants. . . . If you're going up there to talk to the fellow, Mr. Ames, please send the *lady* down here to talk with me. I want to learn something about applied art myself."

Mr. Ames felt within himself a thirst for knowledge on the same subject, but the magnate's request was his law.

"Certainly, Mr. Salter," he made answer and, alighting, sauntered up to the scaffold.

"Good morning, Mr. Dana," he said cordially and included the girl in his glance and the lift of his cap. "You're hard at it, I see."

Verne Dana pushed back his cap from his moist curly hair—even in the mountains painting is hot work.

"We're in a hurry for your check," he laughed. "So we're putting the job through. Mr. Ames, my helper and my wife, Mrs. Dana."

Ames's handsome face rather perceptibly fell, but he turned to her with some gallantry of congratulation on her skill and her husband's extraordinary ability.

"We were questioning just now, Mrs. Dana, how you learned your profession."

She turned to him, smiling, her golden-brown eyes shimmering in warm little waves that thrilled Ames very pleasantly.

"I learned it by doing it. Mr. Dana had to have a helper and he hadn't the money to hire one when he first started in business, so I began to go along with him to hand him his paint pails and take care of his brushes. And then, it looked easy—and, of course, I had studied design in art school——"

"That is what I told Mr. Salter." Ames was pleased with his own perspicacity.

The pseudo-mechanic turned quickly.

"Is the president of the Oswego Oil Co. with you?"

Mr. Ames nodded pleasurably, very sensible of the honor the president's company conferred.

"Yes. I brought him up for a look at your signs. I think you've a good new idea and you're working it out creditably. Mr. Salter seemed quite taken with it. On the way up he hinted that, if your prices were right, you might get the work Corliss is doing."

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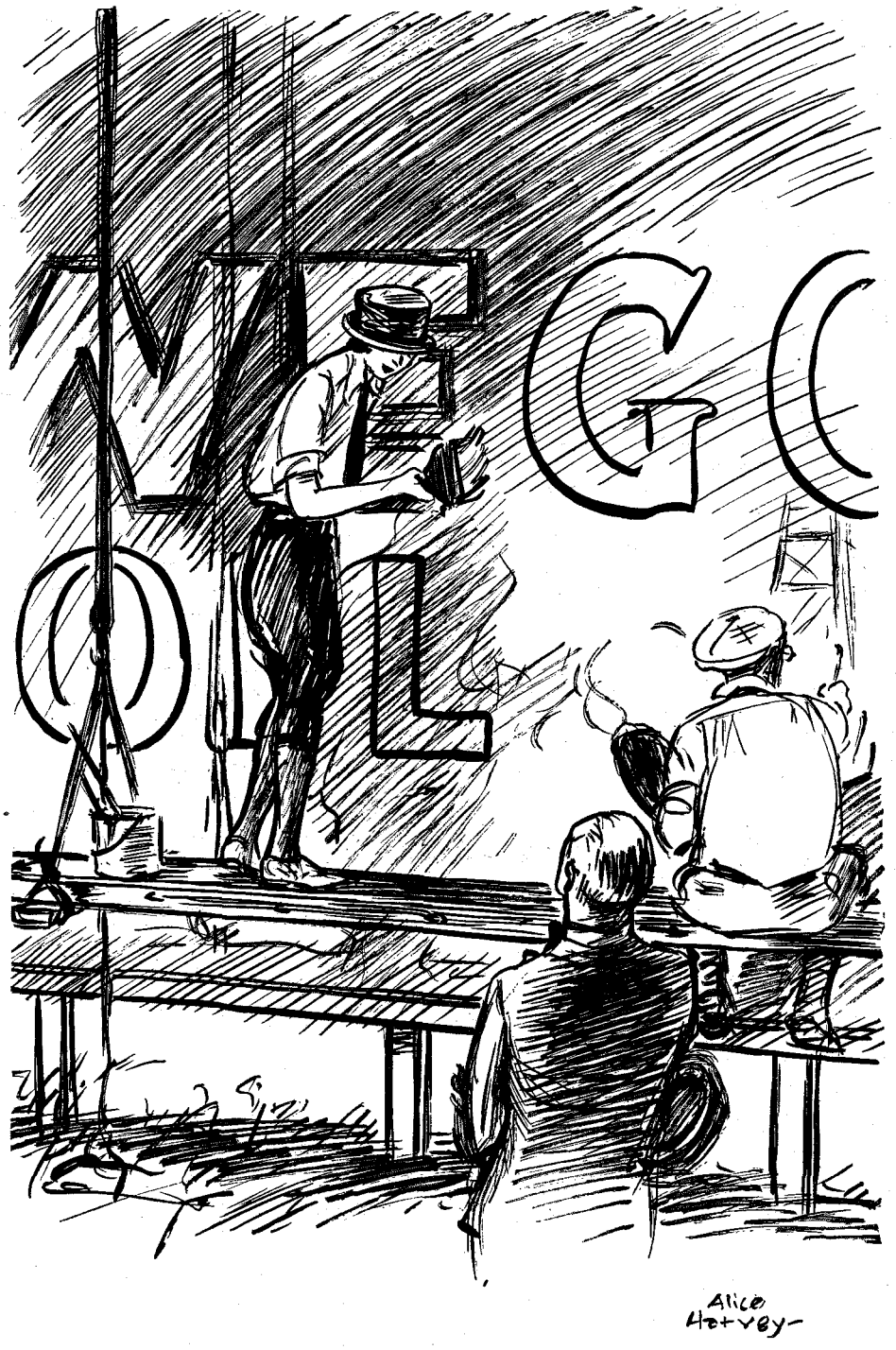

"It looked easy—and, of course, I had studied design in art school."—Page 318.

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Somehow the sign-painter wasn't quite so overflowing with gratitude as Mr. Ames expected. Dana glanced at his wife.

"That would mean a lot of money, wouldn't it, Mr. Ames?" she appeared to speculate, exchanging the fitch—outlining is nervous work for the novice when there are spectators—for the "mop" and slashing away boldly. Ames watched her admiringly. She was wonderfully planned, nobly executed—the fine work of creative genius—every feature and limb marvellously modelled, every movement free and full of natural grace. And her coloring—! No wonder the husband of a woman like that was an artist!

"Roughly, forty or fifty thousand a year, Mrs. Dana. Mr. Salter all but promised it, if he liked these signs and Mr. Dana's quotations."

"*Does* he like the signs?" asked the girl, turning so swiftly to face him that she came near stepping off the ladder. Ames's heart almost stopped, but the mechanic's seemed to go on beating. Dana was working steadily, rolling up a white cloud in his sky.

"How can he help it? They're great!" Ames spoke with enthusiasm. "I know from what he has already said that he is greatly interested—which reminds me, Mrs. Dana. Would you mind very much stepping down to the car for a few words with him? The idea of a woman helper was so novel to him— And I really think it would help."

Mrs. Dana seemed to hesitate a second, the golden-brown eyes narrowing, then they flashed down over her knickerbockers and up, the daredevils in them merrily dancing.

"Certainly, if he doesn't think—if he won't——"

"He can think but one thing," Ames declared, rather headily; "that, for your day's work, no costume on earth could be prettier."

Dana turned sharply, as she sprang lightly down from the scaffold.

"Don't go, Ruby!—unless you like."

"I do like. He looks a dear old man—so fatherly!"

Now the president of the Oswego Oil Co. looked just what he was—a harsh, hard, money-mad magnate, with nothing of mellow age or tender paternity about him. As they walked across the grass to the car, Ames glanced at her furtively, but her lovely face was open as the morning. She had evidently meant what she said.

Dana had stopped painting. As his eyes followed them to the car, his brow darkened into a frown. He called after her peremptorily:

"Ruby! Come back! I don't want you to go!"

But she turned and waved her hand back at him.

"Don't worry! Mr. Ames thinks it will help!"

Mr. Ames, though, began to think differently when he observed the lowering look on the face of the magnate and heard his first words of greeting, before the words of introduction were well out of Ames's own mouth.

"Well, what do you think you are, anyway?" the president of the Oswego Oil Co. inquired sarcastically, with a meaning glance at her nether raiment.

Ruby smiled up at him guilelessly.

"Just a wall dog!" she said sweetly.

For a minute Mr. Salter appeared thrown off his poise.

"A *wall dog!* That's a nice thing for a woman to call herself," he spluttered, when at last he found words. "A *wall dog!* And that's a nice feminine occupation for a woman, too—straddling a plank!"

The young manager crimsoned with vicarious indignation, but, marvellously, Mrs. Dana's radiant color never deepened a particle.

"Well, no—that's why I wear knickers," she told him confidentially.

The president of the Oswego Oil purpled wrathfully.

"H'm! I suppose the pants and that outfit"—he waved a contemptuous hand from the man on the scaffold to the old Ford out at pasture on the grass strip by the roadside—"appeal more to your natural taste than a Worth gown and a $10,000 car."

She looked straight into his eyes, a little hard line around the lips that had just been so smiling.

"What goes *with* the pants and the

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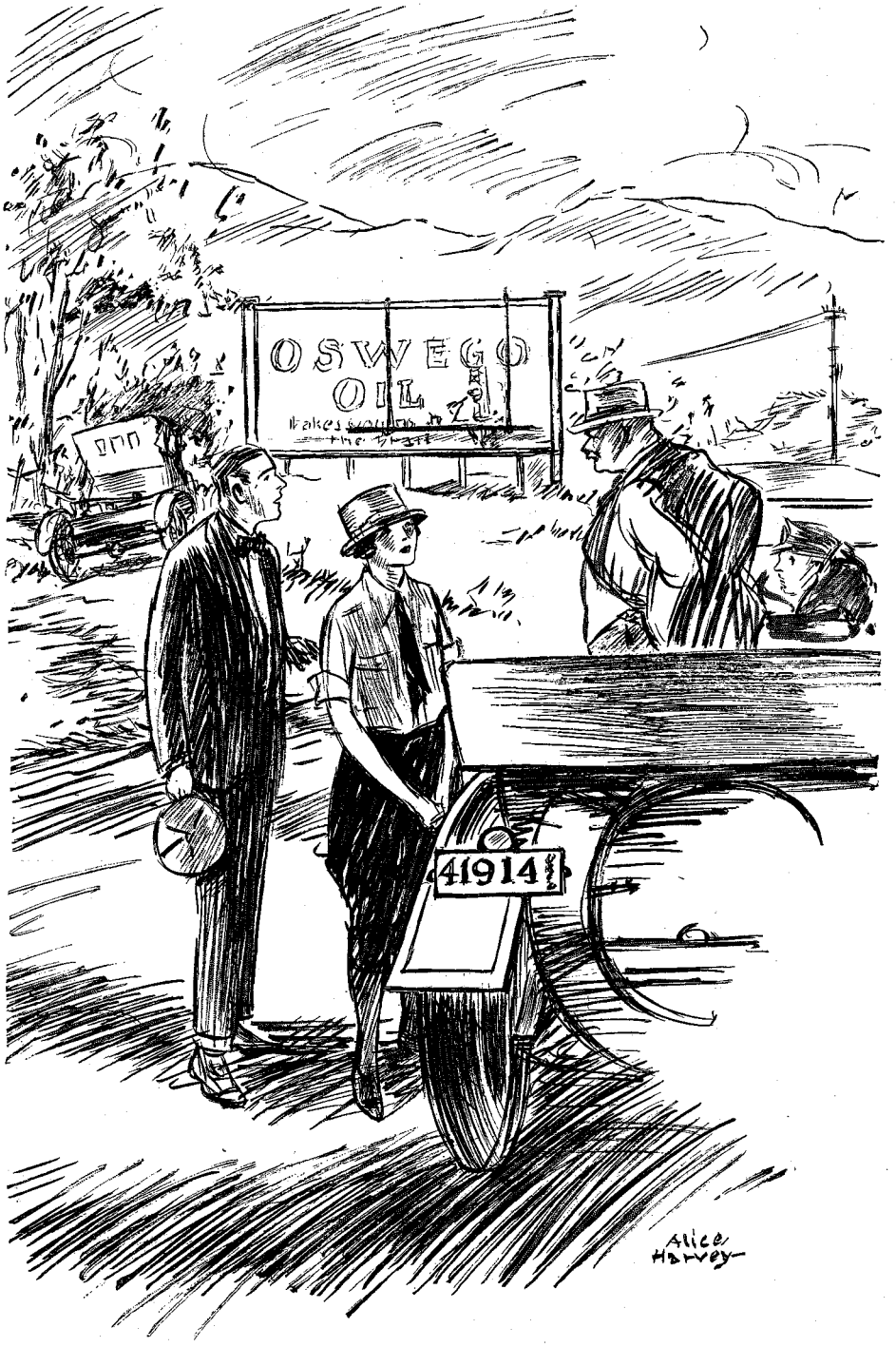

"Well, what do you think you are, anyway?" the president of the Oswego Oil Co. inquired sarcastically.—Page 320.

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outfit *does* appeal to me more," she said bravely. "I love my husband, Mr. Salter."

"H'm! He must love *you*," said Mr. Salter sarcastically, "to make you work out here like *that* on the highway with the whole world passing."

For the first time the girl's color swept out of bounds, flaring, a hot crimson tide, up into her hair.

"He doesn't make me. I do it myself. It's no worse for me than it is for him—not so bad, for he has *genius*. And I haven't anything but my hands."

"Mr. Dana is really a wonderful artist," Ames cut in kindly, with an idea of smoothing the waters. "He'll make his mark in the magazines some day. He's studied illustrating."

"H'm! I know the sort!" Mr. Salter disposed of him shortly. "Couldn't sell his pictures, so had to paint signs or starve."

"No, Mr. Salter," the girl's voice rang clearly. "He couldn't wait to *try* to sell his pictures, because he had me to take care of. My father is a rich man, a *very* rich man, Mr. Salter, but he threw me off because I married a man who had nothing but his ability."

"Quite right!" said the magnate warmly, bringing his hands down hard on the back of the seat in front. "Just what he ought to have done. I respect him!" Ames fidgeted, remembering what Mr. Salter had told him about his own daughter. Evidently Mrs. Dana wasn't helping her husband much by her frankness, rather unconsciously harming him. "I sympathize with him!"

Mrs. Dana ignored the interruption.

"And his people threw him off because he married *me!*"

The magnate suddenly straightened, very stiff-backed, on the seat, and said the first gallant words he had spoken to the girl—which shows that, after all, beauty does penetrate the hardest rind.

"They did, did they? Well, I'd like to know what was the matter with *you!*"

Again the girl looked straight into his eyes.

"They said—and it's *true*—that marrying me destroyed his career. He couldn't go on in the art school and support me without money. He had to get out and earn money. He has the talent of a great artist, but he's come down to sign-painting for my sake—because he loved me better than he loved his chance to make a name for himself. So I've put on pants and jumped up on the scaffold to help him, because I care more for him than for the whole world that you say is passing by and looking at me. And I'm *proud* to be his wife. And I'm *proud* to work for him. And some day, when we've saved up enough money to send him back to the art school, you'll be proud, too—that you can brag Verne Dana once painted a sign for you."

Eyes and cheeks now were blazing. She delivered the words like so many hard slaps straight into the magnate's face. With a good deal of pleasure, Ames saw him wince under them.

"Oh, I will, will I?"

"Yes, sir, you *will!* And it won't be long in the future. We're just *coining* money. The only job we've ever lost on is this job for you. And we figured this low"— those golden daredevils, her eyes, again shot mocking fire—"because we realized that working for the Oswego Oil was something for wall dogs to brag of till Verne gets to where you'll begin bragging of *him*. To figure it low was good business."

"Then if you've lost on it, you won't mind not getting more work from us." Salter was watching her narrowly. But she was too game to flinch.

"Not in the least. We've got what we wanted—the advertisement of putting out the most unique signs on the road."

"They're certainly that," Mr. Ames cut in warmly, but the president of the Oswego Oil Co. withered him with a glance.

"You have the advertisement certainly of putting them out most uniquely." Mr. Salter's cold voice was almost a sneer. "I wonder you haven't featured in a Sunday-paper art supplement."

"Along," retorted Mrs. Dana spiritedly, "with millionaire divorcees and runaway daughters. Good morning, Mr. Salter. Thank you so much for being interested in our performance!" She turned on a haughty heel and strode back to the scaffold, purposely, Ames thought, exaggerating her stride. Again she put

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her palm on the plank and sprang lightly up, caught the green "mop" out of its pail, and began slashing.

The president of the Oswego Oil Co. gazed after her speechlessly a minute, then:

"The hussy!" he ejaculated. "The darned little wall dog! She called herself *all right*—she's thoroughbred!"

"That," said his manager, in a glow of unrestrained admiration, "is exactly what *I* think—what I thought the first minute I set eyes on her."

Mr. Salter turned cumbrously toward his companion and the transient gleam of good humor died out of his eyes.

"*You* thought! It's not your place to think *anything*. The girl's married—damn him!"

Mr. Robert Ames bit his lip and looked at the landscape. The president of the Oswego Oil Co. gave his chauffeur an order.

"Listen; you go to those persons up there on the scaffold and tell them President Salter of the Oswego Oil Co. invites them to dine with him at Whitcomb's."

He leaned out of his car and watched his invitation delivered. He saw the young journeyman startle and look toward the girl. There was a quick little movement of her head as she seemed to answer him, then she flung it back a little on one side and surveyed her work, the brush poised, then dropped the brush in the green pail, while the magnate watched interestedly, rubbed her painty hands, man-fashion, on the sides of her knickerbockers, stooped, fished the cutter out of the white pail, and began calmly cutting in. The chauffeur came back, struggling to conceal a grin.

"Well, what did she—they say?"

The chauffeur's grin slowly expanded.

"She said to him, 'Chicken!' then she said to me: 'Please thank President Salter of the Oswego Oil Co. and tell him a wall dog won't take a bone from a man that's kicked him!'"

"Damn!" said the magnate furiously. "Drive on to North Adams!"

When the Endehard had purred out of sight, Ruby dropped her brush in the pail with a splash and sat down on the plank, her face in her hands.

"Oh, Verne!" she sobbed. "Verne! There's chicken at Whitcomb's and I'm so *hungry* I could eat one *alive*, and you're hungry, too. But I couldn't touch a *bone* he flung me after what he said about you!"

Dana put his own brush in its pail and came over and sat down beside her, putting an arm around her shaking shoulders.

"There! There!" he soothed. "I don't care a straw what he said about me—I'll win out in spite of him. It's"—the sensitive face of the artist grew suddenly grim—"what he dared say to *you!*"

"But he won't let Mr. Ames give you the Corliss job now—and you know we'd counted on it. Mr. Ames all but promised it. And now he won't! And it's all my fault!" she wailed. "I went down there to help you, but he made me mad. And I've only harmed you."

There was deep anxiety in the gray-blue eyes under the young journeyman's shell-rimmed eyeglasses, but he took his handkerchief and wiped the tears tenderly from hers, then kissed the still quivering lips, regardless of who might be passing, and lifted her to her feet.

"Never mind, Ruby!" he said. "It's all right. We've got this job to finish, anyhow, and meantime something else will show up. Maybe I'll sell one of those heads to the International. You know Sherbourne said they were mighty good work. Come on, dear! We'll go to Whitcomb's and have chicken for dinner—just to show we're not broke."

He looked into her eyes, his own cheerfully smiling, but anxiety now looked out of hers.

"If we have chicken for dinner, Verne—what'll we have for supper—and breakfast to-morrow?"

"Oh, don't worry!" Dana said lightly. "We'll eat our lunch for supper and hock something for breakfast. If worst comes to worst we can eat one of my heads!"

So they went to Whitcomb's and had dinner, artist-wise, in reckless extravagance. Then they sat on the brow of the summit and watched the changing lights on that mountain sea billowing in wave on wave of blue and purple against the sky-line. And Verne sketched the hills and his wife, and his wife and the hills, on the inside and the outside of the lunch-box

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cover, and then made a last sketch of his wife on a piece of wrapping-paper a picnicker had left in memento behind him. Just before sunset they climbed into the old Ford and rattled happily back over the mountains, the red flag flaunting, in gay defiance of the gathering gloom, behind them.

Supper was not quite so happy. To begin with, the postman had left a notice from the Electric Light Co. that, unless their account of $3.90 were paid before noon, September 3 . . ., service would be discontinued, etc., and comparison of dates showed to-morrow to be the fatal day. Also, the International's art editor returned, "with thanks for the look," the heads Dana had hopefully submitted for covers. And, in the third place, the luncheon minced-ham sandwiches had dried and the coffee can discovered itself empty. So, at half-past eight, they supped on hard sandwiches and cold water and took sober counsel for the morrow.

"At all events," Dana encouraged, "we'll finish the signs up this week and that'll give us something to live on—I needn't pay for the lumber and paint right away."

"But the rent was due yesterday. . . . The landlord will be here to-morrow."

"But the rent was due yesterday," Ruby remembered. "The landlord will be here to-morrow."

"Unless he's here now," Dana grimly amended, as somebody rang their bell. He spoke down the tube, then turned to his wife with an air of surprise.

"It's Mr. Ames!" Then, down the tube, "Certainly. Please come up!" he said cordially.

It was raining outside, for all the gorgeous sunset, and Ames apologized for his raincoat. He wouldn't stop, thank you! He just ran in, at Mr. Salter's request, to tell Mr. Dana—he stumbled

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embarrassedly—that Mr. Salter thought, for some reasons, the signs were impracticable. "So drop work on them where you are!" He stood nervously before their white-faced consternation.

"I'm very sorry myself," he told them sincerely, and looked it. Loyalty to his chief evidently forbade anything further. "Of course we will pay for the work already done, so please let us have the account and I'll get a check through to you at the earliest possible moment."

When he had gone, they sat down and looked at each other, then Ruby broke into hysterical laughter.

"We can go into vaudeville," she suggested "—you and I and the old Ford—and the knickers! I wonder if President Salter will like that any better?" But it was no matter for jesting, with the rent due and the larder empty and Ruby's Persian kitten mewing for milk that was not.

"Probably some order'll come in the morning," Dana hoped, without very much certainty. He sat down at his easel and went to work reproducing the brown-paper sketch he had made that afternoon of his wife. He worked at it absorbedly. She came, after a little, and looked over his shoulder. "Look what I've done to you!" she cried, in bitter contrition. "Why, it's wonderful!—way and ahead the best thing you've ever done, if it *is* me. You ought to sell that! I wish dad could see it!" Then she frowned and stamped her foot.

"I *hate* him!" she blazed. "And I hate myself! Somehow, between us, we've ruined you!—dad by hating you, I by *loving* you!"

His eyes, brilliant, absorbed, swept up to hers from the picture.

"No. I think, Ruby," he said seriously, "between you, you're *making* me—if this thing's one-half so good as I feel it is," and went on silently painting.

Ruby cried herself to sleep, but she wakened next morning to her husband's kiss with the feeling that it's a right world after all. The milkman had left the milk, in spite of her fear that he wouldn't, with the bill owing, and she found some dried beef that she'd forgotten about, and there was a half-loaf of bread.

"Coffee is bad for you, anyway, Verne. You drink a good deal too much of it."

The postman was early with the letters. Ruby took them with dread. There was one from the landlord and one from the storeman—she laid both aside for after-breakfast perusal—and one from a school friend.

"And one for you, Verne—no, for *me*, from the Oswego Oil Co."

He got up from the table, napkin in hand, and read it over her shoulder.

"YOU DARNED LITTLE WALL DOG:

"You made me mad yesterday and I swore I'd get you off your ladder, if I had to buy up every sign concern in the country. From what I deduced, though, as to your financial condition, it seemed, on further deliberation, that to break Mr. Ames's contract—as he made it, it wouldn't legally hold, anyway—with your husband was both quicker and cheaper——"

"The brute!" cried Ruby, and made to tear up the letter, but Dana, who had been reading ahead, caught at it and stayed her.

"Wait!" His eyes flashed down the page.

"—So I've done it. And I'm going to do something more, for there's no knowing what the crazy pair of you'll be up to, if you're left to yourselves. If that budding genius of yours wants to put his talent to something that's really paying, he can have a post that'll give him a chance to do something of more worth to the world than painting pretty girls with few clothes for the magazine covers—though I've no objection to his doing that on the side, since you say he's a genius, if he doesn't do it on my time. I've told Ames to put him in advertising manager for the Oswego Oil Co., salary $10,000 to start. I want to see him in my office at nine o'clock *sharp* Monday morning and you both at dinner at home to-night at 7.30—also *sharp*.

"Ruby, don't be a fool! I observe you're sharp enough for business when you want to be.

Your dad,

ALONZO L. SALTER.

"P. S. There'll be chicken!

"Also P. S. Wear a dress!"

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Unpublished Letters of Edward FitzGerald

THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM TO BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET

[SECOND PAPER]

19 Charlotte St. &c
Friday
[Jany 17. 1845]

DEAR BARTON,

I was all prepared for going into Suffolk today: but I got a note from A. Tennyson yesterday, saying he was coming to London, and wished to see me. So I waited: and last night he came: looking much better: but a valetudinarian almost:—not in the effeminate way; but yet in as bad a man's way. Alas for it, that great thoughts are to be lapped in such weakness—D^r ——, who had half swindled his money, is dead: and A. T. having a Life insurance, and Policy, on him, will now, I hope, retrieve the greater part of his fortune again. Apollo certainly did this: shooting one of his swift arrows at the heart of the Doctor; whose perfectly heartless conduct certainly upset A. T's nerves in the first instance.

I have sent your letter and enclosure to Mrs. Jones:—for you do not specify *what* the situation is—But I hope she will enquire directly, and satisfy herself. It is very good of you to remember her—Ah! I shall be glad to be back in the land where such little offices are thought of! Could it be offered to me to write another Iliad, or to live down to my three score years and ten (if it is for me to fulfil that number) in the daily remembrance of such small charities, I should not hesitate which to choose—Of all sayings, none is to me so touching as that of the good Emperor Titus—"I have lost a day!"—I always wonder Dante did not expatiate more on one who certainly was so Christian at heart—

I have bought two heads lately: for 30 shillings a piece—one Venetian as usual: the other a very sweet sketch by Harlow, or Sir J. Lawrence—as I think. The latter is much injured and must be repaired. You shall see it one day: and you will like it much. Tell Churchyard I am *angry* he did not come and see me. There he was gadding over London for 3 days.

Farewell. Next Monday or Tuesday! On then I fix my eyes. Ever yrs

E. F. G.

Thackeray travels in the East: I send you one of his Punch sketches concerning his travels.

Ireland.
August 15/45

MY DEAR BARTON,

Tomorrow I leave Paddyland and draw homeward, staying some while at Bedford. I may also go to Naseby for a day or two. But my easily-wearied heart yearns to be at home again—I was to have gone to meet Allen in Wales; but I have refreshed myself with the opal tints of the Wicklow hills here, and I want no more. A line of distant hills is all we want in Suffolk. A landscape should have that image of futurity in it—

I had a very queer hyppish note from Crabbe; lamenting that he could only interest himself in one subject, which would not interest me, viz, the truth of the Evangelical doctrine; and still harping on my pride &c. I fancy he has these occasional seasons of doubt &c. I have written to laugh at him; which I hope he wont take ill; for I regard the man too much to risk a quarrel with him. Where would one find such another in any other country but England? How honest and determined his obstinacy!—

I suppose Carlyle's book must be on the point of appearing. At all events he must have almost done *his* part. He told me that he had done so much for the illustration of Cromwell's letters &c that he doubted if he should ever write any

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further Life of him—So get this; it is sure to have much more good than bad in it. I told C. that the more I read of Cromwell the more I was forced to agree with the verdict of the world about him. Carlyle only grunted and sent forth a prodigious blast of tobacco smoke. He smokes indignantly—

You say nothing of the state of harvest &c in Suffolk. The crops about here are very good, and only want sunshine now to crown a full cup of harvest—Ireland is wonderfully improved (this part of it, at least) in the last two years even.

Is your book out? Are you come out in imperishable hot press yet?

Here is a story for you to tell in company. It will do when the conversation happens to turn on toll gates, women, or breeches. There, pull out your snuff box, take a pinch, and relate this authentic story; that Dr. Welsh of Noas told us—He stopped in his gig at a toll gate the other night; the toll man could not get on his breeches quickly. Next day, Welsh passed the same way; the good woman then opened the toll gate, and Welsh joked with her about her husband's inaptitude in putting on his breeches &c. "Ah plase your honour, its no wonder," said she, "sure he hasn't worn them at all at all for this long while"—

Ever yrs

E. F. G.

Direct to the P. O. Bedford if you write.

[Boulge Cottage 1845]

DEAR B. B.

Come by all means tomorrow, an thou wilt. Do not come if it rains like this. I will ask Crabbe, who I have no doubt will come; for though Woodbridge is far for him to go out to in the evening, we may reckon Boulge as a midway place where happy spirits may alight between Bredfield and Woodbridge.

I have a letter from Cowell. Perhaps he also will ride over tomorrow—

Bring up with thee a pound of Derby Cheese, for a toast: and some oysters, with knives; that thou mayst eat. And I will pay thee the cost—I have a fowl hanging up: and if my Father's cook arrive, as I think she will, tonight, she shall handsell her skill on my fowl. For I doubt Mrs. Faier's* powers of Bread-sauce—I doubt she would produce a sort of dumpling. But Sarah knows about these things.

Only think. Robert Peel has given A. Tennyson £200 pension—I suppose so much a year—

I dont think him the less a humbug for this.

Yrs

E. F.

* His housekeeper at Boulge Cottage.

60 Charlotte St.,
Rathbone Place.
[May 4th 1846].

MY DEAR BARTON,

You will think me very negligent. Crabbe, I suppose, will think I am offended with him. For I owe him and you a letter this long while, I think. But I have no wits to write with in this London, where, positively, I have not enjoyed one hour's clear health since I have been in it.

To-morrow Tennyson and I are going to get a pint or two of fresh air at Richmond: and we are to wind up our day at Carlyle's, by way of a refreshing evening's entertainment. I met C. last night at Tennyson's; and they two discussed the merits of this world, and the next, till I wished myself out of *this*, at any rate. Carlyle gets more wild, savage, and unreasonable every day; and, I do believe, will turn mad. "What is the use of ever so many rows of stupid, fetid, animals in cauliflower wigs—and clean lawn sleeves—calling themselves Bishops—Bishops, I say, of the Devil—not of God—obscene creatures, parading between men's eyes, and the eternal light of Heaven", &c. &c. This, with much abstruser nonconformity for 2 whole hours!—and even as it was yesterday, so shall it be to-morrow, and the day after that—in secula seculorum!—

I met Ainsworth at P. P. but had not much talk with him, and did not give him your love. He works very hard at gentility now. Churchyard has doubtless told you of his jaunt with me: and I suppose you have fallen greatly in love with his two little fruit pieces. I have done nothing since. Indeed, I don't go into the streets now, but get out by the Regent's Park to Primrose Hill, where the air is a little purer.

Thank Miss Barton for the book extracts she sent me. And drive over round by Boulge Cottage one afternoon and tell

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me if my anemones and irisses* (sic) are in full glow. My heart would leap up to see them.

Farewell. Ever yrs E. F. G.

. . . . . .

Goldington Hall
Bedford
[Sept. 1846]

MY DEAR BARTON,

Thank you for your long and kindly letter. My stay here draws to a close: winds begin to blow cold and gusty, as you say, and leaves to fall; and it is time to draw homewards. I had intended to go and visit some cities in the West, where I yet look one day to reside. A reason, I assure you, beyond love of change, draws me, or will one day draw me (if I have resolution to move) beyond Suffolk—At least, so I now believe: but I would give much were it otherwise—But time will prove this and many more important things—I make a kind of inward groan—which I will not put down on paper as Carlyle does—I had a note from that worthy a few days since, which I enclose, though there is not much in it. Do not be at the trouble of returning it, for I do not want it.

Thank Miss Barton heartily for her kindness to good Mrs. Faiers. I only doubt she will make her too proud by such honours. I am just about to write a note home about my garden. After I leave this place, I shall go to Cambridge for awhile. But all this I think I told you before.

Tell Churchyard I shall be glad to buy his picture for the sum he names: because W. Browne, with whom I now am, would be very much delighted with it in case I should not desire to keep it. As you say, it is the old English life of it that makes it interesting, and I fancy I should like a few such memorials of the last century. These are to be found in all English country seats, and are constantly selling dirt-cheap at auctions, hung up in garrets &c. They are historical things to us. Two or three of those pictures at Easton touched me livelily.

I have been looking over parts of Croker's Edition of Boswell, and cannot but think that Carlyle has dealt unjustly with it. Surely it is a good edition—The last two volumes besides contain anecdotes of Johnson from the people—anecdotes I had never seen before. Miss Reynolds (Sir Joshua's sister) describes the nervous gesticulations he used in the street, and before entering a room—a sort of penance-exercise, it seemed. Does Boswell describe this?—As usual, when once I took up the magical book, I could have sat down and read it all through right on end: but I found it at a clergyman's house near here, where I was staying for two days, and so could only devour two days' worth of it. Carlyle did a great work when he cleared away all the confusion of opinion that was abroad about this book—about Johnson and Boswell themselves—and settled the question for ever: setting up Johnson as a good representative of the English character—solid sense—dogmatic prejudice—veneration—melancholy temperament &c—

This is a short and meagre letter, returning you no such news as you sent me. But take the will for the deed. I write in a cold room, *wishing* for a fire, but of course not able to command, or hint, one in a friend's house. I believe, as you say, Crabbe has forgiven me; but I heartily hope he will never replace me on the pedestal from which he so lately took me down. "I would not rise, and so shant fear to fall."

And so from my happy station on the common mortal ground I salute you and him.

Yrs ever E. F. G.

Carlyle's letter, which FitzGerald did not care to have returned to him, has fortunately been preserved, and is now, for the first time, published. Carlyle's description of the misery he suffered whenever he permitted himself to be "pitched out into the general hurly burly" is here portrayed with all the vigor of his most intensive style.

Chelsea. 22 Septr, 1846.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

Your letter finds me *here;* where I have been for some ten days now,—mostly *asleep*, for I arrived in a very wearied state. There is therefore nothing to be

* In a letter to Barton written at Leamington in the previous autumn but one (September 28, 1844), FitzGerald had told him of his intention to plant the anemones and irises here mentioned in the garden at Boulge Cottage. He wrote: "I have bought anemone roots which in the Spring shall blow Tyrian dyes, and Irises of a newer and more brilliant prism than Noah saw in the clouds."

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Woodbridge. Sunday.

Dear Barton!

Yesterday I set off to Woodbridge rather early - being told it was coming on to rain heavily at night. By the time I got 3 quarters of the way, I was so wet, that, having no change of clothes but a toothbrush, I returned & packed my portmanteau for the evening. Why don't you come to Crabbe's Tues Eve? ?

Ever yours

E. FitzGerald

Facsimile of one of Edward FitzGerald's letters to Bernard Barton.

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said about any further wandering, for a good while to come!

My Pilgrimage, so far as immediate improvement in health or spirits went, was none of the successfullest: I was dreadfully knocked about with one tumult and another; and indeed in the whole course of my journeyings, could find no place half as quiet for me as Chelsea, with an empty London behind it, now is.

After a couple of weeks in Lancashire, I went across to Scotland; saw rainy weather, rotten potatoes, brutal drunken *Navvies*, and other unpleasant phenomena; went no further North than Dumfrieshire;—at length, with a dead-lift effort, decided to pass over into Ireland, by Ardrossan and Belfast, not with any hope of profit or enjoyment at all, but merely to redeem a promise I had given in those quarters. For some days accordingly I did see a bit of Ireland; roamed over the streets of Dublin, a little among the Wicklow Hills; saw Daniel* in his green cap in Conciliation Hall (the hugest *palpable* Humbug I had ever set eyes on); listened to Young Ireland (with hope that *it* might yet turn to something); regretted much you were not with me to look on all that;—finally, by Liverpool and the swiftest power of Steam, had myself tumbled out here, and so winded up the matter. My Wife, who had not gone farther than Lancashire, was here to receive me a fortnight before: much improved in health she; I too expect to feel myself a gainer by these painful locomotions by and by. The thinnest-skinned creature cannot be left *always* to sit covered under a tub; must be pitched out, from time to time, into the general hurly burly, and ordered to bestir himself a little.

From Moxon I heard the other day that Tennyson and he *had* just been in Switzerland; that T. was actually at that time in Town, his address unknown; Moxon was himself just bound for Ramsgate,—undertook to send Alfred to me if he could; but has not succeeded hitherto. Thackeray I have heard of at Boulogne or Brighton; Spedding I missed in Cumberland: I think there is nobody yet here whom you know; but indeed I keep out of all people's way as much as may be. Do you know Poet Browning? He is just *wedded*, as his card testifies this morning; the *Mrs.* Browning still an enigma to us here. "Conciliation Hall" appeared to me to be on its last legs.—Tell Browne, with compliments, my Horse was sold in Annandale, £35 to a much admiring neighbour of my Brother's there—Come you and see us, speedily, and hear all the news.

Ever yours
T. CARLYLE.

* Daniel O'Connell.

19 Charlotte St.
Rathbone Place
[29th Octr. 1848]

DEAR BARTON,

You see I am in old quarters: and thence indite you a few inane lines for your Sunday's breakfast—The thing that most weighs on my mind is the loss of the only good coat I had in the world: a blue one with gold buttons—I have missed it for some time: Mrs. Faiers knew not of it; I hoped to have found it here; but do not find it; and where I have left it I cannot tell. I shall not get a new one before Xmas, I believe: so my friends must suffer by the sight of the seedy old one. They are the only sufferers, what is it to me?—

I find old Spedding* up here; and to-night I rather intend to go to Chelsea, to consult the oracle there. But this will depend. Laurence has gone down to Beccles for some days. Thackeray I have not heard of: but have shot off a line to apprise him of my being here.

Is it some *coffee* I am to get at Freshwater's, ask Miss Barton?—and what is the name of the coffee?—Also, have you any other commissions?—

I scarcely know how our affairs are going on—for my own private business I am negociating a rather successful Annuity out of my Reversionary property—So my friends tell me; indeed, they are managing it for me—but all may drop to the ground.

Yrs ever E. F. G.

. . . . . .

[London]
[Nov. 4th 1848]

DEAR BARTON,

Instead of myself at your Breakfast table tomorrow, behold my letter. I hope to be down before the end of next

* James Spedding, editor of Bacon's works.

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week, however—I stop here chiefly to see *Frederic* Tennyson, who is just off again to Florence, where he will be absent another 5 years perhaps. He entreats me much to go with him: and I am foolish not to do so, for this winter—But I suppose it will end in my not going—Alfred is also here, having just emerged from the water-process at Malvern. He now drinks a bottle of wine a day, and smokes as before; a sure way to throw back in a week or two all the benefit (if benefit there were) which resulted from many weeks of privation and penance—

I can scarcely give you an accurate account of our proceedings at the meeting of Creditors on Wednesday—The proceedings that had taken 4 months to arrange were totally abandoned: and never begun—But with their mode of operation, and probable success, I am almost unacquainted—I shall yet meddle a little perhaps: and then have done with the business—

Thank you for your little view of Aldbro. Isabella is now located there; I saw the Signor in London just before his departure hence to join her.

Lucy FitzGerald—Barton's daughter—whom FitzGerald married in 1856, seven years after her father's death.

The photograph from which the reproduction is made was taken many years after her marriage.

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I went one evening to Carlyle's: he lectured on without intermission for 3 hours: was very eloquent, looked very handsome: and I was very glad to get away. He gave an account of a Quaker who had come to remonstrate with him concerning certain doctrines about Peace &c.—"when" (said Carlyle) "I went on with a deluge of hot matter like what I have been pouring out to you, till I almost calcined my poor Quaker—Ah me!" * Fancy *Frederic* gradually dissolving under the fiery torrent—

Yrs ever E. F. G.

[London]
[Nov: 11th 1848]

MY DEAR BARTON,

I am so late today, I have but time to write ten lines before post. The reason is, that A. Tennyson, having only 2 days ago set off with his brother to *Florence*, re-appeared in my rooms this day at noon, and has usurped my day till now that it is 5 o'clock. I have packed him off with a friend to dine; and have ten minutes to write to you, and another man.

I must be here till the middle of next week certainly; as I have my own money loans to settle; and lawyers at least are in no hurry. I have no news of other transactions.

I have bought you a *silver mug*, to drink porter out of—it will not hold enough to hurt you. And I have bought a plaster *statuette* of Dante for Miss Barton to put up over her bookshelf.

Yrs in desperate haste

E. F. G.

. . . . . .

[London]
[Dec 2nd 1848]

MY DEAR BARTON,

I was just on the point of forgetting to send you your weekly dole, in the hurry of starting off to visit my Mother at Brighton—I am just going off: my brother Peter bearing me company. He has been staying with me this last week—And who should walk into my rooms on Thursday night but George Crabbe;—to whom I have also given bed and board (such as it was) till today:—when he returns to his parish duties—I have enjoyed his visit much; and, odd to say, felt a twinge at his going away—Last night we were at Thackeray's, who gave us all good things —good company included.

I shall be at Brighton till Wednesday: then return here, when I *hope* to find my law matters forward toward completion—Edward Cowell proposes to be in London about the same time, when I am to shew him two literary lions, in the persons of A. Tennyson, & Carlyle—the latter of whom is more rabid than ever—

I had a nice note from Job Smith this morning: he reports all well at Boulge, both in family and parish—I suppose Miss Barton's Dante has got to his new home by this time: has been resuscitated from his coffin, and promoted to another & a better locality—This puts me in mind of Meller; who puts me in mind of the transitoriness of earthly things—rail carriage among them—& I must be off with Peter—so farewell—Ever yrs

E. F. G.

. . . . . .

This was the last letter FitzGerald wrote to Barton. Six weeks later he returned to Boulge and in a letter to Donne dated December 27, 1848, he wrote: "I only returned home a few days ago to spend Christmas with Barton, whose turkey I accordingly partook of. He seems only partly well: is altered during the last year: less spirits, less strength; but quite amiable still."

FitzGerald appears to have remained at Boulge throughout the winter, perhaps so as to be near his old and ailing friend, whose days he knew were numbered. On February 9, 1849, he wrote to Laurence: "Barton is out of health: some affection of the heart, I think, that will never leave him, never let him be what he was when you saw him. He is forced to be very abstemious . . . but he bears his illness quite as a man; and looks very demurely to the necessary end of all life."

Ten days later the Quaker poet died.

* It seems probable that Carlyle was relating the incident of his meeting with John Bright at Manchester in the previous year. His account of the meeting is thus described in a letter to his wife dated September 13, 1847:

"But John Bright, the Anti-Corn law member, who had come across to meet me, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes & Barclay-Fox-Quaker collar—John & I discorded in our views not a little. And, in fact, the result was that I got to talking occasionally in the Annandale accent, & communicated large masses of my views to the Brights and Brightesses as with a passing earthquake; and, I doubt, left a very questionable impression of myself there!"

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Letting Go of a Lady

BY W. EDSON SMITH
Author of "Big Top o' the World"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. FEDERER

SOMEHOW the government had overlooked Kelly's old front-end timber. It was still there—just outside the pump-house—that good lounging-place; a point of vantage from which a roundhouse foreman could see his whole world—the coal-chute, the clinker-pit, the sand-house, and the curving line of engine-stalls beyond the turntable.

Just now the roundhouse circle seemed to be enjoying a nap in the sunny afternoon. The deep-well pump was—yes, surely it was snoring. Old Angelo had wet down the clinker-pit and gone over to the sand-house. Jim Crow, the most pampered kitty in the world, laundered a white vest to his own satisfaction, all regardless of impudent sparrows who told him it would look better rough-dried, and then curled down to a deserved repose.

"Railroadin' ain't what it was," remarked Kelly, shaking his head sadly as he watched the painter who was touching up a big gold number on the tank of a high wheeler. "Look at Johnson over yonder. There was about fifteen minutes' work on that letterin' an' he's gone an' done it in two hours. I've seen the time he'd 've slaved at it all the time the engine was in the house. It was that government control—it confused us. We didn't know just how to size it up an' we got clear out o' step. It didn't affect me any—I was always industrious as could be. But it took away a heap o' romance from railroadin'. Even now we're back home again, we're locoed by them political habits. We still wear red tape down the seam of our overalls. You telephone up to the auditor's office and the little girl who came over from the business college yesterday makes some mistakes on the adding-machine an' tells you that they're not going to run an extra till Sunday week. Not much like them days of yore, is it? Why, I remember once conferrin' with an official on weighty matters an' tendin' to a love-affair all on the same identical trip. It was the very best love-makin' I ever done in all my life. An' to a lady I never hardly seen before—just to help Jim Everard—I wasn't wantin' her. In fact, what I did was to let go of her. Though she was a pretty lady to look at—an' I liked it splendid—that love-makin'. It felt fine to know I was sayin' good stuff. Shucks! Why—Jim couldn't 've won that young woman by speech-makin'. Not in a hundred years! He knows it, too. Every year he writes me a letter sayin' his girl is exactly her mother over again. Every year he sends me an annual over that jerkwater road he's runnin' down in South America. You see, Jim had the makin's—education, style, heft—all of it. He didn't need to be a low-down railroader any of his time. It was just his contrary way to like it. Say—he must be well along to fling away passes like that. I'd take to it better if I could go down there and use 'em, but the old man'll never let me off more'n three days. How can I get to South America in three days? But I'm glad Jim stayed grateful to me f'r gettin' him his lady. Anybody can be grateful. But stayin' that way——

"Old man Desplaines—he was third vice-president—he had full charge of the insultin' department an' he tended strictly to business. He could start out from Chicago and not miss even a section-man all the way to Billings. He took in all the branches and cut-offs, too. He was a regular Santy Claus with his insults. Not that he ever said anything to me. 'Ceptin' the time he come through the end door of the roundhouse sudden an' caught me washin' my rubber collar over

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by the stationary boiler. All he said was that he quite understood we'd have to do our laundry by hand. D'ye know—I didn't realize till the next day he was meanin' that the power was in bum shape. He meant to get me all right, but I just didn't seem to have sense enough. It went clear over my head.

"The spring afternoon I'm tellin' of seems a long spell away when I come to dust it off. We'd been notified that Mr. Desplaines was comin'—private car Sunset—that he was goin' up our little Loveland branch immediate for some reason, an' that he was off to the northwest at 11 P. M. That schedule didn't give him no time to harm us none, for there was a big doin's by the traffic men up-town that night—swell banquet and smoker—and he was booked for that, we heard. But you bet we didn't take no chances. The word was passed that every man on the job was to have sweat runnin' down his face from the time he was due till the whistle turned 'em loose. If they couldn't find anything to do that would raise the sweat, they was to borrow some without fail. For old man Desplaines had eyes like field-glasses. He could take a peek out of his car-window while it was goin' lickety-split and tell you, without stoppin' his dictatin', that your yard was a disgrace an' that you had far too many men around. So we ordered a few flats an' loaded up all the scrap an' everything else that was loose an' didn't look like it was busy—settin' the layout over behind the elevator at the far side of the yards. You see, if something wasn't in use, Mr. Desplaines always wanted it sent where it'd be more appreciated. It was inconvenient sometimes to run the steam-hammer in the blacksmith-shop continual while he was among us. But then, we couldn't expect the officials never to come.

"I got scared early in the afternoon because the despatcher hadn't ordered any engine to take the private car Sunset up to Loveland. The old man was away—far enough so he couldn't get back. I knew that it was up to me to see that everything was right. I called Edgar by 'phone. He was despatcher then.

"'No,' he comes back at me real positive, 'we don't want an engine. Mr. Desplaines desired his car put on the regular train.'

"'What d'ye mean, regular?' I says. 'You don't mean——'

"'Yes,' he answers, 'train 181. Mr. Desplaines is quite aware of the shortage of power which has handicapped our capable operating department for some time. He wouldn't care for another engine, thank you. Train 181 will do nicely. We're obliged to you, though, Kelly—for buttin' in. Now, was there anything else?'

"'Oh, no!' I says to him. 'Only you better let me give you a real engine, hadn't you? An' you scare up a way-car instead of that there 1007. Both of 'em is jokes.'

"'We expect to tell Mr. Desplaines about the desperate effort we're makin' to conserve our power for the main line,' Edgar informs me. 'He will be pleased.'

"'Oh, yes,' I says, 'I see. The simple life, is it? Well, I was just passin' the telephone an' thought I'd have a chat.' Then I hung up.

"All the same I hopped Kobel's engine when it went by toward the depot near 7's time. I dropped off by the gas-house where train 181 was standin'. Train 181 was a bright idea of somebody—long ago. You see they used to have quite a lot of passenger business at Loveland when they was runnin' it as an amusement resort. There was a two-by-four island in the lake at the entrance to the canyon an' they run track across to the island an' on up the canyon. It made a big Y. The train would go round the corner of the hill up-river with its bunch of happy hearts. Then it would back down the grade and across to the island. End o' track went clear in among as nice a group of pines as you ever laid eyes on. Not but what the canyon was plenty pretty, but the island with its rocks and pines took my fancy. Pete Herigstadt and his gang had brought a lot of the dandiest rocks from up-river so they could make some natural grottos and wonders. It was sure a contract for Pete—gettin' them pebbles on an' off the flat cars, but he done it fine. Pete's a hard worker. Yeh, it was surely a winner, that island. On a moonlight night the train crew'd pretty near have to fight to get the boys

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"Why, I remember once conferrin' with an official on weighty matters an' tendin' to a love-affair all on the same identical trip."—Page 333.

and girls aboard the last train. There was positive orders not to forget 'em.

"An' then it played out on account o' some new resort. But they had to keep runnin' some sort of a train to hold their charter, so they took a little runt of an engine that had a name instead of a number, bein' called the Uncle Sam. It had been sent out here years an' years before. It an' way-car 1007 made up train 181. Way-car 1007 was one of them sawed-offs —half the size of a regular car, only with a standard cupola and platforms.

"Funny looker; but it didn't seem to bother Jim Everard—even though he was the sportiest conductor ever. Jim dropped in here from nowhere. He was the still sort—stiller'n that—six-foot easy, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted as a girl. They give him train 181, an' he took it. He didn't care because nobody else wanted it. Jim had been up an'

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down country too much. But him an' me got to be the best o' friends, the way-car track bein' right over here on the stub beyond the coal-chute, an' him stickin' round it often in the evening. I know now he came down there to be miserable all by his lonesome, but I didn't *sabe* then. So I used to go over an' visit when I come down after supper. Jim certainly could have told me more stories than he would. He'd been everywhere there was a railroad—an' where there wasn't. Sometimes with money, sometimes without. But always I felt he was holdin' out the principal happenin'. Sure enough he was. Didn't it come out when I hopped his car that very afternoon I'm speakin' of. He was loungin' along one o' the side-seats. Stretched out that way he took up the whole length. So I sat down on the other side.

"'My, but you're serious,' I tells him. 'This ain't no charnel-house. Soften up them vampire eyes. 'Stead o' lookin' at nothin',' I says, 'you better be up in your cupola chair with your hand shadin' your vision—peerin' ahead along your train, alert to duty. I suppose you know you're to take that car Sunset up the line. New stuff to you, Mr. James Everard—but let me tell you,' I says, lashin' myself into a fury, 'that your bein' han'some an' haughty won't make the Desplaines heart go pitapat at all. I've already informed old Dan—over on the engine—what'll be done to him if he lets that two-dollar teakettle pop off. Is this way-car 1007 ready for inspection? If it ain't, it better be. Oh, you look all right—I don't mean your necktie. Too nifty for a freight conductor. What business have you got to be shaved? Up to your station! In a very few minutes now you meet your doom. You don't know him!'

"'I know his daughter,' mutters Jim, clear down in his throat by his heart somewhere, an' talkin' to the floor.

"'I wish you joy of it,' I remarks. 'I suppose you mean you saw her once. I had the same joy three years ago. She doesn't seem to hit the train with the old man much. Where her an' me met was down at Union Depot. One minute she was comin' straight toward me an' lookin' straight through me; next minute she was past.'"

"'Kelly,' says that Jim Everard, loosenin' all at once—I'd always been real good an' fatherly to him an' this was the result—don't tell me kindness won't win 'em. It does every time—some time. Jim was sittin' up facin' me now, elbows on his knees, chin on his two hands. 'Kelly, I've loved Lenore Desplaines for many a year. I've been all over the place tryin' to forget her.' That's the way he goes on, talkin' desperate, like he'd tried to forget me an' succeeded right. 'I can't forget her—I can't!' he groans. 'I wanted her—but I didn't have the nerve. An' so I lost her.'

"'Lost nothin'!' I goes back at him, real provoked. 'You can't lose nothin' that belongs to you by rights. What you want to do is to find out if it does belong. So that's why you've been such all-fired poor company an' your eyes like two holes burnt in a blanket! What you have to do, Jim, is to get this off your chest. You borrow a pass of Kenyon—after findin' out just where she is—an' go East or West, South or North, an' *tell* her.'

"'I did try to tell her, Kelly,' he moons at me; 'we met in a wonderful way—a wonderful year! It was in Honolulu——'

"'I dunno why you can drift every which way, while I have to be tied fast by the foot,' I breaks in, mad as could be. 'I'd like to see Honolulu myself—but shucks!—if I so much as say I want to go home at half past five the old man acts like I'd slapped him in the face. Go on, though. It was in Honolulu. You a railroader, too! There ain't no railroad there, except a funny one like this train 181. I suppose you was runnin' it, though.'

"He didn't say nothin'. He was lookin' through me, just like that lady of his had done that other time. So I tried kindness again.

"'It's springtime all the year in Honolulu, Jim?' I asks real tender. He rose to that; right up to the surface.

"'All the year.'

"'Moonlight on the ocean every night—some nights?'

"'Yes,' he murmurs. Just that an' nothin' else. My land! What can you do with anybody that says a word a week?

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"'An' you talked to her that last long evenin', Jim—a good deal like you've been talkin' to me now?' I inquires.

"'Yes,' he says.

"'An' she come away next day. Was that how you lost her?'

"'No,' he confesses, 'I come too, next ship. I wasn't up to the crowd she was in. She—well, she was different. But I followed along to Chi. That's where she lives.'

"'I see,' says I. 'It got to the point where you had to speak for yourself, Jim, didn't it? What I want to know is, how did you and father Desplaines come out?'

"'I never met him,' admits that Jim Everard. Honest, he's the poorest information bureau I ever went up against. Except when he gets to telling something where he kind of don't remember, he's there. Then he can talk.

"'Is he away from home all the while,' I asks, 'or did the butler let you out by the side-entrance while the footman was bowin' him in at the front door?'

"'Confound you, Kelly!' growls Jim, like a tiger that's been prodded; 'confound you—and all of it! I never went out there. That was what ended it. I met her half a dozen times—different places—one excuse and another. I tried my best to tell her—tell her—every time—but I couldn't. I swear I couldn't, Kelly! It wasn't like a flirtation with any girl—hit or miss—Mex or Geisha or white. It would be forever, Kelly. Forever—think of it! And I wanted it to be—but when it come to sayin' it—sayin' it— One day we went to the pleasantest park I was ever in. It was the kind of an Indian summer-time that makes you want to be a good Indian. I was happier that day than I've ever been before or since. Red and gold and brown leaves everywhere; red and gold and brown in her hair. And you know how an October sky is sometimes, Kelly—gray, yet all soft and warm in the sun. That was the way of her gray eyes——'

"'Seven's due in four minutes,' I observes.

"'I don't care. And at the end of the path she turned and looked me in the eyes—fair. She's almost as tall as I am, Kelly. Looked at me for a long time—it seemed a day—and said she wanted me to come out to a house-party she was giving to some good friends she'd known all her life. Said she wanted me to meet her father and mother. And she was so quiet and gentle—just like the day. Kelly—I stampeded that night. When I woke up I was in Frisco, booked for South America. It's five years—hell all the time, Kelly. I picked up and saved a few thousand, here and there—one mine panned out fair—one way and another—but hell all the time. Why, I could have been the king of the prettiest little mountain road in that south country you could think of, for I *sabe pronto* more than the natives themselves. I could have it now, for that matter; but I can't think of anything but Lenore Desplaines.'

"'Well, you big, tall, ungainly, good-for-nothin',' I says. 'Lookin' at you from the outside you appear real heroic. You'd make a right stirrin' picture if they was to paint you. There goes Number 7! Where's your brakeman?' They allowed him one brakeman on that dinkey. Nobody could tell what for. I reckon it was a law.

"'Say, he isn't here, is he? I've been easy with him. He laid off once before this way. This is what comes of it. But I reckon I can do my own rawhiding. Not that there's anything to do except throw a couple of switches. None of the bunch from the office will be over. Our superintendent's out of town, and an understudy like Edgar will know well enough that Mr. Desplaines wants all the lower classes in the office an' tendin' strictly to business.'

"Kobel is a nifty switchman. He hooked that palatial piece of rolling-stock to our wheezy Uncle Sam engine and hung way-car 1007 onto the observation-platform in about twenty seconds by the clock. Then him an' his crew an' his goat backed off a ways where they could laugh without hurtin' anybody's feelin's.

"'I drop off at the sand-house,' I says. 'Get your orders at the Junction, I reckon.'

"Jim nodded. Just then a porter or a valet or a chef comes trippin' across from the car ahead. On a private car they go in any class. He was one of them cream-yellow, aristocratic porters that are ashamed of bein' connected with a rail-

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road, and don't want to have it mentioned aloud—the kind that does exactly as he's told without even wonderin' what it's all about.

"'Mistah Desplaines wants you to stop at the roundhouse and pick up the foahman, Mr. Kelly,' he condescends to say.

"'What's that?' I says to that heathen. 'I'm Kelly,' I tells him. 'You better lead me in there, hadn't you, if Mr. Desplaines wants me?'

"So I went in to where the head of our happy family was dictatin' at about a mile a minute to a boy with a high collar. He stopped long enough to look me over, but he didn't say nothin' mean at all.

"'Kelly,' he scolds, 'I'm very busy at the moment, but I want to talk to you regarding an elevator for the tie-treating plant we are about to install up here. I want the opinion of a practical man and I wanted to look at the proposition myself. I should have brought Jackson along,' he laments, 'but I forgot, an' now I'm here an' very hurried. I'll talk to you when we get there—and there's a blue-print to go over on the way down if I can find time. Your master mechanic should have been here to-day. I am told he's not, though.'

"That's the way. Always there's a blue-print. If I was to be shipwrecked on a desert island and saw a bunch o' savages comin' pell-mell—I'd know they wasn't goin' to eat me. Huh-uh! The chief'd have blue-prints under his arm—of a shark trap, an' a cocoanut husker, an' a coral crusher—he'd pat me on the back an' ask me to look 'em over. The blamed things wouldn't be mounted, either. They'd be rolled; so that when I let go one side to point out some dingbat that wouldn't do, the whole thing'd roll up tight again.

"Anyway, I'd been told to stick around. That was final, wasn't it? I've been railroadin' long enough to do what the first feller tells me till the next sport comes along. I knew that about five-thirty the men'd be askin' where I was, an' wonderin' if it'd be all O. K. to make a getaway a bit before the whistle blew. But I didn't care. When I got back through the way-car, we was just stoppin' at Utah Junction. Jim and a car tink was fussin' round under the 1007. The air had gone bad, an' they wound up by cuttin' it out on the way-car altogether. Hand-brakes was more its style, anyway. I went in an' sent a message to the night foreman while Jim got his orders. Then we went along. I was standin' on the front platform of the 1007, thinkin' about how it'd feel to quit the road cold an' be a rancher.

"All at once I looks around an' there was the most wonderful young lady ever; other side the brass railin' of the Sunset. No little girl who hadn't learned to sit still yet. Huh-uh! She was as quiet as a church; an' she'd combed her hair pretty enough so she didn't have to keep pattin' it all the while. She might have been thirty, maybe—but she'd grown more beautiful every year since she was twenty. You could see that much with one look. An' I guess her eyes an' mouth had been gettin' a bit sadder every year—they looked it. But she could smile. She did it—at me. The right kind of a smile—like a light. I was just about to say something to pay for that smile when Jim Everard came out. He caught hold of my arm so he wouldn't fall down. The lady never moved. She wasn't lookin' at him at all. So he kind of faded into the 1007 an' climbed up into the cupola.

"It was such a short-bodied car that he couldn't help being in plain sight an' hearin' from the observation-platform of that there car Sunset. You might say he was right above it. The lady didn't seem to care for him bein' there at all, but, honest, he was all I could think of to talk about. And I couldn't just stand there like a stick. Not after she'd smiled at me so scrumptious. I couldn't beat it back into the car like Jim Everard had, either. There's a standing order that all employees are to be courteous to the travelling public. I always try to do what all those bulletins an' things say.

"'It's a dull hour gettin' up to Loveland,' I begins by way of breaking the ice; 'you're Miss Desplaines, I believe. Your father told me to amuse myself, and I'm one of the kind that would die if they couldn't talk, Miss Desplaines. If you'll let me talk to you,' I tells her, 'I know a love-story.'

"She looked at me—and then she

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laughed—real low, but real sweet. Shucks! I liked her better'n anybody from that minute on. I was glad I'd got by.

"'I'd be very happy to hear it, Mr. ——'

"'Kelly.'

"'Mr. Kelly. Come over here an' sit in this chair. Is it *your* love-story?'

"'Never. I couldn't tell any of them.'

"'No? But of course it's just as good. I'm listening.'

"That was the nicest chair. I put my hands behind my head and crossed my feet, lookin' in pity at Jim in his cupola—even if he did manage to be handsome. That was a magic chair. For the moment it made me own the railroad. The lady an' me was free companions. She had put me in my right place; she was the kind that would do that.

"'Well, you see,' I says, considerin', 'when you take up a story, like as not there's a picture of the hero on the front page. That's the way it is with mine. There's my hero, right there.'

"'Oh!' she says. Just that one word, but it was quite considerable of a speech. I was glad of a chance to talk the way I wanted to. I liked 'em both so well.

"'It was the Curse of Silence,' I continues. 'There's the Curse of Too-Much-Talk—but his was the Curse of Silence. It lost him the woman he loved—loved more'n you or me would think a girl ought to be loved or could be loved—yet that was the way of him. Everard is my good friend, but it's no harm to tell the truth even of a friend. He's brave and true and kind and tender—clean white—all of that. An' he's hit the trail in many a country, but never brought back any big words rattlin' around in his grip.

"'I've often wondered—it'd seem like he should've been able to tell her—whoever she was—as much as he told me—that much, anyway. If it was me doin' it, she'd know that much. How could he sit under a Honolulu moon—out there it was they met—trembling at the glory of her—in love with the life of her—a song in his heart when she spoke—the moon forgotten when she smiled—and not tell her about it all? But he didn't—he said he couldn't. It was the Curse on him. An' she took ship an' sailed away'.

"'That was all?' asks my lady in the next chair. She was awful quiet an' cool. But I had one more try a-comin'.

"'Huh-uh!' I answers. 'He took ship an' sailed away, too—a close second. Then there was another day—October, that was—when they met in some woods. Say—maybe you know—how could a man be quiet when he was lookin' right at her? I say that if he could tell me afterward he could tell her right then—that the red and the gold and the brown of her hair was more of a glory to him than all the Octobers in all the woods of the world; and that the sunlit gray of her eyes made more light over the land than any Indian-summer sky. That was the way he told it to me. I wouldn't know all those words myself. How could he wish that she was the one to stand shoulder to shoulder with him through all the years—an' not tell her the things he was thinkin'? Answer me that—if you know!'

"'Oh, I don't know! I don't know!' she whispers. Actually her voice sounded glad as could be.

"'Nor nobody else. It isn't reasonable. Not that there's anything to that shoulder-to-shoulder business. What a woman is for is to cook your meals an' give your pay-check to. They haven't any fine feelin' like a man. Anyhow, he's been driven up an' down—coast to coast—never a minute's peace. What was comin' to him, he got. He sure did. The dream of a firelight in a home of his own is dyin' in his eyes. I like him fine. I could wish I knew the girl. I'd travel a thousand miles to tell her. Like as not she'll never know why he did that way. I reckon that's all my story, Miss Desplaines,' I concludes, gettin' up; 'an' we're pretty near the canyon. There's a beautiful bit of an island in the lake an' then the track runs along a mountain-stream. Not but what you've had plenty of scenery, I dare say.'

"When we got to the canyon, Jim went ahead to throw the switch. But he didn't look up when we was passin' him, an' she didn't look down. She was busy talkin' to me.

"'It's really up-grade here,' she says to me. 'Isn't it, though? If we were to uncouple this funny little way-car, how far would it go?'

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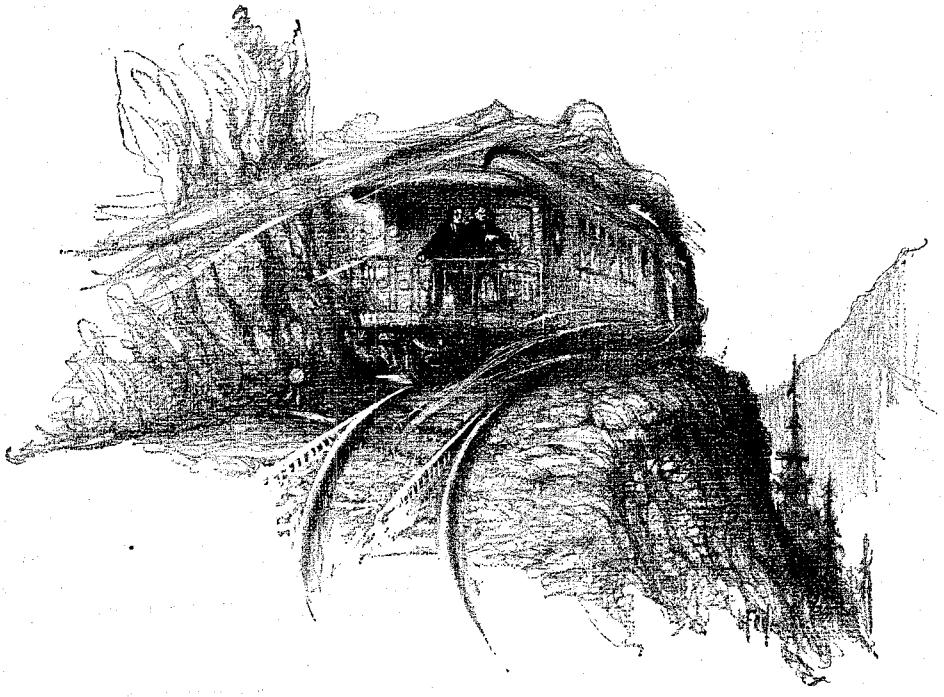

"Would you believe it—it went through just like that lady said."

"'About ten feet. The air's cut out on it, but Jim could stop it with the hand-brake in that distance.'

"'Oh, but I mean—if he didn't. Would it go to that lovely island, Mr. Kelly?'

"'Yes,' I says, 'clear down into the pines, an' hit the bumper-post at the end of the track.'

"Say, that lady leaned over and smiled at me so, I'd 've gone to the end of the world for her in a minute.

"'What is it up here—a station?' she asks me kind o' breathless.

"'There's a section-man an' a condemned box-car, an' a telephone to do the despatchin',' I explains; 'I suppose you could call it that.'

"'When we get there,' she says in a half-whisper, 'I'm going over into that way-car. You signal the engineer to jolt us one so you can uncouple. Do it quick.'

"That was what she said, honest—'jolt us one'. Oh, she was a railroader—that lady was!

"'I won't have a chance, probably,' I tells her. 'Jim'll be out in a second when I start to monkey around. You don't know him.'

"'Yes, I do.' My, she could blush, too. 'Yes, I do,' she tells me. 'He won't be out—till we're going some.' That's what she said, common as an old shoe. 'An' when father gets excited, you tell him I wanted to explore that dear little island, and that I made the conductor take me. Tell him that I was bored, and that he can pick us up when you and he are through with your old tie plant.'

"Would you believe it—it went through just like that lady said. Jim dropped out of his cupola chair when Dan took up the slack an' started the 1007 down the grade, but he never came outside till they was goin' like she said—goin' some. It was then Mr. Desplaines found me on the rear platform, smilin' tender at Jim Everard in the distance. Jim was twistin' the brake-wheel—not too hard—no, he wasn't twistin' it hard enough.

"'What the—what's the matter,

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Kelly?' says father. 'A break-in-two?'

"It calmed him in a second when I told him exactly what his daughter had told me to say.

"'She's always doin' things like that,' he growled, 'or wantin' to. If I didn't know her, I'd say your conductor was a Simple Simon. We'll pick them up when we start back. Where's the brakeman?'

"An' I had to tell him about the brakeman's folks bein' sick, an' Jim and I sayin' we'd do the work sooner'n delay Mr. Desplaines while we got another shack. He understood that we wouldn't want to do that, an' beyond growlin' something about a hot sample of railroadin', he was real decent. Then we went at that tie-treatin' plant. I never did talk so long nor so interestin' about a tie-treatin' plant in my whole life. Somehow, I kept thinkin' she'd want me to. But for all the time I used up it might just as well have been a minute. They thought it was a minute. They didn't even hear us when we backed across to that island. Mr. Desplaines was out on the rear platform of the Sunset with me. I was bein' conductor an' brakie an' also tellin' him how to run a railroad.

"'Where the devil's that girl?' he inquires, cross as a bear when we come to the 1007 tucked in among the trees. 'Where's your—' An' then he stopped an' choked. I hated to be so mean, but his eyes were poppin' out of his head, so I looked where he was pointin'. They was sittin' under a pine close to the lake gazin' out across the water. Yeh—sittin' on one of them fancy rocks Pete Herigstadt had brought down—an' they didn't

"Jim was twistin' the brake-wheel—not too hard—no, he wasn't twistin' it hard enough."—Page 340.

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hear us at all. It's true. Didn't hear us till Mr. Desplaines cussed so loud that there wasn't any gettin' out of it. Then Jim managed to get her head off his shoulder an' his other arm to himself.

"'You're fired!' shouts Mr. Desplaines at him when we got nearer where they was—shouts like Jim was deaf. 'You're fired! You sha'n't ride in with us. I'll take the responsibility. You're done right now. I won't even take your damned way-car,' he goes on, gettin' madder an' madder; 'neither you nor your way-car.'

"'Oh, all right,' laughs Jim Everard, happy as could be. Shucks! He was so happy there he didn't want to leave forever an' ever, you could see that. 'All right,' he says, 'I'm fired. Good-by, Kelly!'

"'Good-by, Mr. Kelly,' says Jim's lady, holdin' to his arm but givin' me a smile to keep for my own. 'Good-by. I'll stay till you send for me, father. Yes, right here.'

"'You get aboard right now, Lenore,' her father tells her, meaner'n dirt.

"'I'm staying—with the way-car,' says Miss Desplaines to him. An' the way she said it was just like she meant it. He looked at her for all of two minutes an' she looked at him. He didn't waste no words on her.

"'Come, Kelly,' he says to me, 'let's get out of here.'

"'Yes, you're forty minutes late right now,' Jim tells me, offhand. 'Not that it makes any difference. All that Dan has to look out for on the way down is that old white cow. She goes home about this time and likes to take to the track. So-long, Kelly.'

"An' we actually left 'em there. I felt sorry one minute an' glad the next—sorry they didn't have anything to eat, an' glad they wouldn't want anything; sorry it was gettin' so late with the island such an awful lonesome place, an' glad to see a big moon well up in the east—waitin' for the sun to go down to make 'em forget how lonesome it was.

"We looked at the blue-prints some on the way in. That there yellow butler Henry was most too proud, but I made a pretty good flagman an' conductor out of him. An' while I was tryin' to get the blue-prints to lay flat, Mr. Desplaines asked me where that damn conductor came from an' who the devil he was. So I told him all about Jim—like I'd told his daughter—only different.

"Then we got to Union Depot.

"'I can't leave my daughter out on a condemned desert island all night,' he says to me, grindin' his teeth; 'an' there's no way of gettin' her in but to bring that young dog with her. I don't know how she ever come to be so stubborn. But she is. You have your despatcher run that old rusty up there light an' get them. You see that they're at the hotel when I get through this fool meetin'. She's goin' to marry him sure as fate,' he tells me. He was actually confidin' in me without knowin' it, me bein' so handy. No, he didn't put his arm around me an' whisper, but I just guessed he meant it to be in confidence.

"'Oh, maybe not!' I says, to be sayin' somethin'. But she did."

To a Rose at a Window of Heaven

BY STARK YOUNG

WHOEVER put you there with her white hand,
Mary, or some one lonely even in bliss,
O rose, upon that golden ledge,
Forever sweet in that bright land,

Look in upon my little Frances there
And say, she is the rose that clambers up
Over my lonely heart and sends
Her darling sweetness on the air.

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On the Length of Cleopatra's Nose

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

ONE of the best known and most frequently quoted of the "Thoughts" of Pascal calls attention to the way in which a little thing may have great consequences. "He who wants a full understanding of the vanity of man has only to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is 'I know not what'; and the consequences of it are frightful. This 'I know not what,' so trivial that it can scarcely be recognized, moves all mankind,—kings and armies and the entire social organization. The nose of Cleopatra,—if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed."

Although Cleopatra was the Serpent of the Old Nile, she was not an Egyptian but a Greek; she was a hyphenated queen—which is what queens usually are. Even if Mahaffy was right in holding that the Greeks were not really so superior to us in physical beauty as the surviving statues might lead us to believe, she may have had more than her share of the good looks which must have been not uncommon among the Hellenic peoples. As she was a Greek she probably did not have a Roman nose; indeed, her nose may have been "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," which would not have diminished her fascination. But whatever the shape or the size of her nose, Pascal is justified in believing that if it had been unduly short she would probably not have descended the corridors of time as the heroine of the most disastrous of historic love-stories. She might then have floated down the river in her glittering barge without finding Mark Antony at her feet when she stepped ashore.

If Mark Antony had escaped the coils of the Egyptian serpent, he might not have lost the battle of Actium, and if he had vanquished the young Octavius, Mark Antony might have been the founder of the Roman Empire. But Mark Antony was unfitted for the appalling task of solidifying a realm on the verge of wreck. He was too impetuous and too fickle, too emotional and too uncertain. He lacked the self-restraint, the caution, and the astute statecraft of the Augustus who laid solid the foundations of the grandeur that was Rome. Even if Mark Antony had made himself master of the Mediterranean lands, and if he had ruled as long as he lived, it is unlikely that he would have governed wisely, and after his death chaos would have come again. The empire would not have been skilfully buttressed and its outlying territories would not have been unified with Rome and grateful for the three centuries of assured prosperity which followed the advent of Augustus. When the time was fulfilled, the gates of the empire would not have been guarded and the barbarians would have broken in. There would have followed swift disintegration and destruction, and there would have been no lingering Decline and no long deferred Fall for Gibbon to chronicle and to illuminate. Then we moderns would not have come into the heritage upon which our civilization is based.

It is very lucky for us to-day that the nose of Cleopatra was of a normal length and that the frightful consequences of its possible abbreviation were avoided. If it had been shorter, it would have changed not only her face but the face of the world in this twentieth century. Yet I may venture to hint a doubt whether Cleopatra's nose or even Cleopatra herself had really the immense importance that Pascal asserted. It is true that the captivating queen of Egypt was Antony's evil genius and that she was responsible for his ignominous defeat. But if we look a little longer and a little deeper, we are likely to conclude that Antony's fatal

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weakness was in himself, in his unstable character, in his lawless and lustful temperament. If he had never laid eyes on Cleopatra, the ultimate result might well have been the same. She was not the only charmer of her time, even if she may have been the most dangerous. There were others, and any one of them could have lured the unstable Roman to his allotted doom. With Antony once out of the way, Octavius had the road to empire open before him, and the history of the world would have been what it is.

More than one later writer has applied Pascal's thought to other historical events. Among them was Eugène Scribe, most adroit of playwrights even if he was devoid of the ample vision of the more richly endowed dramatist. One of his most ambitious and most ingenious comedies is "A Glass of Water; or, Great Effects from Little Causes." It dealt not with Queen Cleopatra of Egypt but with Queen Anne of England, and it aroused the ire of Thackeray, who was in Paris when it was originally presented in 1840. Thackeray was then only a hard-working journalist contributing to a heterogeny of magazines. He took this play of Scribe's as the text for a paper on "English History and Character on the French Stage." He expressed his disapproval of Scribe's assumption that "the historical trophies of England are generally the result of some mean accident, which entirely strips of them their ideal glory."

After analyzing the French piece, the English critic asserted that Scribe was "wrong in his general principle," since "trivial circumstances are in this life pretexts, not causes, for breach of long-established connections." They are "the readily available facts which discover the depth of an existing difference; they are seized to decide an already impending rupture." In other words, the little thing which sometimes seems so significant is only what the physicians call "an exciting cause," always far less important than what they term "a predisposing condition." The last straw does not break the camel's back unless that patient beast is already laden to the limit of endurance. The slight pressure on the hair-trigger which fires the gun did not load the weapon or aim it.

II

But even if little things are unlikely to have great consequences, there are often remote causes not immediately apparent to those who contemplate their ultimate results. I remember a whimsical suggestion in a book by one of Darwin's disciples—although I cannot now recapture the title of the volume or the name of its author—to the effect that the sturdy stanchness of the British army, the stubborn resistance of the "thin, red line," was due to the prevalence of spinsterhood in Great Britain, to the fact that the women outnumber the men. The explanation of this paradox is to be found in a sequence of causes and consequences. The British soldier is nourished on beef, and the quality of the beef is due to an abundance of clover, which needs to be fertilized by bees. But bees cannot multiply and live unless they are protected against the field-mice which destroy their broods and ravage their reserves of honey. The field-mouse can be kept down if there are only cats enough to catch them, and cats are the favorites of the frequent old maids of England. These lonely virgins keep pets who prevent the mice from despoiling and destroying the bees, so clover flourishes luxuriantly and the cattle wax fat to supply the soldiers of the king with their strengthening rations.

For another illustration of a remote cause having a most unexpected consequence, I am able to give chapter and verse. In Sir Martin Conway's brilliant discussion of the "Domain of Art" he tells us that the beautiful costumes of the Cavaliers of England, as we see them in Van Dyke's portraits, owe their chief embellishment to the hardy mariners who ventured into the stormy waters near Spitsbergen:

"An interesting example of the reaction of invention or discovery upon one of the arts of life came recently under my observation, and is perhaps worth a brief digression to record. In the process of conducting, in the Public Record Office, researches into the history of Spitsbergen and of the English and Dutch whaling industries on its coasts, I was struck by the numerous documents relating to soap

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that I kept encountering. On looking more closely into the matter, it presently appeared that the chief use to which whale-oil was put was the manufacture of the better class of soap, such as was used in fine laundry work, commoner old-fashioned soap being made out of rape-seed. When it is borne in mind that, before the beginning of the English whale-fishery on the Spitsbergen coasts about 1610, there was practically no whale-oil brought into England, the relative dearth of good soap in Tudor days may be deduced. Improved laundry work followed the whale-fishery. Hence the relatively small ruffs that we see in Tudor portraits and the small amount of linen displayed. Jacobean portraits show more linen and lace. Portraits of the time of Charles I yet more."

As I transcribe this passage, due to Sir Martin's researches into the history of art and to his own exploration of Spitsbergen, I am reminded of a chat that we had one rainy afternoon a score of years ago in the spacious smoking-room built on the roof of the Athenæum in London. In the course of our wandering conversation we happened to touch on this topic—the unknown origin of things well known.

"Are you aware," he asked with a smile, "that the outflowering of Tudor architecture, which is one of the glories of England, must be ascribed to the cultivation of the turnip by the Dutch?"

I smiled in my turn and admitted my ignorance of this fact. "But I can tell you," I added, "how it is that Nelson's victory at Trafalgar brought about the popularity of British jams and marmalades in the United States. Are you aware of that?"

"No," he answered. "Let us expound our riddles to one another."

I besought him to begin the exposition.

"Well," he said, "England has a damp climate, as you may have noticed; and that makes it the best grazing country in the world—especially for sheep. But until the culture of root-crops was developed in Holland and transplanted to England, our farmers found it almost impossible to carry their sheep through the winter. This was made easy for them by the introduction of the turnip. Whereupon there was an immediate increase in sheep-raising, which ultimately gave England the immensely profitable wool trade. And the enriched Tudor merchants, like true Englishmen, spent their gains freely on their houses. Now for Trafalgar and marmalade."

"Well," I said, "Nelson's defeat of the French and Spanish fleets gave England thereafter the undisputed command of the sea and cut the Continent off from the colonies. The chief of the importations from tropical countries was sugar, and the deprivation was so keenly felt that Napoleon offered a tempting reward for a method of making sugar independent of sugar-cane. This was the origin of the beet-sugar industry, which had at first to be fostered by bounties from the government. After Waterloo, half the countries of the Continent found themselves with thousands of acres of beet-fields which would go out of cultivation if cane-sugar should be allowed to compete. To protect the farmers, some countries, including Germany, put a high tariff on cane-sugar and paid an export bounty on beet-sugar. As England was soon to be a free-trade country, this German bounty-fed beet-sugar was dumped on the London market. It ruined the sugar-planters of Jamaica and Barbadoes, but it gave the British makers of preserves their chief raw material at a price which enabled them to import oranges from Spain to Dundee and even strawberries from France to London, and then to export wholesale to the United States their marmalades and jams."

"I see," said Conway, "and now I'd like to ask you whether you have ever traced the defeat of the Armada to Martin Luther? No? Then I will enlighten you as to that. When Henry VIII broke with the Pope, he followed Luther's example and did away with the frequent fast-days. This was a sad blow to the fisherfolk; but they regained a temporary prosperity under Mary, only to lose it again under Elizabeth. So it was that the experienced crews of the fishing-fleet were glad to volunteer to repel the naval attack of the Spanish sovereign, and they supplied an indisputable element to the flying squadrons of the British admirals."

Then it was my turn to put another question. "I'd like to ask whether you

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have ever considered the influence of the Gulf Stream on the field-sports of England—cricket and lawn-tennis and football? If these sports are indulged in by a multitude of young men and maidens, part of the credit must go to the ample current of warm water which flows incessantly across the Atlantic in an invisible channel of its own. As the British Isles are as far north as is Labrador on our side of the Western ocean, they would be as desolate and as sparsely peopled as Labrador were it not for the softening effect of the Gulf Stream. Because it is nearer the Arctic, England has a longer day than France or the United States, and therefore the young men and maidens can do a day's work and still have two or three hours of daylight in which to play outdoor games. So you British had best beware, for if we Americans are ever aroused to wrath, and if we succeed in diverting the Gulf Stream, then Great Britain will speedily return to the sad condition of a sparsely inhabited island."

III

THE Gentle Reader is now in possession of the principles and the processes of a novel sport, and he can hunt down strange, unsuspected, and remote causes whenever he is sleepless at night or bookless on a train. The game can be played by any one, "all by his lone," as a solitaire; or a half-dozen may take part, sitting in a cosy semicircle about the wood-fire while the winter wind swirls the dry snow against the frosted windows. You may seek out the ulterior propulsion responsible for the arrival of an event which may be local or national or even international, since no man's eye can follow the ever-widening circle which any word or deed may set in motion.

Here are three sample inquiries likely to be puzzling to novices at the sport. The first is very easy: Explain how it is that the dikes of Holland were responsible for the prevalence of high-stoop residences in Chicago. The second is not quite so simple: Show how it is that the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney was a dominating factor in the adoption by the United States of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. And the third takes a wider range and demands a ramble over three continents: How was it that Cleveland's election was one of the reasons why the foreign legations in Peking had to withstand the attacks of the so-called Black Flags during the Boxer Rebellion?

By the aid of the dikes the Dutch have reclaimed a large part of their land from the sea, a reclamation which requires a system of canals to catch the surface water. In a flat country, having an intricate network of waterways, it is impossible to excavate dry cellars under the dwellings. So the Dutch raised the first floor of their houses that they might construct cellars above the water-level, and this forced them to put a flight of outside steps before the front door. When the sons of Holland settled on Manhattan Island and founded New Amsterdam, they cut a canal into what is now Broad Street, and in their house-building they followed the fashions of their native land. From New York the high stoop was borrowed by many cities in the West, although these towns had dry land for their cellars and although the high stoop is not an architectural device of inherent attractiveness.

At the end of the eighteenth century slavery was slowly disappearing in the United States. It had been abandoned in most of the Northern States, and in the South Washington and Jefferson expected its early extinction. But Whitney invented the cotton-gin, and there followed an immediate increase in the acreage in which cotton was under cultivation. The Southern planters decided that they could not do without slave labor, and the negro was emancipated only as an incident of the Civil War. After the Reconstruction period the black race multiplied, and on the weaker members of the race liquor exerted a dangerous influence. To remove the temptation with its baleful possibilities, the white men of the South, many of whom were not themselves abstentious, voted for Prohibition. Without the support of the solid South the constitutional amendment would have failed of ratification.

In Cleveland's second term he sent to Congress his Venezuela message, which

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was a notification to all the world that the United States would not allow any European nation to enlarge the boundaries of its possessions in South America—a notification fatal to the intention of the German Emperor to acquire more or less of Brazil. Forced to look elsewhere, the Kaiser took advantage of the killing of several German missionaries to seize Kiau-Chau, a seizure which infuriated the Chinese, and which moved them to the Boxer Rebellion, culminating in an attack on the foreigners in Peking.

IV

PERHAPS this parlor game of unforeseen consequences may appear to the Gentle Reader not a little childish, and I may as well confess at once that it has been anticipated by one of the most primitive of nursery-tales, that which explains to us the manifold reasons why the Old Woman could not get home—because the Cat wouldn't eat the Rat, because the Rat wouldn't gnaw the Rope, because the Rope wouldn't hang the Butcher, because the Butcher wouldn't kill the Calf, because the Calf wouldn't drink the Water, because the Water wouldn't quench the Fire, because the Fire wouldn't burn the Stick, because the Stick wouldn't beat the Dog, because the Dog wouldn't bite the Pig, and because the Pig wouldn't go over the stile.

But it is not so puerile a sport as it may seem if we keep in mind always the necessary distinction between the exciting cause, which may be only a triviality, and the predisposing condition, which is always the dominant factor. What Austin Dobson called

> "The little great, the infinite small thing,
> That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king"

may be no more than the last ounce that weights down the scales of destiny on one side or the other. There is truth also in the same poet's assertion that the fan in the delicate fingers of Madame de Pompadour may have given the signal which resulted in the ruin of a realm.

> "Ah, but things more than polite
> Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous!*
> Matters of state and of might,
> Things that great ministers do;
> Things that, maybe, overthrew
> Those in whose brains they began;
> Here was the sign and the cue,—
> This was the Pompadour's fan!"

Yet it was not the flutter of a French fan which brought about the War of the Austrian Succession; it was the selfishness of a German king, as devoid of scruple as he was free from hypocrisy. Macaulay tells us that Frederick's own words were that "ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me carried the day; and I decided for war." And Macaulay passed the verdict of history, not to be reopened even by the eloquent special pleading of Carlyle: "On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war that raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. . . . In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

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The Return of the Middle Class

BY JOHN CORBIN

II—THE VALIANT WOMAN

ONE of the many interesting sequels of the equal-suffrage victory is a haunting sense that it is illusory. Somehow there has been a hitch. As to the completeness of the victory there can be no question. When the International Woman Suffrage Alliance drew up the "Woman's Charter," it was found that in the United States practically all of its objectives had already been achieved. Only minor inequalities remain, and only in certain States which are backward but doomed speedily to fall in line—inequalities as to jury service, the right to hold office, the property rights of married women. Yet in commenting on this triumph the wisest of suffrage leaders, Carrie Chapman Catt, seemed troubled. After all, what was equality? She fell back on a homely analogy. If one gave equal treatment to two pets, a cat and a rabbit, there would be trouble, "for rabbits do not take to porterhouse and cats do not eat much lettuce." Equality between the sexes, Mrs. Catt preferred to define as "an equal chance to express whatever either is capable of expressing." There is only one trouble with this. Opportunity for self-expression results in the utmost differences; it is the essential not of equality but of liberty. Is it possible that the thought of the suffrage leaders has been perplexed, their aim uncertain?

Very positive is the disillusionment of the brilliant militant leader, Alice Paul, expressed in the same interview. Asked if "the fight for the recognition of women" was "all over," she answered hotly: "It has just begun!" She added that sometimes it seemed there had not been even a beginning. "The ballot means nothing at all except as a means for the attainment of human rights, and the status of women in most of the States is just about what it was before the amendment was passed. Women vote, to be sure, but can any one say that they are free?" That is a crucial question. Having the franchise, how are they to become enfranchised? "Sometimes I think our struggle was a case of getting the cart before the horse—so many women became eager for the vote without any special eagerness to accomplish anything in particular by means of it." In point of fact, many suffragists categorically renounced all other aims of feminism. Thus both the great leaders sniff at their diet of lettuce, and both have inward longings for the strong meat of freedom. But when Miss Paul was asked what woman's freedom consists in, and by what special and particular means it is to be achieved, she answered: "I don't know; I'm thinking." To that end she resigned her chairmanship of the National Woman's Party, and for the time being gave up political activity.

Miss Paul was not merely thinking; she had thought. State a problem clearly and it is half solved. The present subjection of women, she said in effect, consists in the lack of recognized jobs, which results in inferior earning power. The part which men take in the necessary life of the nation is definitely fixed, and is more or less justly paid. It is not so with women. To take the most salient instance, if the world is to progress, if it is even to continue on its present level, the best of our women must give up their prime to motherhood; but, far from receiving adequate pay, they receive nothing, while their expenses are increased in proportion to the number of their children. Normal self-expression is denied them, the greatest service rendered impossible. There has been much talk of a maternity pension. Miss Paul "hates the word," and well she may. Motherhood is a career of the noblest, and "the idea of a career and

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a pension simply do not go together." The source of the difficulty is in a bit of history much cited of old, but with a different intention. "Woman's progress was steady from the dawn of history to the period of the French Revolution. The family, during that epoch, was the social unit. But just as woman had attained a certain security within that social organism, society began to organize in the modern state." The hard-won "security" vanished in a world of factories, railways, and department stores. The individualism of the age-old industrial household gave way to a vast organization by groups, in which women have slight economic standing, least of all as mothers. Miss Paul sees also that the remedy can come only through the continuance and development of the industrial state. Women will not be free "until motherhood can be recognized as at least as important as business, and until its social remuneration can be made equally great."

It thus appears that feminists have missed their true aim by some such matter as a century. Once the vote meant liberty—enfranchisement; but not since the Industrial Revolution came upon us has it been possible for women, or indeed for most men, to secure their liberties through the existing political institutions. Where, then, shall women find freedom? If by her "thinking" Miss Paul unriddles that, she will find when she reappears on the scene that, far more willingly than ever, true women—and true men—will follow her.

One word which Miss Paul used is peculiarly suggestive, though she left its significance undeveloped—"biological." We are finding that what used to be dismissed as the "accident of sex," has implications beyond the individual task of motherhood, beyond even the cause of woman as woman. In biologic evolution, sex is recognized as a prime factor. What if it were equally important in politics, economics, sociology—the entire development of civilization? What if the long mystery of historic cataclysms, the recurrent destruction of all mankind has achieved, found its deepest explanation in human biology—the bearing and bringing up of children? Questions of the freedom of women in self-expression would take a deeper meaning.

Thought along these lines has been rapid of late. Until well within the present century the world remained under the spell of the generalization of Karl Marx, in many ways true as it is brilliant, that the basis of history is economic. A dozen years ago sociologists perceived that the idea is unduly materialistic—that economic forces become potent only as they work upon the national psyche or soul. So we learned that the real basis of history is psychologic. Anthropologists, meanwhile, were ascertaining that psychology itself is dominated by broader and deeper forces, the forces of race. If it can be shown that a continuance of Western civilization depends upon the vitality of the nations that created it, then indeed the science of life takes on a new import; a new epoch is opened to the self-expression of our women, to their quest of freedom.

Unfortunately, anthropology is the most backward of sciences. What we have is mainly hypothesis, deeply vitiated at times by national bias and race prejudice. One hypothesis especially has been a battle-ground: that throughout the world, as nation after nation has sprung up as if by magic only to decline in a manner equally mysterious, the vitalizing impulse has been given by people of a single stock; that the decline of each civilization has resulted from the decay of that stock. This theory, obviously, does not account for the civilization of ancient Egypt, nor for the amazing outbursts of Hebraic and Arabic genius. It does not account for China, or Japan. Even with such limitations, the "Aryan" theory of the early anthropologists is clearly a myth founded on the assumption that language and race are identical. Many so-called Aryan peoples have far less of Aryan speech than the American negro.

There remains, however, a fact of some moment. Only a more powerful people can impose its language. What we now call the Nordic race does exist, and is not only dominant to-day, but is of the stock that gave its speech, and presumably much beside, to Rome and Greece, to Persia and far-off India. One thing is certain. In both the ancient and the

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modern world, wherever a high civilization has developed hand and hand with free institutions it has been at the touch of this strong race; only the Nordic has conceived of liberty as enmeshed in law, enshrined in stable institutions. And always the triumph of liberty has been brief.

What caused the speedy fall? Historians have adduced reasons mainly economic. Wealth was inequitably distributed; high taxation and a general discoördination of industry gripped alike the soberer aristocracy and the industrious farmer. Warfare especially sapped the national finances. Historians of to-day find a deeper cause in a failure of the primal stock. The greatest waste of warfare was in extinguishing the blood of the fathers. The greatest evil of the inequitable distribution of wealth was that among the favored few it eventuated in the debauchery of men and the sterile frivolity of women; among the aspiring middle classes in late marriage and small families. Domestic slaves and alien adventurers supplanted the elder stock; with their coming the racial impulse vanished and liberty was no more. Now again among nations in which the Nordic blood predominates we find much of the Athenian elevation of spirit, much of the Roman conception of law as inspired and guided by the divine love of liberty. And we too, it seems, are on the verge of a decline, threatened with the destruction of all we hold dear.

There is, however, this difference. Hitherto when great races have arisen they could not know the inner secret of their power or the danger that impended. We of to-day have the historic outlook, the scientific insight. If once more the race sinks into impotence it can only be for the reason that, knowing, we do not sufficiently care. Two problems chiefly confront us. As a result of the insurgence of the moron multitude in the modern industrial state, our liberties are threatened with the most degrading tyranny of ignorant, ill-born numbers. As a result of the world-wide extension and ever deepening interpenetration of commercial interests, there is an ever-present threat of war, a threat that can be met only by the steady and systematic co-operation of freedom-loving nations to render justice and remove the causes of strife. If we are to escape this inward and this outer evil, the racial vigor and intelligence of civilized man must keep pace with the powerful and complex material fabric he has created, is creating. Never was there such need as to-day for a full realization of the truth of Ruskin's definition: the wealth of nations consists not primarily in material things but in "the possession of the Valuable by the Valiant." If civilization falls once more, the basic cause will not be economic oppression in industry nor yet political blundering in the matter of a League of Nations. It will be the lack of a generation intelligent and strong enough to work out of the present tangle of human relationships in industry, capable of working into a more manly candor and a steadier justice in administering the affairs of the world. That generation can only be the achievement of very valiant women.

Of the "Valuable" we have enough. Under intelligent farming our wheat-lands and corn-lands, our cotton-fields and sheep pastures, will feed and clothe a population many times that of to-day. Our forest lands, properly guarded, will meet all conceivable needs of timber. Our waterways, railways, and harbors are the marvels of the world. In coal and oil, iron and copper, in both the precious metals, we are by far the richest of nations. Only our agricultural possibilities were evident to de Tocqueville, yet he called our great central river region "the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." If such an inheritance fails to become a seat of advanced and stable civilization, it can only be by the lack of valiancy in its possessors.

Viewed from the point of view of race, our future is, at least potentially, no less bright. The dominant element, both in numbers and in actual power, is still of British origin—the largest single group of the so-called Anglo-Saxon people. The immigration of the nineteenth century was for the most part of northern peoples, who took on the spirit of our institutions even more readily than they learned our language. Never before in the history of the world has so magnificent a land been

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possessed by a people so largely Nordic. In the immigration of the twentieth century, it is true, we have an infusion of backward races that has seriously lowered the level of industrial skill and of literacy. The danger to our citizenship is very great; in continuance, it may prove overwhelming. For if we fail in our task of sustaining Nordic liberties, such an opportunity can never come again. But in the new immigration laws we have taken effective measures which are vigorously supported by a popular sense of the need of a purer Americanism.

Yet upon this fair prospect of possessions and possessors there is already a blight. The present middle class, still mainly composed of the stock of the fathers—and thus mainly Nordic and very largely British in blood and traditions—is numerically stationary; in proportion to the uneducated and unskilled it is positively dwindling. That is only half the portent, perhaps the lesser half. Even though the lower ranges of our life held inexhaustible resources of valiancy, they would afford no permanent source of strength; for those who, by virtue of their vigor, intelligence, and sympathy with our institutions, rise into the middle class inevitably share its fate. In order that a biologic strain shall be checked and put in the way of ultimate extinction, it is only necessary that it shall encounter the economic conditions now prevailing among the well born and well bred. Democracy as we practise it is an instrument of amazing aptitude for the extinction of ability, of liberty.

This situation, far more than any abstract claim on the score of equality or even on the score of freedom, gives weight and dignity to the cause of women. Fundamentally the issue is biologic; its psychologic aspect is secondary and its economic aspect tertiary. The ultimate stake is the freedom not merely of our women, but of the nation. No tyranny of king or kaiser could be heavier than this power in the world of to-day which decrees that only the ill born, the uneducable, shall multiply and rule.

Though the problem is essentially biologic, however, the strategic point of attack upon it is economic. Something of this is perceived by those who advocate a maternity pension; but there is an objection to such a remedy which lies deeper than that voiced by Miss Paul. A pension sufficient to the needs of a mother in the lower ranges of living would be a hollow mockery to the educated mother whose home is a shrine of the national tradition and whose children are presumably capable of culture and education—of taking up the torch and carrying it on. Inevitably an equal pension would increase the already preponderant power of the unskilled and thriftless. Yet, under the prevailing democratic theory, a pension is the only conceivable remedy.

Happily our actual institutions, as opposed to the prevailing theory, permit a large measure of such inequality as results from freedom. The fathers saw to that. Men and classes have the power to "make" as much as they earn—need only to exert that power. A compact and ably led Middle Class Union would measurably redress the balance. If industry and the professions continue to develop along the lines of compact groups—call them guilds if you wish—and continue to avoid the devastation of communism, managerial and professional skill should be increasingly rewarded. That also would help the middle-class man and his mate to regain their economic and thus their biologic standing. But more than both together is necessary to the freedom and valiancy of women.

In the modern world the life of women can no longer be held within the life of their menfolk as the less is included in the greater. Doubtless the institution of the family will remain. Doubtless also during the period of active maternity the wife will be bound to her husband economically as she is bound in heart and spirit. There is no degradation in that—rather the highest and noblest of partnerships. But that period is only a decade or two in a lifetime. For the rest, young women, wives and matrons, should not be, must not be, what they themselves call sex parasites. Precisely as the spirit and abilities of middle-class women require a field broader than the modern home, so the education of their children and the life of social citizenship require expenses beyond the present income of the brain-worker, even though that were consider-

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ably advanced. As soon as children are in school and college the mother should have the duty and the privilege of productive labor rewarded by an economic standing. Only thus can women find full freedom in self-expression—the opportunity to render due service as enfranchised citizens.

Such a demand is less fantastic than is often realized. The present generation has seen the young woman of education enter many fields of industry, sees her steadily pressing forward. No girl of spirit to-day need be economically dependent upon her father. It is passing strange that we who have witnessed this change should not foresee the future of the wife and matron, for it is determined by precisely the same needs, the same opportunities. Only vaguely do we concede that the home-keeping individualism of the eighteenth century has developed into the group organization of the twentieth century; that the fact has far-reaching implications we resolutely ignore. In the march of civilization there are no back trails; the pressure is unceasingly, increasingly, forward. Even while women are bewailing economic dependence, the insistent forces of progress are beckoning them, driving them, to freedom.

These forces are already beginning to parallel a development of our industrial institutions, which is itself uncouth and distrusted: government by commission. That means no less than a basic change in our constitution, the addition of a new arm to government, the administrative tribunal. Under the individualist régime it was enough that there should be a legislature, an executive, a judiciary; administration was the function of local territorial units, the conditions in which were relatively simple and virtually identical throughout the land. Human welfare was adequately safeguarded in the household. But when industry and the professions become complicated, and at the same time integrated in great groups characteristically in opposition to one another, it was no longer enough that Congress should frame laws, the courts pass on them, and the executive supervise the machinery of government as a whole. The Interstate Commerce Commission was in effect a concession, tardily wrung from the national government and even yet imperfectly comprehended, that authority is also necessary for specific, concrete, and detailed administration—the regulation and harmonizing of infinitely interwoven and conflicting interests. In recent decades both national and State commissions have multiplied amazingly and are reaching out into many and varied phases of our life. Roosevelt extended the administrative arm of government to the regulation of purity in food, drink, and medicines and would have gone much farther, if he had been able. Taft and Wilson carried the work forward. Harding especially is sympathetic to bringing the welfare of the citizen beneath this new arm. It is only a question of time when government by commission will encompass all human welfare—including the sphere of biology, once sequestered in the home.

In this development of commission government there is an opportunity for the educated, if also a danger to the state. Both in local and national administration there are endless fields of service for able women well trained. More and more it is becoming recognized that the future of the nation depends upon the vital welfare of its citizens, especially mothers and children. In an industrial society this can no longer be accomplished through the self-centred family. Women go out into shop and factory; manufactured products come back into the home. Both the worker and her product must be supervised. Cleanliness and sanitation themselves are primarily functions of civic administration. Immigration, once virtually unrestricted, has become selective, a matter of highly professional regulation. Outposts must be established in foreign ports so that we can judge of the immigrant not as a detached individual but with reference to his record in the place of his origin; agencies must be created here which shall conduct him to the region that has most need of him, induct him into the opportunities and the responsibilities of American citizenship. Art, learning, religion itself, now move and have their being in institutions of public service.

In all these new fields problems are constantly arising that can only be solved

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by officials exercising functions "quasi-legislative, quasi-judicial, quasi-executive." The most salutary general law often clashes, in its application, with specific justice. Thus a proper sense of the welfare of the nation requires that women shall not be overworked or allowed to work at night, and especially in the period of child rearing. Factory labor shall not degrade the mothers of the nation. But certain industries—as canning in rural parts and dressmaking in the city—are highly seasonal; a considerable period of overtime work, if followed by a period of rest and recuperation, is not injurious. In point of fact, it enables women to earn pin-money for the entire year, contributing to their economic status without taking them permanently out of the home. When "welfare" laws are urged, not only employing canners and dressmakers but the employees themselves are up in arms. Many working-women find that, if they are to hold the fields they have won, they must be free to work, on special occasions, for long stretches—secretaries, stenographers, saleswomen, employees in bookbinderies and printing-shops. Certain night-work, such as running elevators and watching subway fare boxes, is said to be preferred to day-work, on the ground that it is not physically exhausting and enables women to devote more of their leisure to their families, sleeping while the children are at school. When a set of welfare bills was introduced in the legislature at Albany, in 1920, an earnest group of New York women formed a league to oppose them in the name of freedom—to the deep distress of other women, no less earnest, who had procured the bills. One side cried out against tyranny, the other against the debasement of womanhood. Conditions thus in conflict can be adequately controlled only by framing a code of laws embodying general principles and empowering a commission to give them reasonable enforcement, to judge of specific cases, and to make sure that its rulings are obeyed. Intelligence and training will find increased scope in public service; and, though such labor is as yet largely voluntary, it must eventually be well paid.

When commission government touches the liberty of the individual, to be sure, it is repugnant in the extreme, running counter also to all our legal traditions, to the wisdom of the fathers as we are accustomed to read it in the Constitution. Confronted with welfare bills, publicists and politicians become eloquent in argument, crushing in invective. When the Kenyon Maternity bill was before Congress in 1921, its opponents made much of a speech by Senator Reed attacking the women who were behind the bill, and who would presumably be concerned in administering the law—some of them public servants of the highest character. "To carry out this plan there must be created a vast army of officials, spies, snoopers, tattle-talers, informers, and meddlers. The range of their activities will embrace everything from diapers to dietetics, from hygiene to hysteria. Before this band of devoted spinsters, who do not have babies, essayed the task of teaching women who do have babies how to raise babies, billions of babies were born and managed somehow to survive with no other help than the care of a loving mother and the attention of 'the old family doctor.' Ever since Eve first hugged Cain to her breast, women have known how to feed a baby, what to feed a baby, and when to feed a baby."

The backward-looking eye has seldom rolled in a finer frenzy, or glared down a perspective more extended. But, the fact remained that, thanks largely to the industrial system, the mortality of child-bearing women is a national scandal. It is actually more dangerous to be a mother than it was in the late war to be a soldier. The bill was passed by a large majority and is now law. There is a force in human needs that overrides national tradition and constitutional theory, abases the example of the Garden of Eden, even insults the majesty of the old family doctor. In vain we cry, "Back to the Constitution!" By the very fact that the provisions of the fathers are the instruments of our liberties, it is possible to fulfil them only by going forward.

This will not, however, blind the candid observer to the fact that the national distrust of "bureaucrats," the national abhorrence of spies and snoopers and tattle-talers, has a certain warrant in experience.

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Our government does many things badly, but most observers will agree that it does personal administration worst. An expert in industrial management, lately returned from Russia, described to a party of American professional men and women the mad chaos of the system he had been called in to reorganize. His hearers punctuated the narrative with outcries and derisive laughter—until one of them happened to remember that every anecdote of cupidity, stupidity, red tape, and passing the buck could be duplicated by any one familiar with the operations of our War Risk Bureau.

Recent examples of the incompetence of personal administration are many and painful; one will suffice. In the summer of 1921 a Senate committee, investigating the care of disabled ex-soldiers, elicited the testimony that during the preceding year 400 veterans, worn out under the régime of neglect and stupidity, had committed suicide. The national government, having no department of welfare, had farmed out the care of invalids to the institutions of the several States, even to private institutions, which handled them on a profit-making basis with virtually no supervision. Five thousand men suffering from mental diseases and tuberculosis were in hospitals operated by private individuals "under contracts that ought to be cancelled to-morrow." Colonel Thomas W. Salmon, of the National Hospitalization Committee of the American Legion, testified that the State of New York was making a profit of over one dollar a day per man on the two dollars paid by the nation. Colonel Abel Davis of Chicago gave similar testimony as to conditions in the West. "The trouble is," said Colonel Davis, "that there is no single administrative official who knows the situation. There is no co-ordination and no co-operation"—in brief, no commission. The tragic death of the leader of the Lost Battalion is generally attributed to despair over the conditions of disabled veterans, to remedy which he had labored unceasingly, though himself a nervous casualty of the war.

In sardonic contrast with the story told by Doctor Salmon and Doctor Davis, it was announced on the very same day that General Pershing had decorated a brindle Boston bull pup, Stubby by name, a veteran of the battle of Seicheprey, pinning a gold medal on his leather blanket, already covered with decorations. This was done at the instance of a society with a beautiful name, the Humane Education Society of Washington. Stubby is a good dog. Though he was rendered gun-shy by his first battle, in which he was wounded, and thereafter invariably went A. W. O. L. when trouble came, no one grudges him his bedizenments. Yet one may reflect that there are other labors of love and of the recognition of patriotic service to which a Humane Education Society may profitably address itself. One item more is needed to complete the record of that fateful 7th of July. Through the summer the zealots of the War Department kept publishing "slacker lists," few of which were without the names of gallant and faithful soldiers. On the day of 400 suicides and the decorated Stubby (good dog!) the list of deserters contained the names of four honored veterans, one of them a lieutenant-commander in the aviation service whose father is a captain of industry known through the world—except, perhaps, to bureaucrats.

Bureaucracy as we have known it is beyond question a sorry thing. Supervision of any kind is alien to the Anglo-Saxon tradition, repugnant to that spirit of individual liberty to which we owe so much of our progress and power. We are rather proud of the fact. Even while we acknowledge the tragic results of our muddling, there is a latent satisfaction in the thought that somehow we have always, as the English say of their similar experiences, "muddled through." But those who take time to know anything know that the free nations have of late come very near to the brink of chaos, mainly for the lack of organized service, and are still trembling on that brink. Is there any real ground for national pride in the modern results of our neglect of personal administration, honestly and ably organized? If those 401 could speak —the ghostly Lost Battalion and their leader—they might have something to say.

One service the cult of the Nordic idea has rendered us: it has given us a stand-

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ard of racial measurement beside which the Anglo-Saxon tradition perceptibly dwindles. Two forces are needful to a well-balanced and forward-moving state —only one of which is this instinct of individual freedom. It was so in the ancient world. Over against stupendously intellectual, gloriously creative Athens was dour Sparta, which had but one touch of greatness—the spirit of organized service to the state. If the two spirits of Hellas could have united, twin stars of its genius—Sparta learning the divine joy and fecundity of freedom, while Athens learned that freedom is futile and vain without ordered living, the spirit of service to free institutions—then Hellas might have been something more than the tinder spark of civilization. England of to-day harks back to Athens; there are those who tell us that the nation of Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin shows much the same blend of Nordic and Mediterranean stock that produced Sophocles, Plato, and Aristotle. The Prussian Junker sees his Nordic prototype in Sparta. These are vain fancies if you will, myths of the anthropologist who as yet has not established a science. The point is immaterial. It is no myth that the planet is whirled steadfast in its orbit by a force centrifugal balancing a force centripetal; it is no myth that civilization can be held in its steady, onward way only by the nicely balanced interplay of the spirits of freedom and of service. England and Germany may yet fight their Peloponnesian war—perhaps have already fought it, for the flower of both peoples is beneath the sod. If we of this securer, more fortunate Western world are to fulfil our destiny, perchance carry onward the torch of civilization, it can only be by learning what the Saxon has not learned, that without organized service there is no civilized and enduring freedom; what the Prussian never suspected, that the service is vain which suppresses the spirit of liberty. Freedom must be enmeshed in law. For in modern life it is only through law that freedom itself can reach any high development; it is only as members of a group (since citizens of a nation live for the collective welfare of all groups) that the individual can be truly enfranchised.

None but a great people can grasp that idea, make it the blood of their veins, the breath of their living—a greater people than the world has yet known. If we are to climb to the heights of our opportunity, our women must lead the way. The modern care for the welfare of the nation will not stop with considerations of pure food, even with service to indigent women in the crisis of childbirth. Above the instinct of present compassion will rise the law of the future, austere yet no less tender. That requires that the material resources of the nation, and its infinitely more precious resources of the spirit, shall no longer be spent solely in palliating the miseries of the unfortunate. We have heard much of birth-control. It is a dubious and perplexing propaganda of which only one thing need here be said. Our primary and insistent need is not birth-control in the lower strata of life but birth-release in the higher. Or rather the two ideas must work as a harmonious whole if we are to augment while we transmit our heritage from the fathers.

In many phases government by commission is merely the modern development of woman's function in the ancient industrial household. Supervision of food and fabrics, helpful sympathy for the poor, and responsibility for the character and the education of the oncoming generation, wear a widely different aspect, enlarged many-fold; but they are still essentially the work of women. To perform them requires, as always, soundness and sweetness of character. This may be found in any walk of life. But it requires also faculties that are new to womanhood and as yet imperfectly esteemed—liberal knowledge and rigorous professional training. These are possible only to those of superior mentality—roughly speaking, the middle class. For many decades, as far as one can judge in the absence of full statistics, the class has been dwindling, and with it our power to combat the increasing stupidity and venality of democracy as we have known it. If free institutions are to justify themselves, it must be by a rehabilitation of the middle class, both in its vital fecundity and in its equipment for administering the increasingly complex and specialized fabric of civilization. There must be an ever-growing supply of citizens well born, well bred,

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and well educated. To attain this, members of the middle class, especially its women, must win a fairer economic standing. They must have the new work and the sufficient pay without which political equality is a mockery. The homely, victorious battle-cry of "Votes for Women!" must give way to another quite as homely: "Jobs for Women!" which must in turn become victorious if women are to be truly enfranchised.

This can come only by a revolution not merely in the lives of women-folk, but in the life of the nation as a whole—or, rather, by the consummation of the Industrial Revolution which has already distracted us for the better part of a century. Above the doctrine of equality which has hitherto guided us must rise the spirit of liberty. The issue cannot be evaded. As Emile Faguet has pointed out, the principle of equality is democracy and the principle of freedom aristocracy. Political writers in Europe, ranging from Hilaire Belloc to Viscount Bryce, have adumbrated the fall of democracy and faced the sorry return of "monarchy" or "oligarchy." Such a reversion is not impossible; but if we are fortunate the world will move forward. The "aristocracy" which freedom brings—if it does bring it—will be something quite new, conformable to the realities of the present and the future.

Who, then, are "the best" who are to "rule" us? A world in which Christ was the son of a carpenter, Shakespeare of an unsuccessful burgher tradesman, and Lincoln of "poor whites," cannot afford to set store only by exalted lineage. The modern world has new tests of fitness. Anthropology is groping in the first faint gray of its dawn; biology, where it touches the human germ-plasm, is scarcely more advanced. That both combined will ever afford a sure foundation for eugenics is at best a hope. But this much we do know, that parents of a stock truly sound invariably produce sound children, and that thoroughly evil parents can only have thoroughly evil offspring. If the burden of our civilization is to be sustained, the time must come, and very soon, when what little knowledge we have shall be used to snuff out the demonstrably poisoned strains of our national life and liberate those that have demonstrated fitness to cope with the problem of the future of civilization. If that means aristocracy, let the proletarian champion of democracy make the most of it.

At the worst it is aristocracy with a difference. The old aristocracy rested upon birth. In some far time it may have been inspired by the purpose of perpetuating the strain of strong leadership; but that purpose was vague and transitory. In the course of generations the old aristocracy became identified with the possession of property—looking backward to strength, indeed, but forward only to affluence. The new aristocracy must look forward in all things. It must rest, not upon property nor yet upon birth, but on a new badge of distinction, the privilege of giving birth. Only those who are without the clear stigmata of evil can be allowed to become parents of the future. Here is perhaps the widest field for the new administration—the soundness and the vitality of the nation.

It is often noted that women are instinctively aristocrats, jealous of seclusion, of distinction. How could it be otherwise with those whom nature has made guardians of its sacred flame? Yet it is noted also that they have the genius of loving-kindness, of abundant tenderness, overflowing the world. There will be need of both spirits if the new aristocracy is to prevail. The flame of life must be jealously guarded—and always tenderly nurtured. It can no longer be permitted either that children of the rich shall waste a nation's wealth in vanity and idleness or that children of the vicious and the imbecile shall swarm upon the public bounty. On each level of useful occupation life in the industrial republic must be commodious and fruitful; but only for those who belong there. In the national mansion the staircases from floor to floor must be kept open for those on the rising scale—and for those also whose trend is downward.

On the ladder of Jacob's dream angels were ascending and descending. He did not say just what they were about, but we of to-day may guess. They were leading those on the way upward toward the face of God, and leading also those others. Are there no such angels any more?

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There should be. For they are the only means by which, as was promised, all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

How, then, will it fare with democracy, with freedom? In the trilogy of the French Republic the ultimate and emphatic word is fraternity. Aristocratic liberty and democratic equality are deeply and essentially at strife; but under the rule of the genius of fraternity their very strife becomes fruitful. As M. Faguet has said, fraternity not merely reconciles liberty and equality but enhances them—makes them progenitors each of the other. In this new brotherhood of man, which cries out always for more health, more strength, more beauty, there will be infinitely more of real liberty, more of true equality, than has ever yet been possible. In the Spartan state citizens were *homoioi*—equals in the liability to serve. Modern citizenship has reached downward into the ranks of those who in Hellas were slaves. The new *homoioi* must include all who have the ability to serve in whatever capacity. They must be, as men have never been yet, equals in the opportunity to rise and free to rise to whatever distinction. Nothing can make this possible but an all-pervading ministry, as zealous as it is compassionate. But if ever such a society is achieved it will be no more "aristocratic" than "democratic." Both words are inaccurate, misleading—burdened with obsolete connotations. The state of the future will be at once the most fruitfully aristocratic and the most fruitfully democratic the world has ever known, and it will be that because it has become fraternal.

The ancients, who divined so many truths beautifully if vaguely, made the goddess of the home and of the race a vestal. To them a maiden was the purest and most sacred of women. We who know Christianity know that the only purity which is a power in life is that of the mind and heart. In so far as the upright have acquaintance with the fulness of living, they are by that much more pure. To matron or maid, what matters truly is knowledge and zeal. More than that, in the fraternal state not a few of the guardians of the sacred fire will be men trained as physicians. Of all professions theirs is the most truly vestal—deny it as they may. Certainly, until women develop adequate ability as scientists and administrators, there will be need of men also to serve on commissions of welfare. But the inspiring genius will be that of women, as also the preponderance in administrative labor.

It will be, that is, if we are worthy of having it so. However desirable the vision, it is only a vision—a thing dearly desired and conceivable. It is not inevitable. It will not come unless it is passionately desired and bravely fought for—unless the middle class wins forward to its birthright, its indispensable, historic function.

In a world ominously destitute of religious impulse, lamentably lacking in such passions of the spirit as lead mankind upward, it would be fortunate if this service of the race and its future should some day blend and be reinforced by a still higher inspiration. The religion of Jehovah centred in the idea that his worshippers were the chosen people. Again a high truth incompletely divined. Yet we know today, what we have not known since Christianity turned away from the Mosaic law, that health and vitality are the foundations of godliness. If ever there is to be a worship that makes modern science at one with a credible theology, it must centre, quite in the spirit of those who first worshipped Jehovah, in the men and women whom life has marked as its chosen.

Statesmen who can see in administration by women only a plague of snooping and tattle-taling, who know no alternative for individual liberty but bureaucratic muddling and tyranny, will find this hope passing strange. Strange it undoubtedly is, but those who have minds only for the known and tried may well remember that the most familiar thing in history is an advanced civilization plunging headlong into chaos, top-heavy with its weight of material gains wasted in riot, vertiginous for the lack of clear and sound mentality.

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Has the Westward Tide of Peoples Come to an End?

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE
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AMERICA has apparently come to a decision on the question of immigration. Congress has decreed that the invasion by other peoples must stop. Public opinion seemingly supports Congress in this decision. The Southern States, that should want white labor, do not want the alien. The West and Northwest, that were settled largely by immigrants from the north of Europe, seem disposed to close the doors to south and central Europe. The Protestant Churches fear the Catholic majority from southern Europe, while that part of our population that is descended from Anglo-Saxon-Germanic stock does not take kindly to the idea of America becoming a non-Anglo-Saxon nation. Congress has the support of the country in the policy of exclusion. The press supports it. The Protestant Churches approve of it. Organized labor has long insisted that free trade in labor should cease. Manufacturers, contractors, and others interested in liberal immigration have been swamped by the changing sentiment of the country, reinforced temporarily by the present industrial depression.

The United States has aligned itself with Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, which countries are also closing their doors to immigration. From now on we may look for increasing vigilance on the part of immigration authorities and greater restrictions in the law. After three centuries of almost complete freedom on the part of the individual to come and go over the face of the earth his movements are being circumscribed. No matter what the industrial demand may be, no matter which party may be in power, the gates are likely to remain closed, with such exceptions as may be made to travellers, expert artisans, professional men, and possibly women servants to relieve our domestic problems.

In some respects this is the most significant fact in our life to-day, as it is significant in the long history of the world. For this closing of our gates means many things to our industrial life, to our productive powers, to our ethnic make-up, and to the future development of our peoples. In a larger view it marks the end of a world-long movement of peoples from the Far East to the distant West; a movement that began long before the Christian era, that repeated itself in almost every century, and that has only come to an end by reason of the barrier of the Pacific Ocean and the enclosure of the public domain, which for three centuries absorbed the dispossessed and restless spirits not only of the Old World but of America as well.

Immigration is not a new thing. It is as old as the human race. Whole nations emigrated from India, Persia, and central Asia to Europe. Races, tribes, and families left their ancestral homes and made new nations about the Mediterranean. Rome was settled by emigrants from Greece. In later centuries Italy peopled central Europe. The Romans fought with the Gauls for France, with the Teutonic tribes for Germany, with the Angles for the British Isles. For centuries after the fall of Rome the Goths and Ostrogoths, the Huns and the Vandals, the Lombards and the tribes of central and eastern Europe overran the Roman Empire. They obliterated old cultures. They absorbed, or were absorbed, by other peoples; they finally divided into states and nations.

For six or seven centuries immigration came to an end. Population increased. The struggle for existence became more severe. The feudal system reduced the

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worker and the farmer to serfdom. Wherever the conditions of life were most difficult there the desire to escape was the most insistent. With the opening up of America the westward movement began again. It started from England, not because of a desire for religious liberty so much as because England possessed ships, while conditions of life in England, following the enclosure of the common lands, made it necessary for people to escape. The same was true of Scotland as it was of Ireland in the nineteenth century.

For three centuries old Europe has been depopulating herself in response to the urge of greater economic opportunity in the new lands to the west. For two and a half centuries people came from the north and west of Europe. They came almost exclusively from races of Nordic stock. England, Scotland, and Ireland contributed most. Germany sent large contingents up to about 1880, as did the Scandinavian countries. About 1890 the tide turned toward the South. Italy, and especially southern Italy, Hungary, Poland, Russia, the Balkan States, and the Near East sent increasing contingents to our shores. By 1914 the predominant immigration was from these countries. In that year there were 683,000 admissions from central and southern Europe, and 220,000 from northern and western Europe. In the twenty-five years before the war the bulk of the immigration was from south and central Europe, so that of the 33,000,000 persons in this country of foreign birth, or with one or more parents of foreign birth, the majority are of Italian and Slavic stock.

Just as economic conditions in Europe crowded the population out, so economic conditions in America shaped our attitude toward immigration and our laws on the subject as well. We think of immigration in terms of races. We assume that the problem is an ethnic one. Our thoughts and our discussions run along human, religious, moral lines. The protest of the "old immigration" against the "new immigration" is based on the illiteracy of those that are coming now, on their lower standards of living, on their alien cultures, by many on their alleged different standards of morality. More recently there has been a general assumption that the "new immigration" was not adapted to parliamentary government and American political institutions. The discussions in the press, in the books, and in Congress have been along these lines.

One of the most universal things in the world is a feeling of race superiority. Race superiority is close akin to race prejudice. In one form or other all peoples have it. We find it in the Orient as well as in the Occident. We find it in small countries as well as in large ones. Race psychology is one of the causes of war. And our present restrictive policy is partly born of the demand that America shall not become a non-Anglo-Saxon nation. Undoubtedly as immigration was running before the war we were in danger of being engulfed by people from south and central Europe. Not only were they coming in increasing numbers, but they were breeding rapidly. They had large families. They were willing to increase and multiply on a lower scale of living than the older immigrants would accept. Our larger cities are already overwhelmingly alien in their make-up. So are the mining-camps and the industrial towns. The percentage of persons of foreign birth or descended from parents of which one or both were of foreign birth is in excess of 70 per cent in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, and St. Louis. Inasmuch as the great majority of those who have come since 1895 have come from south and central Europe, our cities have become, or are soon to become, predominantly peopled by persons of non-Anglo-Saxon heritage.

Despite the emphasis placed on the ethnic side of the question our immigration policies have been determined by economic rather than racial considerations. They have followed changes in our own economic life, just as emigration out of Europe followed changes in the economic conditions in the older countries. For emigration out of Europe has been shaped by the poverty of Europe. The alien has come from the countries where the struggle for existence was most severe. The filling in of America has been controlled by the poverty of Europe rather than by any policy of our own. At the same time our attitude toward immigration has been moulded by economic considerations in this country. It was largely, almost exclusively, moulded by the free lands of the

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West. So long as there was land to be had for the asking there was no protest against immigration. Rather, every influence urged the freest possible admissions. Up to seventy years ago, and even later, people generally felt that the great West would never be filled in with people. It was hardly conceivable that the land would all be taken up. Land speculators preceded settlers. They took up land. They laid out towns. They owned or controlled the press. They influenced men in Congress. Western States cried aloud for settlers. They cared not whence they came. That was true up to about 1895. Then we began to appreciate that the land was fast filling in. As a matter of fact, there was but little free land as late as 1890.

About this time our industries began to take on enlarged form. Mines, mills, and factories grew with great rapidity. Our industrial development in the twenty years before the war was both rapid and in the direction of massing of capital into big units. Railroads were being built, cities and towns were growing with great rapidity. There was a need for workers of every kind, especially for artisans that we had not trained in this country, and for unskilled workers, that were not to be had. So the employers and the contractors urged that the gates be left open. They organized agencies to stimulate immigration. They joined with the steamship companies and sent runners to central and southern Europe to speed up the movement. For twenty years our immigration policy was shaped by contractors, employers, and the steamship companies. It was supported by public opinion, in the main eager for the industrial development of the country. During these years central and Southern Europe emptied itself of 15,000,000 people, of whom possibly one-third, or one fourth, returned to their native lands.

Then organized labor began to protest. It had no concern with ethnic questions. It was not moved by any race prejudice. Its first protest was against contract labor. It secured the absolute exclusion of persons who came here with a contract of employment in advance of their coming. Labor then demanded a restrictive law. Up to that time we had no restrictive legislation. Such laws as we had were selective. They kept out persons who, for physical, mental, moral, or political reasons were considered unfit. Also persons who were likely to become a public charge. In 1914 the only limit to the incoming tide was the capacity of the steamship companies, and the aid rendered by immigrants in this country to their friends and countrymen abroad. For upward of 70 per cent of those who come have received their invitation, they have had their expenses paid by aliens in this country. In 1914 the total immigration amounted to 1,200,000. Of these only 1⅓ per cent were rejected. They were rejected because they were feeble-minded, because they were paupers, or were likely to become a public charge, were afflicted by dangerous contagious diseases, were criminals, prostitutes, contract laborers, and persons whose tickets had been paid for by some foreign government. The great bulk of these were sent back because they were likely to become a public charge.

It was not until 1917 that America passed the first really restrictive legislation. That was the literacy test. It required that the alien should be able to read some language of his own choosing. This law was directed against southern and central Europe, where illiteracy runs as high as 50, 60, and even 70 per cent. The present percentage law, which limits the immigration from any country to 3 per cent of those already in this country from the country from which the alien comes, was a further effort to check immigration from southern and central Europe, and a limit to the total immigration from all countries. This law has recently been reaffirmed by Congress, and will probably be strengthened rather than weakened in the future. To-day there are no groups or agencies in this country that are urging a free, or even a liberal, immigration policy, save the organized Jewish agencies, and occasional but unorganized interests or groups that either believe in unrestricted immigration or in a sufficiently large inflow to take care of the demand for unskilled labor that is not adequately provided by our own population.

In all probability the age-long movement from the East toward the West has come to an end. America is no longer the hospitable mother of the restless, the dis-

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contented, and the impoverished of other and older worlds.

This is a portentous fact. It is possibly the most portentous fact in our recent history.

First. It means that immigration has come to a positive end. The outgo is likely to equal the income. Before the war the number of persons who left this country, the "birds of passage," so-called, was about 30 per cent of those who came. The aliens who left the country numbered about 300,000 a year. Many of them went back for a visit. Many returned to their native lands to enjoy their accumulations. The number of admissible aliens under the 3 per cent law is 355,000. The immigrant departures in 1920 were 288,000, and in 1921 they were 247,718. Deducting those that came for professional and other reasons, there is likely to be diminution rather than an increase in the immigrant aliens who are destined to productive work and such employment as is usually assigned to the newer immigrants.

Second. We have definitely determined that America is to have an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race. At least so far as admissions to the country control our racial quality. We cannot control the birth-rate. The older stock is undoubtedly less fertile than the newer races. It marries much later in life. It has fewer children. It does not increase as do the people from south and central Europe, and especially those that have a lower standard of living.

Third. In a few years' time we will be faced by a shortage of servants. It is only the recent immigrant and the negro that will accept menial work. The average working period of a servant is not to exceed seven years. Old age, marriage, industrial occupations, many causes call the servant from the kitchen, as they did during the war. Wages rose rapidly. They have continued high. This contributes to the exodus from the kitchen. It makes the servant less of a servant. It frees him from fear of loss of a job. Within a relatively short time there may be a famine of servants in America, a famine that cannot be corrected by opening our gates to women alone. For the women will not come if their men folks are to be left at home.

Fourth. There will be a vacuum in the labor field when industry revives. It will be especially noticeable in the unskilled trades. There will be a shortage of men in the iron and steel mills, in the mines, in the fields, in all those mass industries where mere physical power is needed.

Fifth. Growing out of this the production of wealth may diminish. Not because of the shortage of immigrant labor alone, but because nobody wants to be a manual worker if he can help it. The rapidity with which the aliens rise in the social scale is one of the miracles of the world. It matters little from what country they come, the change which takes place, and the rapidity with which it takes place, is one of the things that make men question if there is such a thing as race superiority, or is it merely a difference of opportunity. Men and women seem to want pretty much the same things. They want the things that those above them in the social scale have. And the universal desire of people is to get away from manual labor. No one wants to work with his hands if he can avoid it. As men rise from the unskilled trades to the skilled ones, they send their children to school or to college to rise still further. They want them to be stenographers, teachers, clerks, professional men. A very large percentage of the teachers in the public schools of any large city are children whose parents were born abroad. They are Jews, Bohemians, Poles, Germans. The same is true of stenographers, as it is of clerks and professional men and women.

A generation ago nearly every one was a producer. Fifty years ago almost everybody worked with his hands. There were very few people who did not contribute directly to the increase in the amount of wealth produced. Moreover, everybody worked to capacity. People were inspired by hope, by ambition, by the belief that they could, and would, rise by their own efforts. There was no such word as sabotage. To-day a large percentage of our people do no productive work, or work at secondary processes that contribute but little to the wealth of the world. And the instinct of almost everybody is to escape into a profession or a calling in which there is social caste, even though it be the caste of a clerk in a soda-water fountain.

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Let us project our minds ten years into the future, a ten years in which there has been no immigration, in which many immigrants who stand well up in the economic scale have gone back home, a ten years which, added to the eight years since the outbreak of the war closed our gates to immigration, makes eighteen years in the age of a man. By 1932 many of those now working in the iron and steel mills, in the mines and on the railroads, in the building of roads and the work on the farm, will have grown old. They can no longer do hard manual work. In the factories girls whose parents were of foreign birth have married or been worn out. The shop-girl has not been recruited from the better-to-do immigrants. There will certainly be a loss of 3,000,000 workers, and possibly many millions more. Where are they to come from? During these years the oncoming generation will be crowding into the more spectacular professions. They will be rising in the social scale. There will be a great increase in the number of non-producers; a growing unrest among those who have been educated at the public schools and in the colleges.

A condition like this has never confronted the world before. It could not arise in any European country, because caste made it impossible for many men to rise, while economic conditions with a rapid birth-rate kept competition alive for the most menial positions. Europe has always had more men than jobs. In consequence she always had a propertyless, ambitionless population that crowded on the opportunities for living.

I am not discussing whether this is a good thing or a bad thing. It will undoubtedly raise the standard of living of the workers. It will increase wages. It will put a premium on unskilled labor, on the servant, on those who are willing to accept the loss of caste involved in doing the dirty work that has to be done. All wages will probably rise. Hours of labor will probably be shortened. There will be a material gain to millions of people as a result of the labor vacuum that will be created if our gates remain closed and prosperity returns, as undoubtedly it will.

This may stimulate the inventive skill of the country. We may devise ways and means for doing many things by machines that are now being done by hand. That has been the history of high wages. Whenever it becomes cheaper to install machinery for the doing of man's work than to hire men to do it, the machine has been forthcoming. That happened in the iron and steel industry in the eighties and nineties, when the most marvellous changes and inventions revolutionized the industry. It will probably result in the harnessing of our water-power, in the electrification of many industries, in the elimination of much human waste. This will be a great gain. But there will still be a vacuum that cannot be filled in this way. As yet there are no machines to till the farm, care for the cattle, or provide the intelligence required in myriads of processes that require the hand and the brain of man.

The result of these conditions may be a reduction in the productive capacity of the nation. It will certainly reduce the number of persons occupied in manual pursuits, and especially in the elementary pursuits that are now manned by the raw material from Europe, which for a generation has been cheaper than the building of machines to do man's work.

Sixth. There is another change that is, of necessity, speculative. Yet it is the most interesting one of all. The movement of peoples pays little attention to racial considerations. It seems to be little influenced by political institutions. Several hundred thousand American farmers left our Western States and went to Canada before the war. They braved the hardships of a pioneer life. They faced the nearer Arctic winters. They accepted the chances of failure, the tedium of isolation. They gave up the comforts of a well-developed society in order to escape from tenancy, or the high cost of agricultural land. Like the pioneers who rushed to the homesteads of the West, when they were opened up by the government, the farmers of these older States trekked to Canada in response to the call of opportunity.

Now this seems to be the law of man. He seeks his food where it costs him the least effort. He is not moved by his mind, by his reason, by his patriotic emotions. He is moved by the instinct to satisfy his wants by the minimum of labor. This means finding fertile land rather

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than land that is exhausted. It means finding cheap land rather than land that costs him a lifetime of labor. It means escaping from tenantry to ownership, from the farm-hand to the farm owner, from the coal-mine and the steel mill to home ownership. The same instinct leads men to the gold-fields, to Alaska, to an oil gusher, to the spot where human effort yields the largest return.

Immigration has always responded to these forces. Very few people have left Europe to enjoy religious or even political liberty. They came because of the call of the land, in recent years because of the call of high wages. From the beginning of time individuals, families, tribes, races, and nations have moved about the face of the earth in response to the call of economic opportunity, and usually in response to the call of free or cheap land.

Now the free land of America is all gone. It is all owned. There is land enough and to spare for hundreds of millions of people. But it is either held out of use at speculative prices or conditions do not promise a sufficient return to labor. Land in the central West rose to two, three, and even five hundred dollars an acre during the high prices that prevailed during the war. While the land of America is held at high prices, or in large estates, the land of central Europe is being broken up into small holdings. It is being offered to settlers on attractive terms. Whether in Russia or in Poland, Czechoslovakia or the Balkan States, the rule as to land is much the same. A man is permitted to own only so much land as he himself can work. The old feudal estates are being sold on long-time payments, or on no payments at all. Russia alone contains one-seventh of the total land area of the globe. There are inexhaustible resources in her mines and forests. There are similar opportunities in the other countries. There is land enough in central Europe to care for tens of millions of families, and if order returns it can be had on easy terms. In addition these countries have worked out credit agencies that make it possible for the worker and the farmer to finance his purchases and his farming on easy terms. They are backed by the states or by co-operative societies. Co-operation has grown with marvellous rapidity in these countries since the war. It is becoming universal. Marketing is being organized, as is buying. In addition the dollar has swollen as a result of the depreciation of the currencies of these countries. It will convert the steel-worker into a capitalist. It will buy him a farm or an estate. It will change him to an employer. It will enable him to rise in the social scale. And we do not realize how greatly the alien in this country suffers from the low estate in which he is held. There is a resentment in the minds of many of them that they are treated as a lower type of human being.

There may or may not be an exodus from America when Europe settles down and the famines and pestilences and revolutions give place to order and security. Conditions may be so good in this country that men will prefer to stay. But central Europe may make a bid for men. The new countries may want their savings, they may want their experience, they may want the stability that they will give to the governments that are coming into being. They may offer them land. They may enlist them in industry. They may appeal to their patriotism. And if the history of man is any guide to us, men will go where conditions of life are easiest. They will follow the call of their stomach. They will adventure a new life as the farmers of the West ventured into Canada, as our forefathers ventured to America, and later to the prairies of the West. There may, in fact, be an exodus from this country within the next ten years. For there are 15,000,000 people in this country who were born in Europe. A very large percentage came from central and southern Europe. But few of them own their own homes. But few of them are attached to the soil. Most of them were peasants before they came. They have a hunger for land as have all continental Europeans, a hunger that has not been satisfied here and apparently cannot be satisfied here.

As to whether the age-long movement of peoples that broke on the Pacific Ocean will turn in its tracks and move backward to the rising sun is a matter for conjecture only. If men can satisfy their wants easier in Europe than they can in America, if they can escape from the status of workers and become owners, if they can

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rise in the social scale, if they can solve the problem of life easier in some other country than they can here, they will surely do so. The history of all America testifies to this as does the history of the human race. For man has been an immigrant from the beginning of time. He has cared very little for the heat of the sun or the cold of the Arctic circle. He has cared but little whether he was governed by a Pope, by a King, or by himself. Given a chance to rise in the world and to keep what he produced, man has followed that call, and the world is what it is to-day largely because of that fact. It may be that the raw material that America has received from Europe and raised to ambition and hope will return to the countries from which it came. It may be that one of our great contributions to the future of the world will be the men who go from our mills, our factories, our mines, and our cities to contribute their training and their abilities to the rebuilding of the countries that gave us so generously of their children in the past.

The Immigration Problem

A PRACTICAL AMERICAN SOLUTION

BY ROY L. GARIS
Teacher of Political Science and Economics at Vanderbilt University

ON February 20, 1922, the House of Representatives passed a joint resolution extending the operation of the Immigration Act of May 19, 1921, to and including June 30, 1923, by a vote of 281 to 36, with 112 not voting. This Act of May 19, 1921, provides that "the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted under the immigration laws to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to 3 per centum of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States, as determined by the United States census of 1910."

The Immigration Act of May 19, 1921, was passed as a makeshift, temporary emergency measure to stem the tide of those unfortunates of Europe who desired to come into the "Land of Promise" in order to escape the misery and burdens which they inherited from the war. There was little or no time for an intelligent, historical, and scientific study of the question. In order to meet the emergency, we had to depart from our traditional policy of virtual unrestricted immigration, and we had to do so *at once*.

The measure adopted was drastic, yet it received the approval of public opinion throughout the entire country. According to this Act, 355,825 immigrants are entitled to enter the United States prior to June 30 of this year. Had Congress accepted the 1920 census instead of that of 1910, as was advocated by some, the number to be admitted would have been 361,653. This is a heavy restriction when one compares the number it admits with the number of immigrants—805,000—which came in the year immediately preceding. Being a new policy, it was inevitable that it should create hardship in some cases, yet "a restrictive law is expected to restrict." Most of the hardships resulting from "this cruel and iniquitious law," as it was characterized by Representative Sabath, occurred during the early months of the fiscal year. The hardships pictured so pathetically by the opponents of this 3 per cent law were due to the activities of dishonest alien steamship companies who have tried to corrupt, debauch, and nullify the law for selfish purposes, and to the necessary readjustment of the nations to our new—aye, revolutionary—immigration policy. With all of its faults, Congress is not so inhumane as some would have us believe. On March 16 the House passed a resolution under which approximately 2,400 aliens admitted temporarily to the United States prior to March 7 in excess of the 3 per cent quotas would be

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permitted to remain in this country permanently, thus granting relief in those cases which caused even our President to write, September 9, 1921: "I haven't any doubt in the world but the enforcement of the immigration laws is working many a hardship." But such is inevitable in any drastic transition from one policy to another.

To-day Ellis Island is more nearly a desert than it has been in twenty years. Steamship agents have learned to heed our warnings not to bring innocent immigrants to this country in excess of the quotas. The machinery for carrying out the law is working, and the weaknesses in the operation of the law are known. It has been estimated that by June 30 next the Act will have kept from the United States 1,750,000 to 2,000,000 immigrants, few of whom we would have been prepared to receive and care for in a year of unemployment and readjustment. The consensus of opinion seems to be that in inaugurating this new and untried policy after 135 years' experience under the Constitution, the only wonder is that this law has been as successfully administered as it has. Clearly, we are ready for something definite and permanent.

The question now before the country is: What is to be our permanent immigration policy? The joint resolution passed by the House and by the Senate April 15, with several amendments, was "offered so that the people of the United States may continue to have the benefit of that restriction." Later the conference committee reached an agreement giving one year longer for study and the formulation of a permanent immigration policy. But even such action as this means that Congress must pass another law at its short session, which ends automatically next March 4, unless by taking no action it should express its desire to return again to the former policy of immigration.

However, such a return to the old custom of free immigration is impractical and improbable, and I do not believe the people of the United States either wish or will permit it. The people of the United States want restriction—strict, severe restriction—and to this sort of task we must gird our loins.

In a letter of March 16, 1922, to Senator William J. Harris, President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, pleads for a law stricter than the 3 per cent Act, his plan being virtually equivalent to absolute restriction. He writes thus, in the name of the American Federation of Labor, to Senator Harris:

"*Sir:* In the name of the workers and the would-be workers now unemployed we protest against the adoption of H. J. Res. No. 268, as passed by the House of Representatives.

"At the hearings before the House committee the representatives of the American Federation of Labor urged that immigration be restricted, except for the dependent immediate relatives of aliens now here who have established themselves and are able to support such dependent relatives, on the ground that every effective immigrant admitted under present industrial conditions must result in throwing out of employment a worker now in our country. We repeat that assertion; we point to the millions of workers walking the streets of our cities and industrial towns or tramping the roads because they can find no employment. We hold that to admit more potential workers at this time is an injustice not only to those now here but to those aliens who might be admitted. . . .

"We ask, first, for restriction of immigration to the immediate dependent relatives of foreigners now here.

"Or, second, that the present 3 per cent limitation law shall be the law until further action of the Congress of the United States.

"Or, third, that the present limitation law shall continue in force until June 30, 1924, thus safeguarding the country from a flood of immigration, until Congress shall have opportunity to adopt permanent legislation dealing with this problem."

The late Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian Russell), returned not long ago from a special mission to Europe, commissioned by President Harding to investigate and report upon the immigration problem to the Department of Labor, proposed a five-year "immigration holiday" or "a system for selecting and sifting immigrants abroad."

Citing France and Italy as illustrations of countries where every able-bodied man is at work, Mrs. Moore declared that

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"only those useless in the reconstruction of their countries are seeking to come to the United States." She said, also, that "our America has passed the transition stage. It is to-day a world-power. An intelligent, cohesive, loyal citizenship is its propulsive force. The melting-pot has been overcrowded. It has boiled too quickly and is running over. It were better to put out the fires under it and allow its contents to solidify before adding any more raw material. . . . If we don't put up the bars and make them higher and stronger, there no longer will be an America for Americans. . . . One particular fact is that no good immigration is turning our way. The good inhabitants of every foreign country are needed there, and can possibly be happier and more contented there than in America."

Neither President Gompers's plan nor Mrs. Moore's "immigration holiday" could be accepted as a permanent policy, for thereby we would indeed become a "hermit nation." Both propose to delay the solution to the problem for two or more years.

Mrs. Moore's other suggestion, "a system for selecting and sifting immigrants abroad," has found various advocates, both in and outside of Congress. She suggested that American consuls be given authority to put applicants through rigid mental tests, and that American physicians be employed abroad to make physical tests. Such a plan of inspection at foreign ports has been considered carefully by Congress and dropped, due not only to the "red tape" that would be involved, but also to informal objections against such legislation communicated through the Secretary of State from various foreign countries.

Two other suggestions have been made, first, a law to the effect that 50 per cent of what immigration we do receive shall come to us in American ships, and, second, a law to require the registration of all aliens, including newcomers and those now here. But these proposals are of minor significance as a solution to the problem.

What, then, should be our permanent immigration policy? A brief historical review will reveal to us a practical, American solution which would receive nation-wide approval.

The arrival of passengers from abroad was first officially recorded in 1819, and since that date more or less accurate records have been kept of immigration. During the whole period from 1776 to 1820 the average annual immigration amounted to a little more than 7,700. Between 1820–1860 a total of 6,062,414 immigrants came into the United States. The British Islands contributed 54 per cent of the total and Germany sent the next largest number, amounting to nearly 30 per cent. The total immigration into the United States from 1861 to 1916 was 27,772,000, and of this number 17,398,000 have come since 1880, which indicates that immigration has been increasing in recent years. In fact, in the decade from 1901 to 1910 the total was 8,795,386, which is the largest for any ten years in our history. However, these are not the net gains, for many immigrants have no intention of staying here permanently, but are part of that floating population so characteristic of present migrations.

It has been pointed out that the general tendency of opinion is to favor more and more restrictions to check this great flood of aliens, for very few persons now maintain the doctrine that America should be kept open as the "haven for the oppressed of all nations." The causes are not hard to find, viz., "the fear that the competition of the newcomers reduces wages and lowers the American standard of living, and that it is impossible to absorb and Americanize foreigners as rapidly as they have been coming. Furthermore, it is argued that industrial advantages are not as great as formerly, that most of the desirable land is now claimed by settlers, that the lot of those who come can scarcely be better than that of menial laborers, and that existing opportunities should be more and more protected for the benefit of present inhabitants."

But the fundamental and vital reason is that the present stream of immigrants flows largely from portions of Europe where the institutions and people are so different from our own that great social damage would result without careful restriction. It is to the problem of the proper restriction of this type of aliens

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that this article is directed. The author believes that if we can solve this difficulty the problem itself is largely solved and we shall have an effective permanent American policy, for, as President Lowell, of Harvard, says, "it is, indeed, largely a perception of the need of homogeneity, as a basis for popular government and the public opinion on which it rests, that justifies democracies in resisting the influx in great numbers of a widely different race."

The total number of immigrants into the United States from western Europe between 1871 and 1880 was 2,080,266, while the total from southern and eastern Europe was only 181,638. But between 1901 and 1910 the total from the former was 2,007,119, while the number from southern and eastern Europe increased to 6,128,897. Thus, while immigration from western Europe was almost the same for the two decades, that from southern and eastern Europe increased from 181,000 to over 6,000,000. During the former period immigration from the latter portion constituted only 9 per cent of the total from Europe, while in the period from 1901 to 1910 it was about 75 per cent. The following table will illustrate the point still further, showing the gradual decrease of the old and the rapid increase of the new —and undesirable—immigration:

EIGHT YEARS (1882–1889)	
Old immigration	3,019,696
New immigration	708,357
	3,728,053
SEVEN YEARS (1890–1896)	
Old immigration	1,652,797
New immigration	1,194,189
	2,846,986
EIGHTEEN YEARS (1897–1914)	
Old immigration	2,983,548
New immigration	10,057,576
	13,041,124
Total old immigration (1882–1914)	7,566,041
Total new immigration (1882–1914)	11,960,122
Total immigration from Europe, old and new (1882–1914)	19,526,163

It is this new immigration that we fear and desire to restrict and, if possible, even to eliminate. It is this new immigration that has already exhausted its quotas long before the fiscal year is out. What is the solution acceptable to us and to the nations of Europe? The logical answer seems to be to keep the 3 per cent clause as a permanent ratio, but let it be 3 per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of each nationality resident in the United States as determined by the United States census of 1890 instead of 1910 or 1920. This is a simple yet a practical solution based on historical facts. The machinery is already in operation and the nations of Europe have expressed their willingness to co-operate with us when we make known our policy. On January 3, 1921, the Secretary of State notified the House Committee on Immigration that "the Italian Government has suspended the issuance of passports to subjects emigrating to the United States, and will refrain from issuing such passports until informed as to the classes of immigrants desired in this country."

Such a plan would reduce the immigrants from southern and eastern Europe to a few thousands each year, while it would admit virtually all of those from western Europe who might desire to come, yet the total from Europe would be very small. Provision could be made to admit students, just as exceptions are made in favor of such persons from China and Japan. Such a law would certainly meet with public approval, and would be free from practically all the objections to our former and present policies. It would be stricter restriction, yet short of absolute restriction, and it would eliminate the need for an "immigration holiday." It is a plan which we can adopt to-day for our permanent immigration policy—a plan which will meet the present emergency, secure our desired ends, enable us to Americanize those aliens now here, and to save America for Americans without doing injustice to or working undue hardships against those who may desire to come to us in the future.

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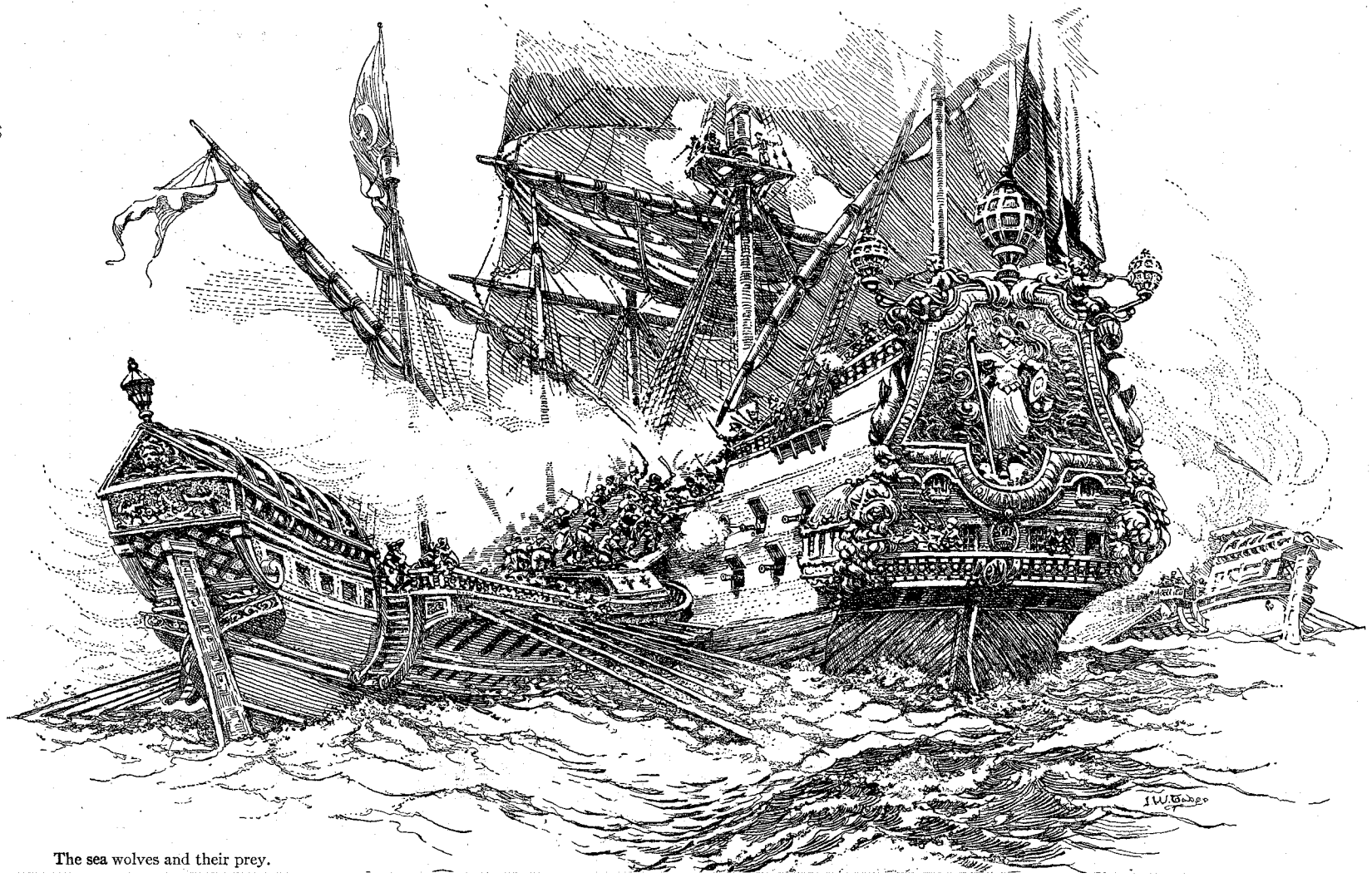

The sea wolves and their prey.

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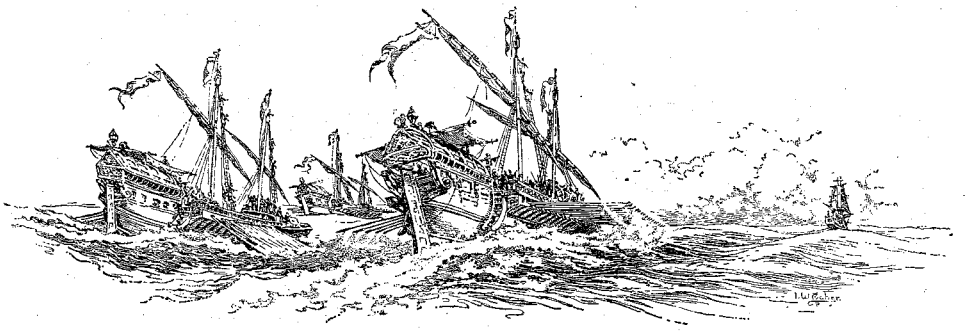


Sea Wolves of the Seventeenth Century

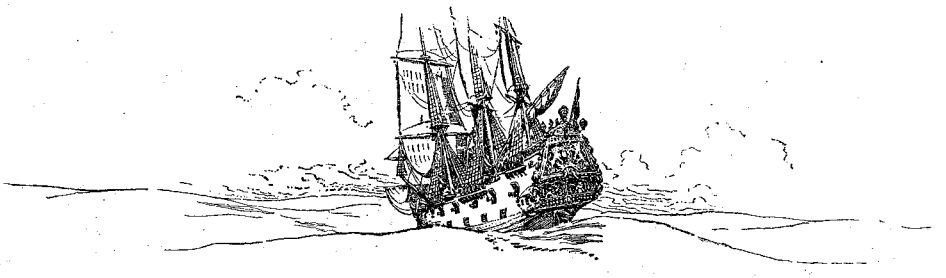
DRAWINGS AND NOTES BY I. W. TABER

THE Barbary Pirates plied their nefarious trade throughout the Mediterranean, and later past Gibraltar and along the shores of the Atlantic.

Originally recruited from the Barbary States and Morocco, their main strength during the seventeenth century was supplied by renegades from all parts of Christendom. Feeling was high against the "Christian Dogs," and these Mahommedan sea wolves, with their swift deadly galleys and rascallion crews, played terrible havoc with the gold-laden caravels coming in from the West, innocent traders from the North, and Indiamen from the Far East.

Equipped with banks of powerful oars (manned by the wretched victims of some previous escapade), the galleys were not dependent upon wind for movement, and had, therefore, the advantage of approach, and would bear down in twos and threes upon some helpless, becalmed merchantman. Skilfully avoiding any possibility of a broadside from their prey, and using their own batteries (usually one twenty-four and two eight-pounders) they would make a rush alongside, grapple and board. There would be a desperate clash of scimitar and cutlass, a rattle of small arms, and another tragedy of the deep found its ending.

Those of the ship's crew who were unfortunate enough to escape the sword were sold as galley-slaves or held for ransom, with the prospect of an unhealthy death if the ransom money was not forthcoming. Galley-slaves were chained to their benches and urged on by overseers with raw-hide lashes.



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Serenity

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

Round Lake Serenity
The shores are tapestry
Of velvet grasses sleek,
Always in-curving, like a woman's arm
Round a child sleeping, or the winding charm
Of my Love's hair, that rippled golden-warm
Once on her brow and cheek.
All that dear wealth is vanished long, I know,
But rippling so
The shore-lines range around Serenity.

It looks the home of peace
Where all loud rumors cease,
And nothing harshlier falls
Than ripe rose-flakes, or petals of blown snow;
There wood-duck broods in soundless phalanx go,
And winds and waters mute as moments flow,
And unknown woodland calls
Sudden out-shrilling, in their dying make
The hush they break
Deeper, as lightnings do but dark increase.

And clear, oh, crystal-clear
Did those chill pools appear
The last time I looked down
Into their heart, when round an empty boat
I found a drifting scarf, a flower afloat,
And no voice answered me but Echo's note;
And still those pebbles brown
Mind me of eyes that praise, but will not smile,
All the long while
They wait in glory, and I mourn them here.

I shall not tread again
Those haunted shores; but when
God shall unmake the sea,
My Love and I along a cloud shall lie
And watch, not wholly with untroubled eye,
The dim lake drown, and winds and waters die—
Shall view the tragedy
When Nature, long insensate to our pain,
Cries out in vain,
And yields her old serenity to men.

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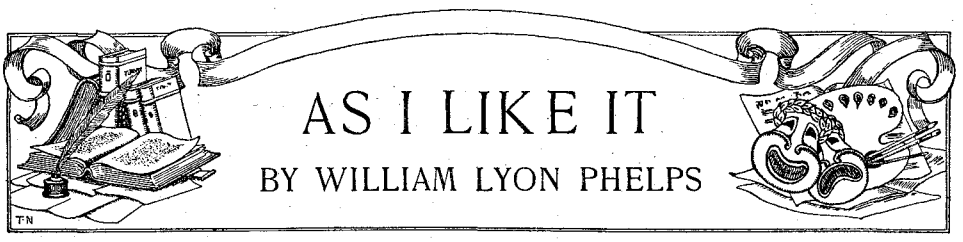

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

SEPTEMBER is the month of academic beginnings, as June is filled with the reverberations of commencement oratory and the music of wedding-bells. When one reflects on the enormous amount of excellent advice released not only in baccalaureate sermons but by high-school seniors, one cannot help wondering why more of it is not translated into conduct. The boys and girls who "speak their pieces" to vast audiences in the assembly-halls invariably preach idealism—courage in public life, altruism in business, nobility in human relations, purity in heart. What a cold shock it would be if some pupil in school or college should, in his commencement oration, defend the average practice of humanity rather than the ideal. No: the boys and girls are all on the side of the angels. We expect to hear from their young lips only the highest sentiments, just as we expect another line of action in the world of business and politics. Yet these intensely earnest and sincere exhorters are to control business and politics in the next generation. At just what point, I wonder, does depreciation begin?

The boys and girls are undoubtedly right. They present the world, not as it is, but as it ought to be. And it is possible that this commencement leaven of idealism more and more permeates the mass—possibly a man of fifty, about to do something questionable, suddenly remembers the high words he wrote and spoke thirty years before, and is saved from moral disaster by his own youth. Preaching should never become obsolete, for if it does little good to the audience it certainly helps the speaker, and even the preacher's soul is worth saving. Since the sentiments of youth are right, and the behavior of most men and women wrong, it would seem doubly unwise to supplant a liberal education by a vocational one. Yet there are many who insist that the universities ought to fit their pupils more directly for a business career—that they ought indeed to adopt business methods. We really need not less but more idealism—instead of trimming the ideal to suit human convenience, we ought to elevate conduct to conform somewhat more closely to the model. I suppose it is by some such process of reflection that Mr. Santayana says that the colleges should not grow more like the world, but that the world should become more like the colleges.

September is the month of mental awakening: the schools and universities reopen, the symphony orchestras are in active rehearsal, the more serious theatres are busy, the churches begin to fill. For my own part, I have never felt any vital connection between the temperature and my mind. I am just as religious in August as in January; I can listen to Beethoven and Wagner with the same eagerness in July as in December. I do not believe that the human intellect hibernates in heat. And it is pleasant to observe that the big cities of America furnish more opportunities for mental stimulation in the summer than was the case formerly. Wisdom is justified of her children. The experiment of giving classical concerts in New York during the hot weather, begun a few years ago, was and continues to be triumphantly successful. Summer schools are increasingly popular.

Just as mountain hotels in Switzerland and in the Adirondacks, which used to be closed in the cold, are now as popular in winter as in summer, so many of us may live to see the time when there shall be as much intellectual life in the cities during "the heated term" as in the days and nights of frost. The human mind should be like a good hotel—open the year round.

For the present, however, there remains an academic, a musical, and a theatrical

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"season"; and those of us who love good books, good music, and good plays are wondering what the autumn of 1922 will bring forth. Since the year 1914 New York has been the musical capital of the world, and the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Never have there been so many symphony concerts, and never have they been more thickly attended, nor with more reason. If Beethoven were on the earth, he would love New York. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Company is the first in the world, and the only reason why it is not better is because the best singers to-day are not equal to those of the last decade of the last century. I am no exalter of the past. I know how easy it is to magnify what was at the expense of what is. But I am not more certain of anything than I am of the supreme excellence of the Metropolitan voices of the happy nineties. To hear a tuneful opera like "Faust" sung by Emma Eames, Lassalle, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, to hear the mighty works of Wagner sung gloriously and interpreted with uncanny intelligence by persons who actually satisfied the eye, was to be living in the golden age. We suffered from an excess of riches. It is a pity that Edouard de Reszké and Plançon should have been contemporaries; it is a pity that Emma Eames, Nordica, Calvé, Sembrich, Melba, Ternina, should have adorned the operatic stage at the same moment. As a tenor, Jean de Reszké indeed had the field all to himself; as Lohengrin, his appearance, manner, and voice were as perfect as the author's dream. Well, the new season will introduce some new voices, as did the season of 1921–1922. Fortunately we have returned to the practice of presenting operas in the original language of the libretto. Otto Kahn, whose judgment in art is as sound as his judgment in business, is wholly right in this matter. The chief reason why Continental opera-houses do not follow our example is because they cannot afford to.

Why is it, when America has produced such a stunning array of women singers, her motherhood of singing men is so meagre? A teacher of long experience told me it was owing to our low valuation of art. Singing is not regarded as a man's job. Perhaps.

But if the opera is not so good as it used to be, the theatre (only in New York, alas!) is better. Every American interested in modern drama should buy, not borrow, Burns Mantle's yearly book on the plays of the past season. It is a complete and valuable record, by which it is immediately apparent what plays were produced, by whom acted, by whom written, and by what numbers attended. Not long ago I heard a cultivated gentleman, in an after-dinner speech, bemoan the present condition of the stage. To prove his point, he read a list of the dramatic offerings forty years ago, and compared them with flimsy stuff now on the boards. He mentioned Shakespeare, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and others; but he did not mention the original contemporary English plays of that period, for the simple reason (I suppose) that they were not worth mentioning. The play is always more important than the actor; the play's the thing. I had rather any night hear a good play poorly interpreted than tinsel beautifully set forth. Indeed the better one produces trash the worse off we are; it is like trying to make vice respectable. Nor is it advisable to have the modern theatre depend upon the past, no, not even on Shakespeare. Original plays are the life of the stage. Forty years ago there were a few brilliant stars; but where were the playwrights? To-day we have the thrill of going to a first night of Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Ervine, O'Neill.

During the last three seasons in New York there were so many excellent new plays as to take away the last excuse for spending one's time and money on inanity, vulgarity, or filth, which we have always with us. The asylums cannot possibly hold all the idiots; furthermore, there are an extraordinary number of idiots who are not dangerous, and there is no reason why they should be confined. It is necessary, however, that they should be entertained; and musical comedy seems to have been skilfully arranged to meet their needs.

There has never been a great play written in the Western Hemisphere. I was much interested in an article, "The Significance of Recent American Drama," contributed to the July SCRIBNER'S by

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my friend Arthur Quinn, of the University of Pennsylvania. That an essay showing such familiarity with the contemporary stage should have been written by a college professor is itself significant. It excites no surprise to-day, for courses in modern drama are given in many universities; forty years ago it would have been an audacity. Mr. Quinn's article is like a skilful lawyer's plea; he is an advocate, and he argues with force and enthusiasm, presenting a large number of exhibits. The cold fact remains: there has never been a great play written in the Western Hemisphere. I am not thinking of Shakespeare, Goethe, or Molière; we have never produced a play equal to the best work of Barrie, Shaw, or Galsworthy. No American dramatist, however popular, has ever made an impression on the world's thought, as Ibsen, Björnson, Hauptmann, and Shaw have impressed it. But that our metropolitan stage is steadily growing in importance, and that universities are eagerly studying contemporary playwrights, and that theatre guilds and little theatres are multiplying, are perhaps necessary prerequisites. The American drama is worth studying, if only for an exploratory operation, to discover what is the matter with it.

Montrose J. Moses, whose services to students are numerous and valuable, has recently edited, in three tall volumes, "Representative Plays by American Dramatists." These imposing books contain thirty plays which adequately illustrate the history of American dramatic literature from 1765 to 1911. Many of these specimens have never before been printed. Others were inaccessible to the general public and all have been edited with scrupulous care. Portraits and biographies are given of the authors, original title-pages are reproduced; the circumstances accompanying the composition of each play and of its first performance are succinctly given. Homage to the publishers for this undertaking! The expense must have been huge, and it will be a long time before they get back the money invested. But the work is permanent, and it is to be hoped that in the course of a century or so the returns will have justified the experiment. It is a fine adventure and a patriotic service.

None except those who have done some honest editing can appreciate the toil represented in this collection. Mr. Moses must have worked night and day for years. He has been obliged to go through hundreds of manuscripts, dusty heaps of old letters, and conduct an extensive correspondence himself.

Here we behold the development of American drama. If we cannot share the fierce enthusiasm of Mr. Quinn for our contemporary plays, our opinion of them will rise if we read those of a hundred years ago. One thing may be said emphatically. The recent war, together with the large number of plays resulting from it, has given to these early pieces collected by Mr. Moses a peculiar value, quite unforeseen by him when he began his task. The comedies and tragedies of the Revolution, the effect of hostile sentiments between British and Americans, the attitude toward the Tories, show how history and human nature repeat themselves.

Does every one know that George L. Aiken prepared the most popular play in the history of America, I mean "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Has every one read the two texts of "Rip Van Winkle," employed by Boucicault and Jefferson? Mr. Moses gives a comparative text of the dramatizations by Kerr and by Burke, so that we may follow the evolution of this favorite piece. The introduction shows how the conception of Rip developed, how Jefferson came to use it, and what he did with it. It is not always remembered that Jefferson's first night in this rôle, in 1865, took place in London, the New York performance coming a year later. As the drama is printed here, it is incredibly flat and dull, and I suspect the text used by Jefferson is not much better. It was never the story, but Jefferson himself, that lent to it such vogue on the stage. In spite of the fact that he gave so much pleasure to many thousands, I for one regret his unwillingness to take risks and appear in other parts. Jefferson was a character actor of remarkable charm; it would have been better for our theatre had he been willing to make experiments, instead of contenting himself year after year with a sure thing. His services to the American stage do not compare with those rendered

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by Richard Mansfield, who made many sacrifices in order to present to American audiences the best plays in the world, old and new.

The third volume will naturally be the most interesting to the largest number, as it deals with the writers of our own time. If the playwrights fifty years hence can show as much improvement over the last ten pieces here printed as these show over the preceding twenty, no American will then have to apologize for American dramatists.

The all-important thing for the American stage is a resident repertory company in every city. The astonishing growth of the Little Theatre movement is encouraging; and there is no reason why the Theatre Guild of New York should not be imitated, however remotely, in many other places. It used to be said that the independent theatres often produced good plays, but if one wished to see good acting, one must go to the commercial houses. The New York Theatre Guild has changed all that. Every well-informed person now knows that if he desires excellent productions, the Theatre Guild will best satisfy him. Their presentation of "Liliom" was the finest thing in New York; and all we can say of their success with "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah" is to quote Kipling: "the Thing that Couldn't has occurred."

To change from new plays to new books: all lovers of Dickens and all who do not love him should read Mr. Santayana's essay in his 1922 volume, "Soliloquies in England." I mean of course that every one should read this essay, for with Dickens there is no *tertium quid*. Every one is either for Dickens or against him; Dickens has never left an indifferent reader. I thought I knew Santayana pretty well; but I was unprepared for his magnificent tribute to the great novelist. It is interesting to see one who has so little enthusiasm for life in love with one who loved life with such gusto. I think it is the best discussion of Dickens I have ever read, and I have read many good ones. It is acute, sympathetic, profound; and the style is Santayana at his best; there is in our time no better English prose than that. "I call his the perfection of morals, for two reasons: that he put the distinction between good and evil in the right place, and that he felt this distinction intensely." How unlike Dickens is to many contemporary novelists who apparently do not know the difference between right and wrong! No one should insist that a novelist should share his particular view of religion and ethics, or that the novelist should be didactic; but an inability to distinguish good from evil seems to me as fatal to a novelist's interpretation of life as color-blindness would be to the work of a painter.

For linkèd sweetness long drawn out, for wit, humor, and charm maintained through hundreds of pages with no slackening, few books of the year are better than Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack." Is it not possible that this shrewd author, observing that so many modern novels represent marriage as an intolerable boredom—a boredom even greater to readers than it could have been to the characters—and knowing by actual observation that there were some happy and successful marriages, determined to write about one, for novelty if for nothing else? At all events, my thanks to Mr. Bennett for this change in the weather. To read "Mr. Prohack" after attempting to read this and that is like feeling a fresh, invigorating breeze at the close of a sultry afternoon.

I see that the English critics are puzzled by the continued popularity of "If Winter Comes," and are trying perplexedly to account for it. The book has awakened a like response from both British and American readers. I wish some other problems were as easy as this. The failure of such a novel would have been the real enigma. A book with one great character, abounding in humor and tragedy, filled with the spirit of life—why should it not be popular? It will be interesting to see if "This Freedom" attains a similar success. It is written with an even sharper intensity of emotion; it deals with a question discussed to-day in every home; there are single passages which can never be forgotten; but as a whole, will it come up to everybody's expectation? Whatever the result, no one but a genuine artist could have written it, and no artist could have written it unless his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar.

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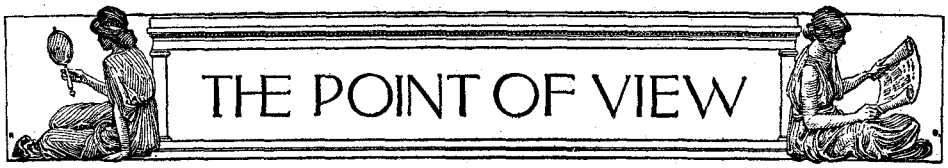

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE'S Rectorial Address, "Courage," delivered at St. Andrews University, Scotland, in May, has attracted many readers by its unfailing charm and sincerity, with flashes of humor and touches of pathos, such as his allusion to the tragedy and the courage of Captain Scott, the explorer of the Antarctic.

Sonnets by Barrie's Adopted Son

There is another very poignant allusion to one who was very dear to Barrie (although his name is not mentioned)—one who is "the lad that will never be old." Of him Barrie says: "He often gaily forgets, and thinks he has slain his foe by daring him, like him who, dreading water, was always the first to leap into it. One can see him serene, astride a Scotch cliff, singing to the sun the farewell thanks of a boy." And then he reproduces an anonymous sonnet. This was one of two written by Michael Llewelyn Davies, who was the adopted son of Sir James Barrie and the grandson of Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby." He was an undergraduate, drowned, at the age of twenty, two years ago at Oxford while bathing. He had been the editor of the *Eton College Chronicle* in 1918, and that paper published both of the sonnets, which he wrote at Eilean Chona, an island on the west coast of Scotland, in August, 1920. They are here reproduced, as originally printed, for the enjoyment of our readers:

EILEAN CHONA

I

Thronged on a cliff serene Man saw the sun
hold a red torch above the farthest seas,
and the fierce island pinnacles put on
in his defence their sombre panoplies;
Foremost the white mists eddied, trailed and spun
like seekers, emulous to clasp his knees,
till all the duty of the scene seemed one,
led by the secret whispers of the breeze.

The sun's torch suddenly flashed upon his face
and died; and he sat content in subject night
and dreamed of an old dead foe that had sought
and found him;
a beast stirred boldly in his resting-place;
and the cold came; Man rose to his master-height,
shivered and turned away; but the mists were
round him.

II

Island of sleep, where wreathèd Time delays,
haven of things remote, indulgent, free,
Thou whose encircling mists in autumn days
veiled the intruder on thy secrecy;
he there beheld bright flowers in a dream
join with tall trees to cheat the Cyprian,
and heard in murmurs of a woodland stream
Arcadian measures of resurgent Pan;

Yet will not tread again thy perfumed shore
and mount the coloured slope beneath the trees,
or there release his senses ever more
to tread the footprints of old deities,
so thou do not send echoes to remind
of those sweet pipes, and charm him from his kind.

CONSISTENCY is said to be the law of little minds and the law which great minds most delight in breaking. However that may be, consistency is truly a most cold, narrow, uninteresting affair. To be safe and tiresome, be consistent; and perhaps it does not always insure safety, not at least from boredom. Wildly and thrillingly to inherit all dangers and all high rewards, the receipt seems to be inconsistency. To be heroic, be consistent; for does not one become a hero by deliberately and joyously disregarding all the laws of self-preservation? It may even be said that to be natural one is obliged to be inconsistent.

The Charms of Inconsistency

This startling statement is made advisedly and after due consideration. No observer of nature has failed to discover in her behavior an inconsistency which is positively feminine and as positively fetching. She is just as whimsical as she has to be, and as perhaps she wants to be. If she were consistent, she would be wooden, dead. A few examples of the verity of this claim should establish its truth.

A year ago I observed the mating of a robin with a brown thrasher. This *affaire d'amour*, you will admit, was the height of inconsistency. Yet it was as deeply diverting as it was attended with complete success. The little robins or thrashers hatched duly, and both parents showed the customary devotion to their brood. Again, I had a pair of pigeons which brought forth with the ultra monotony of consistency two squabs. One of these died. Knowing of the nest of

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a wild dove in a nearby orchard, I brought a little dove to the pigeon's nest. Straightway she adopted it; but so great was the love that she acquired for the stranger that she gave it all her attention, permitting her own child to die! The little wild dove in the tame nest waxed fat and mighty. This was very inconsistent of nature. Not a week later I observed the mating of a wild dove with a tame pigeon; and I now have a doveon as proof of this strange union.

Such matters are impellers to the thoughtful mind to consider inconsistency in the light of its eerie charms. One of these undoubtedly is the fact that as intelligence increases, consistency decreases. All amœbas, I suppose—though admitting a tenuous acquaintance with them—behave just alike. Rhizopods can be pigeonholed. In the lower orders of life there is little variation; consequently there is little character. All is orderly, logical, monotonous. But as we consider the higher orders, ending in man, we discover variability, whimsicality, and an endless and pleasingly bewildering array of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles." Perhaps, far more than we know, these account for that felicitous quality which we call personality. We appear to be attracted to people in proportion as they are different from other people. For this reason all fashions are foolish; all types are tiresome; and such expressions as "a Yale man," "a Princeton man," "a Harvard man,"—supposedly descriptive of mutually exclusive types, are futile and fatuous. Charm seems to be a quality of individuality. For example, a ballet of a thousand nymphs, all arrayed with equal diaphanousness, is less engaging than a single child running after its first butterfly. Variety is the spice of life because it is the life-blood of the most vital and interesting thing in human experience, Personality.

A high regard for consistency is both tedious and absurd, for it robs one of the use of his resourcefulness. When the genuinely alert mind is startled by danger, it acts, not from habit and not by rule, but from motives relative to its immediate interest, even though such behavior was never tried before. One draws on the deep sources of his latent powers. What I mean can be simply illustrated. A friend of mine of the most sedentary habits was persuaded to accompany me into a wild valley famous for its brook trout and for rattlesnakes. My friend's terror of snakes was such that he could readily believe Medusa to be Satan. It happened that we were fishing on opposite sides of a stream whose banks were heavily brushed. Neither was aware of the immediate presence of the other. Suddenly I began pulling out my line, and the quiet snarl of my reel was no mean imitation of a rattler's sinister song. In a moment I was amazed to see my friend jumping logs, high bushes, and formidable windbreaks as if he were a deer, airily floating over these obstructions. That he jumped nearly six feet is certain; he was positively dynamic. All this proved to me that it is only when one is most inconsistent that one is most alive.

Finally, when we consider that surprise is the child of inconsistency we shall the more readily understand the latter's charms; for there is perhaps no keen delight, no joy akin to rapture which does not have in it the wild tang of surprise. The bread of astonishment is by no means always sour, as the poets would have us believe; its flavor is often ambrosial. Many experiences have this charm of surprise which is almost inseparable from that peculiar pleasure which unanticipated glamour confers: a sudden star beaming benignly through the ragged racks of storm-clouds; the savage strike of a brook-trout after an angler has angled idly for an hour; a far valley view dawning from a turn in the high mountain-road; the refusal of a kiss from one's sweetheart; or the offer of a kiss from one's wife.

THE problem of the unmarried woman seems to be one with which the entire world, or at least the English-speaking portion of it, is unduly concerned. She is sharply criticized because she has not married, pitied because she could not marry, and viewed with alarm in either case. The alarm becomes the greater when, as sometimes happens, she is goaded into a spirited resentment of the misguided pity bestowed upon her, and seeks to justify herself; but the real injustice done her lies in the fact that the alarmists think it necessary to consider her an exceptional member of society.

The Sum of Living

Being incurably Irish, I instinctively take the opposite side of an argument as long as I have any sort of a leg to stand on, and in this case it strikes me that I have at least a crutch. It is true that any number of women may be unhappily unmarried.

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Many of them admit it. It is impossible, and unnecessary, to describe the aching emptiness, the hopeless sense of futility, that must come to any one whose life is incomplete. But even such a life need not be of one dimension only. It may have breadth and depth as well as length.

I sat in my room one afternoon, trying not to listen to Margaret practising her music lesson, and wondering why her parents require her to study music at all. She is most unmusical and she simply loathes practising; consequently she was working against time, and the air was rent with the protests of a persecuted piano. You could hear every note she left out, and by the same token you wished she would leave them all out and be done with it. Finally her mother, in desperation, attempted to help her a little. Margaret declared emphatically that she was playing her lesson as it was written, and when her mother insisted on showing her she exclaimed indignantly:

"Mother, you don't know anything about it. Notes are different than they were when you were young."

Ridiculous, isn't it? But, in a way, Margaret is right. Times have changed, if notes have not. The ancient and honorable profession of motherhood has become so complicated that it requires the wisdom and the skill of a specialist. The mere physical fact of having entered the profession is hardly the beginning, as modern mothers are coming to recognize. That many of them need help is clearly pictured in the earnest, sometimes anxious, faces one sees at Mothers' Clubs and Councils. It is the business of the school-teacher, for instance, to supplement the work of the mother who is not quite up to the mark in efficiency.

On the first day of September a certain mother took her small son by the hand and led him into the first-grade room, to start him out on his educational career. In giving the child's birth-date, residence, and other necessary information, she managed to become so involved in the family history it appeared likely that Son might remain where he stood until he took root. But Son was a lad who had lived to learn, and he was equal to this occasion. Stamping his foot, he glared at his mother and fairly yelled:

"Mamma, shut up! You're talking too much."

The mother subsided in meek submission to male assumption of authority, however immature; and Teacher, swallowing her chuckles, led Son to his seat, resolving that along with the three historic R's he should be initiated into the rudiments of a fourth —respect for his elders.

I like children—most of them; not only the dainty fairy of a child who shows me a tiny pair of soft white hands at morning inspection, but also the grubby little urchin who sticks out a pair of grimy fists and exclaims: "Oh, gosh! I forgot all about them finger-nails." As if he had ever done anything else! I like children, and, almost invariably, they like me; but I have no sentimental illusions about them. There is no doubt in my mind that if I have missed much joy in having had none of my own, I have also been spared much responsibility and pain, and even the deepest sorrow.

Sometimes when I cannot endure the four dingy walls of a boarding-house room for another week I crank up my courage, and start out to find some new surroundings. If I find an available room in the home of a good, wholesome, common-place family, where there are children, I move in. My professional acquaintances are very apt to shrug their shoulders and lift their eyebrows at such a proceeding, but I persist, even though I know I am very likely to wish I hadn't for a while. I take my own time in establishing friendly relations, and usually they are so successful that I stay for several months, or even a year. It does me heaps of good, too. For one thing, I get rid of a finicky dislike for racket—like Yellow Dog Dingo, I have to! At this very moment, there is a little child close beside me, more contented to sit here and watch me write than to go outdoors to play with her jacks and ball. I play with her and her sisters, tell them stories and all manner of games, and on occasion I help them with their baths and tuck them into bed. And when I don't want them I hang out the busy sign, and that is all there is to it. It gives me a delightful sense of freedom, for their poor mother is on the job all the year round!

Seriously, though, life is like a great university. There are many courses, and matrimony is one of them. One cannot take everything. If circumstances, economical or otherwise, have required one to take some other course in life, why not accept the responsibility of it willingly, and stride off with

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it as one's own, instead of treating it as an imposition and a burden. Unmarried women are not the only people, perhaps, who would have a different sort of life if they had the arranging of it. Baffled hopes and cruel disappointment are the handicap of many a man and woman who are gamely making the best of it. The mother of a family holds no sinecure, and neither does she have in her possession *all* the possibilities for happiness and helpfulness.

IT is the habit of ghosts, when faced fairly and with determination, to vanish into thin air, where they belong. They haunt the sort of person who glances hastily at the thing he fears, and flees in dismay.

The Bachelor's Bugaboo

The matrimonial misfortunate who, because the world has always agreed that a bad marriage is less lonely than none, accepts the popular notion at its face value, stands in a like situation. With a bit of resolution and constructive imagination, he might instead so manage to snub and neglect his pet spook that it would die of disuse. This becomes especially true when the person in question is Herself, for never since the world began has there been a more fortunate time for the spinster to be alive.

The panicky fear of being lonely keeps many unmarried women unhappy. As a matter of fact, the human soul is essentially lonely, as inevitably so as the heights of the mountain or the depths of the sea. Loneliness in some degree, more or less, is the common lot. One sees it lurking fearfully in the eyes of people everywhere, and they chase madly about in search of amusement to get away from themselves. They never really succeed. The only possible solution is to make terms with life in some way, and that is what every individual must do for himself. Women must learn, as men have learned, to stand on their own feet and work out their own salvation, whether they think they are going to like it or not.

There are many things that can help, and first of all, of course, are books. For myself, when facing the peril of self-pity, I haunt the public library for books on Africa. After I have spent some weeks, or months, jaunting about the veldt, and through the jungles with Steward Edward White, Theodore Roosevelt, and others of the big game hunters, I find that I have left that danger far behind me, for the present at least. And Jane Barlow. Any one who reads "At the Back of the Beyond" will find that he has forgotten self in a glow of sympathy and admiration for the quaint characters pictured there.

Friends are a help, too, though it is a wise woman who has learned not to depend upon them altogether. It is a very rare and beautiful friendship that can stand the strain! Then, to the woman who is struggling with her own half-formed philosophy of life, the cheerful attitude of other people toward her problem is an aggravation. In a book by William J. Locke (I have forgotten which one, and I can't even quote it exactly) the woman cries out in exasperation:

"Friends! What have I to do with friendship? You might as well say to a starving man, 'I can't offer you bread, but I'll give you a nice round polished stone!'"

Probably every lonely, rebellious woman has felt that at some time, but happily most of us recover before we have alienated our friends forever. Any woman demanding too much, in friendship or otherwise, is likely to go far and fare comfortless.

It takes courage to face life alone, but no more than to face death alone, and that is what every individual must do. Though why any woman with parents or relatives need consider herself alone in the world is more than I can see. Why not mother the elderly parents a bit? I mean really mother them, and not merely "boss" them, as it is so easy to do. It is more fun, sometimes, to play with the older people than it is to play with children, and they do appreciate it so. They may be hiding an aching loneliness themselves.

Whatever makeshifts she may use in bolstering up her courage, I do insist that until the unmarried woman realizes that she is a human being first and a woman afterwards, that she must stand on her own feet and make her own terms with life, she will not go far in laying the black ghost that stalks at her side.

After all, it is as white as it is black. Taken either way or any way, life has its streaks of gray, and also its flashes of rose color and gold.

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Solon Hannibal Borglum in his Connecticut studio with "Mike."

In Recognition of an American Sculptor

BY LOUISE EBERLE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF SOLON H. BORGLUM

IN the ever-growing group of American sculptors whose art is not an importation nor even an adaptation, the name of Solon Hannibal Borglum occupies a place by itself. For he was the special prophet of the West, the first, perhaps, to produce sculpture that was both truly Western and truly art.

One must add to this the admission that Mr. Borglum's art was wider than a locality. Yet it is true that the instant one approaches his cowboy, animal, and Indian pieces one is sensible of a special quality that is rare even in the best art. And one who studies his life is drawn to the conclusion that this special thing was the fruit of about twenty-five years of young life eagerly lived on plain and ranch, knowing nothing else, yet with the unusual faculty of being as newly alive to what he saw as if he had known it but yesterday. And it is this union of complete habitude toward, yet conscious and delighted perception of, his West that gives his Western work its great authority, its depths of human sympathy, and that makes clear the fact that his years there were, actually, a definite preparation for his work as a sculptor. For he saw the human form in action each day of his life, all those years, as the veiled, chained thing is not seen in cities. He saw and lived in such close touch with horses that his relation to them was almost that of a centaur to his horse-body. Plastic form, motion, action—those were the things he was feeding on even while he seemed only to be learning ranching.

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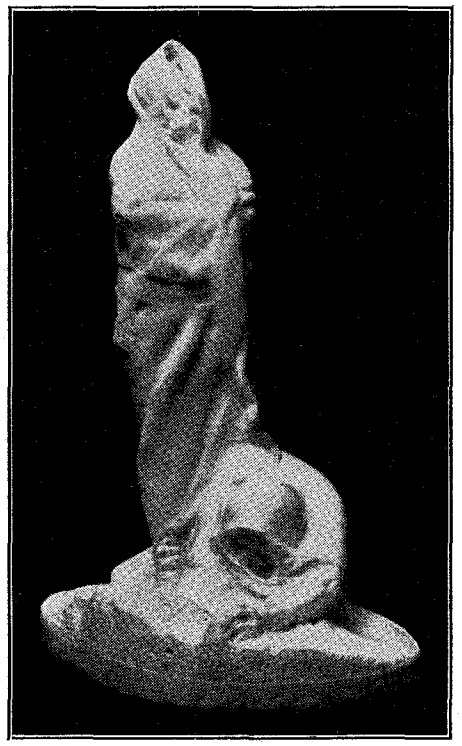
Though depicting the life of the cowboy as moment-by-moment alertness, the pitting of mind and body against obstacles, with penalties of death or disaster on a lapse of keenness, he never slipped into sensationalism or sentimentality. He did, however, take a deeply sympathetic point of view, and it is this sympathy that makes many of his pieces verge on what the very modern sculptor is disposed to forbid entirely, that is, the telling of a story. He perceived not only plastic masses but such things as the plainsman's eager answer to life, his relationship to his horse, and the relationship of both to the plains, which he felt as an intimately shaping if vastly impersonal background.

Look at "Snowdrift," the wild horse and her foal in a blizzard. It is a beautiful expression of the plastic art, a fine piece of workmanship, of composition. But it goes on from that to the tenderly felt story of the mother-horse's love for, and desire to protect, her offspring, and the colt's trust, and the helplessness of both, while the snow sweeps down upon them in the indifferent palm of the plain's vast hand.



The Burial on the Plain.

Marble of Indian women lamenting on the grave of a chief.

And plain and snow, yes, and darkness, are magically suggested in other of his small bronzes and marbles, quite unforgetably in "Blizzard"—the man and horse recumbent, the former receiving warmth from the latter, but sharing with him, in return, the shelter of his poncho. And all this in a small bronze, modelled simply, in simple masses.

"A pure art," says one of our greatest sculptors, and adds: "I feel so inherently in his work the quality of the thing itself—not merely that he has looked at his subject, recognized its interest and sculptural quality and made a statue of it. He got something into those animal things that very few people ever get into animal pieces, a quality of understanding the animal such as only a man accustomed to living days and nights on the plains, with no companion but his horse, could get."

This American was of Danish parentage. He was born in Utah in 1868, but spent much of his boyhood in Nebraska and California, beginning work as a cowboy before he was sixteen. About two years later there came what were probably his youth's most formative years, when, in charge of a new ranch purchased by his father, he broke land, put up buildings, made fences, invented farm machinery, fought blizzards for his horses and cattle, and worked with his men instead of overseeing them.

There is one amusing, yet not trivial, bit to tell of his beginning in art. His brother, Gutzon Borglum, who had even then started his own notable career in art, came to the ranch and saw some of the drawings which Solon was constantly making. In talking to the boy about his talent for art, he used the word "perspective." Solon looked it up afterward in the dictionary, and having found its meaning, he set about mastering it in drawing just as he would go after a stray horse—no let-up till it was corralled. After this he spent a few months with Gutzon, but soon was back at cowboy work again with a man who had sufficient discernment to permit him time for his drawing and painting. When this ranch changed hands, Solon, then twenty-four years old, took the hint of cir-

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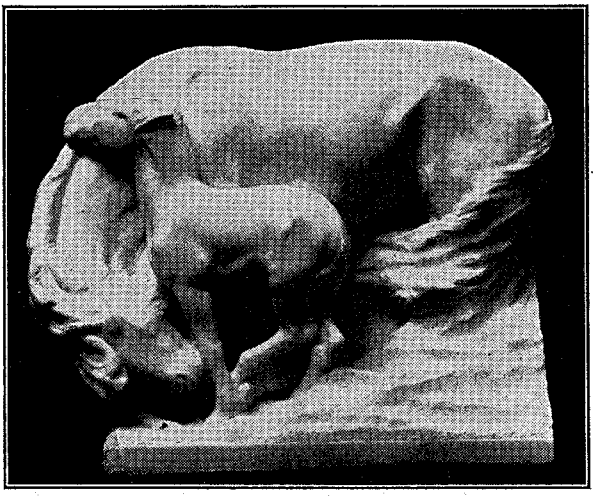
cumstance and cast his net definitely on the side of art. It was painting alone that he had in mind at this time, but whether this was because he had not yet seen sculpture is conjectural.

But he began, characteristically, not by yearning toward Paris or even New York. With his blanket and oil-stove he went to Sant' Anna, set up a studio, and put out a sign to the effect that lessons in painting might be had there on Saturday, and Saturday only. He got a pupil or two, earned a dollar and a half each week, and spent the six free days painting on the plains, nourishing himself for his active outdoor life on oatmeal and crackers, which came within the dollar and a half's scope. He wanted to paint and he painted—sheep, horses, Mexicans, landscapes, cowboys, and paid the price in hardship without a question.

After some months Mr. Borglum ventured an exhibition, at which several of his canvases sold, netting all of sixty-five dollars. And when a brother gave him a railroad pass he asked nothing more of fate, but started for Cincinnati. Discovering that there were day and evening classes at the Cincinnati Art School, he enrolled for both. But the plainsman who could toil so endlessly found that he could not endure city dwelling, and would have had to give it up but for the happy discovery of some government stables, where there were horses galore, and where he got permission to paint from four until seven o'clock each morning. And he even managed to squeeze in a few terms at a veterinary school.

It was these researches that turned him to his true line. He wanted to make as complete a study of horse anatomy as possible, and his sculptor nature showed in the instinct that made him wish to get the thing tangibly under his fingers, for a sculptor sees by touch as well as with his eyes. So he began modelling a statuette of a horse. And when, at the end of the year, he exhibited his paintings, including the statuette, it was the latter that brought him a prize of fifty dollars and free tuition for several terms.

The next year he won a prize of one hundred dollars and another scholarship. And as the Cincinnati Art School agreed to let him use the sum the scholarship represented in Paris, instead of at the school, it seemed easy to him now to go there. There were other small aids, and, once in Paris, Bela Pratt gave him a shed for a studio, and Saint-Gaudens and MacMonnies were among those who helped him with criticism and encouragement, and in the many ways in which those temperamental and jealous people, the artists, constantly help to bear each other's burdens.



Snowdrift. Marble.

It would be difficult to say at exactly what moment Mr. Borglum consciously decided for sculpture and against painting. Certainly the scholarships he had received were for painting, and it seems that he started for Paris with the intention of carrying on this study. Regarding this an old friend of his—one of the first to take a solid interest in his work—has a bit of information.

"I do not know what Borglum's intentions were when he left New York," he said, "but he wrote me from Paris that he never touched brush again after reaching there."

In Paris Mr. Borglum entered the Atelier Julien, but remained only six months, for he could not fit himself into the frame of conventional academic work. Criticism he welcomed, but suspected that a ready-made art would be thrust at him in a school. It was this tendency that kept him from ever

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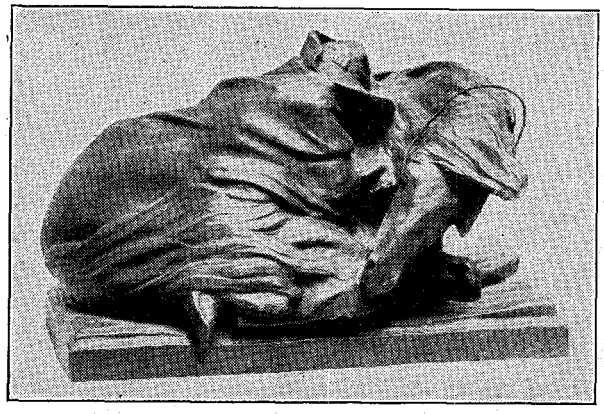
having a cast in his studio, though he loved and revered the great classics of art. One must not conclude, however, that he was not a thorough student. All his life he kept to the standard of study with which he began when he drew, painted, modelled, and dissected horses in Cincinnati. But he seems always to have outlined his own paths. While he might have gained, by a different course, a technical mastery that would have kept all his work at the level of his best pieces, one is inclined to be glad that he followed his own bent, for otherwise he would almost certainly have lost some of the wholesome vigor, the charm, and the point of view of the man of the plains which made his work unique. One might indeed say that he carried into art the spirit of the plainsman, to whom his own brand on his cattle, and none other, is man's inviolable right.



The Blizzard. Bronze.

Frémiet, who was the great man for all young sculptors then in Paris, was his good genius. To this fine sculptor he owed most of what came to him through teaching, and one wonders whether Frémiet did not feel like the traditional hen hatching a duckling when he saw the pioneer West coming into vigorous life-in-art in that French atmosphere.

In Paris the same thing happened that had happened in Cincinnati. He must, in some way, manage to keep his connection with his West, and, once again, it was horses that made things possible for him. He was made free of some stables, and immediately began modelling two groups, one of which was "Lassoing Wild Horses." Both were accepted for the Spring Salon of 1890, splendidly placed, and adored by the Parisians. And the next year his "Stampede of Wild Horses" and "Lame Horse" brought him an honorable mention.

And here is a bit quite unorthodox but deliciously human. The art-loving public of Paris could appreciate the conception and workmanship of this foreign art. But they might have been a bit bewildered as to its meaning but for an unexpected and unintentional interpreter—Buffalo Bill! Yes, Buffalo Bill, who had twice brought his show to Paris, where he and his cowboys had not only completely captivated the French capital but had furnished the key to a comprehension of this purely American art.

During these days in Paris Mr. Borglum met Mademoiselle Emma Vignal, who became his wife. And it was quite a part of his faith in his West that he imagined it would be the place of places to his bride that it was to him. So he took her there not long after their marriage, and one of the thrills he

On the Border of the White Man's Land.
Bronze in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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provided for the French girl was a two weeks' trek over the prairie to a great Indian celebration.

"They gave me the oat-bag for a pillow," said Mrs. Borglum. "And it is not such a bad pillow. But when the horse eat the oat, then at last there is no more pillow."

Mr. Borglum never again lived in the West. He had become a definite factor in the art world. And though New York City failed to hold him just as Paris had, he had to keep in touch with it, since it is our art centre. He did this by buying a little country place in Connecticut, turning its barn into a studio, and making a real home where he lived with his wife and children and worked busily for eighteen years.

Work and study seem to have been his entire conscious formula for attainment.

"I have no time for inspiration," he said. "I am too busy working. If I waited for inspiration I would not get much done."

That he was both busy and inspired, however, is attested by the fact that he was awarded silver medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and the Buffalo Exposition of 1901, and the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. During these years he executed many memorials to Civil War heroes, including five colossal busts which are in Vicksburg National Park, and equestrian statues, most famous among which is the General Gordon memorial in Atlanta.

Solon Borglum was fifty years old when the war broke out. One might say that all his life, he had been riding across plains as the crow flies to express the spirit in him—that vigorous and generous American spirit—and the pursuit of that direct course took him straight into the war. He did canteen work with the Foyer du Soldat; not safe canteen work, but the kind that took him on all-night tramps over shell-torn roads in search of supplies to serve to his men in the trenches. And after knowing the horrors of being gassed once, he incurred them again by removing his mask during an attack because it impeded his work of taking the last messages of the dying and giving water to the wounded. And his friends believe that he might have recovered from his last illness but for that second experience.

Evening. Bronze.

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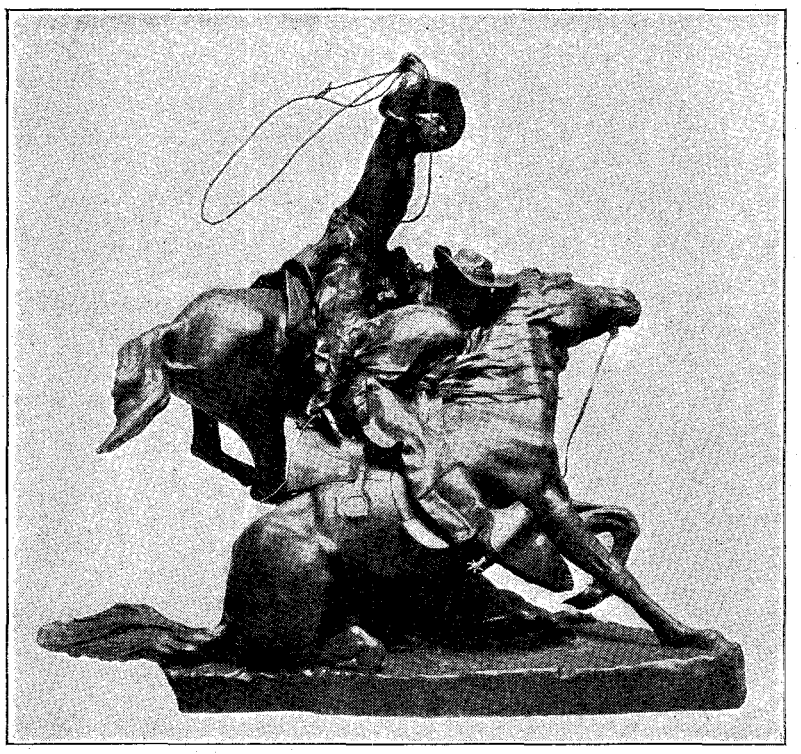

Lassoing Wild Horses.
Bronze, exhibited at the Paris Salon.

He went back into the work, however, and it was only when the armistice was signed that he began doing the sort of thing one might have thought a man of his age and attainments reasonably called on to do —opening schools for the soldiers up in the mountains of Luxemburg. Later, he became head of the department of sculpture with the A. E. F. in the fine and applied arts section of its educational work. And what he did in France was attested by France herself, for she gave him her Croix de Guerre.

On his return Mr. Borglum established the School of American Sculpture, still continued in his name. One could scarcely imagine him not doing that, for so deep a believer in his country's destiny in art, and so right-minded a pioneer therein, would naturally labor to pass on his faith to a succeeding generation. And it is one of the regrets of his passing that he had only two years at this work, for its methods were based on the three foundation-stones on which he had climbed—belief in sheer hard labor in a given direction, belief that every individual should start for himself at bedrock, and belief in a true art heritage for America.

How hard he worked, and with what an understanding heart and dedication of purpose, is shown by those pieces of his sculpture of which it may truly be said: "Here is American art."

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Problems of the Hour in Europe

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

PROBABLY every one would agree that there has been a certain reiteration in the news set forth day after day, this summer season, in the newspaper unfolded at the breakfast-table or on the summer porch. Three questions invariably occupied the foreground: the latest move of the White House to end the mine and railway strikes; the latest deadlock between financial experts at The Hague and the Russian delegates; and the latest formula presented by Germany regarding modification of reparations payments. Other news bearing on finance and politics was not lacking, but it was altogether obscured by the shifting phases of the three governmental negotiations; public interest in which was not at all diminished by the fact that the daily news regarding them appeared to report nothing but a series of futile efforts at settlement.

The Latest Drift of Events

The conferences in our own labor dispute served at least to indicate the nature of the situation. The conferences with Russia made it plain what the Russian situation actually is, but threw no light on what is to result from it. The conferences over the German reparations left the public mind more in the dark than before, in regard both to the merits of the controversy and the probable next turn of events. Except for the now absolute certainty that the Soviet will get into its hands no outside money, public or private, the Russian situation is exactly what it was when the first of the conferences was called. It is not, however, what it was a year ago. The huge gold reserve which the Bolsheviki seized in 1917 from the old Russian state bank has been nearly used up. A great part of it was sent to Scandinavia to buy food and merchandise; Scandinavia, having minted it into non-distinguishable bullion, shipped it along, in the ordinary course of trade, to the United States, where more than $100,000,000 of it now lies in the vaults of our Federal Reserve.

SOME of the Russian gold, sent to Omsk by the Bolsheviki, was seized by the insurgent Kolchak, who delivered $40,000,000 in exchange for war materials to British and American bankers, before the rest was recaptured by the Soviet troops. How much was used for "propaganda" in other countries, how much was lost or stolen in the haphazard railway transportation of the gold, probably even the Soviet does not know. But the Soviet's knowledge of the approaching exhaustion of the confiscated treasure has been plainly indicated, first by the government's recent stripping of gifts and ornaments of precious metal from the Russian churches, and still more by the Soviet's urgent offer of Russia for exploitation by foreign capital, if only foreign money could be got in exchange for it.

Exhaustion of the Soviet's Gold Holdings

What effect the emptying of the treasure-chest will have on the Moscow government's position is a matter of pure guesswork, as, indeed, is any prediction of the course of events in Russia. It was with this gold that the Soviet paid for such necessary supplies as it bought from foreign countries; it will now not only lose that means of payment but even its export trade in Russian products, small as it was a year ago, is now officially reported to have decreased to only half the quantity of 1921. Payment in food has largely served to maintain the army, the working men under state control, and the mass of direct governmental employees; but lately, except for the American relief, food also has failed.

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Russia's Political Future

ANYWHERE but in Russia a government which, through consistent application of principles to which it still professed adherence, had completely ruined in succession its country's commerce, manufacture, transportation, and agriculture, whose devastating influence on its people's material welfare had gone so rapidly from bad to worse that it culminated in the death by starvation of whole communities, would have been overturned by a desperate and general uprising. But there is not the least indication of any such result in Russia. In the complete lack of evidence as to any political trend or tendency in the Russian people, the men most familiar with the country are the least willing to venture into prophecy. Some of them suggest alternative possibilities as wide apart as those of a well-known French writer on the Russian situation, who named as equally conceivable results a lapse into Asiatic anarchy; the following of a foreign chief by the masses, imploring discipline and food; seizure of autocratic power by a Bonaparte from the ranks of the Soviet itself, or, finally, "overthrow even of the people's minds by a despairing mysticism," resulting in a "procession of flagellants on the march for a new ideal, beyond all calculations of the economists and politicians."

Of the country's economic problem the one reasonably safe guess is that, if political conditions do not change, a system of barter between Russian producers and the outside world will gradually be extended on an unprecedented scale, along with equally gradual surrender to foreign speculators and exploiters of such natural resources as the mines, the oil-fields, the timber-lands. Possibly neither the economic nor the political enigma will be solved at all until the dominant personalities who at least possess the prestige of having achieved the Bolshevik revolution shall have passed from the scene.

DURING a good part of the summer, even the Russian controversy was superseded in public interest by the precipitous fall in value of the German currency and the events to which it led. The mark, which before the war exchanged for 23⅞ cents in American money, sold on the New York exchange market at the end of July for 1¾ one-hundredths of a cent. It had fallen 50 per cent in value within a month and 25 per cent within a week. In foreign banks and foreign ministries, this action of the market was described as foreshadowing Germany's economic ruin, but, as usual, without defining what "economic ruin" meant.

The Fall in the German Mark

The productive and commercial power of Germany is still so great that our own Congress has been anxiously debating the fancied need for special tariff barriers against German exports. Her financial resources are intrinsically so large that foreign bankers have seriously discussed an international loan of a billion dollars to the German Government. Her territory was not, like Belgium, invaded during the war; her farms, mines, and manufactories had not been devastated and wrecked, like those of northern France. As one French writer has put it, "not a German window-pane was shattered" by the enemy. Her people were taxed vastly less in war-time than the people of England, France, or Italy. Since the war the constant talk on the German markets has been of the huge fortunes heaped up by the captains of German industry.

Exchange Rate and Reparations Payments

HOW, then, is this abnormally rapid and progressive depreciation of the currency, this prediction of economic ruin, as a consequence, to be explained, when the paper currencies of France, Italy, and Belgium have appreciated 50 to 70 per cent since 1920? A familiar answer is that the immense compulsory payments by Germany to her antagonists of the war, in requital of the German army's wanton destruction of her enemy's property in the war, have made that depreciation unavoidable. We are told that the government has had to purchase foreign currencies in order to meet recurring instalments on the reparations; that there was no way to make such purchase except through selling German paper marks, either to foreign countries or to German merchants

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 386)

in exchange for drafts on such foreign countries. This expedient, it is then explained, necessitates issue of new paper currency in amounts sufficient to purchase the requisite foreign credits at the mark's depreciated value, and the constant pressure of such new paper on the market inevitably forces down its price.

As a description of what has actually occurred in financing the reparations payments, this is accurate enough; but it fails entirely to go to the heart of the matter. In the first place, Germany has not as yet paid more than a fraction of the instalments which her own representatives at London, eighteen months ago, admitted the government's capacity to pay. What has been actually paid in cash on reparations account since 1918 does not exceed in gold valuation what France, without progressive depreciation of her currency, paid by way of indemnity to Prussia within three years after 1870. The complaint of Germany over the reparations payments is nowadays rarely based on the sum imposed, considered in itself, but on the fact that, since the payment has to be made in gold and since it now requires a hundred marks in the greatly depreciated German paper money to buy the equivalent of one gold mark in foreign currencies, the burden of providing foreign credits has become intolerable. But that would seem to mean that the trouble is result rather than cause of the depreciation of the currency.

WE shall therefore have to go farther back in our search for the root of the difficulty. First let us see exactly what has happened. Before the war, Germany's currency amounted to some three or four billion marks in gold and silver and 1,800,000,000 marks in paper notes redeemable in coin. In the armistice week of November, 1918, gold and silver having ceased to circulate, 17,000,000,000 paper marks irredeemable in coin, issued through the Reichsbank by the government, were in circulation. By the end of 1919 this paper circulation had increased to 35,700,000,000 marks; by the end of 1920 to 68,800,000,000; by the end of 1921 to 113,400,000,000, and at the beginning of last July to 169,200,000,000. Along

Course of German Paper Inflation

(Financial Situation, continued on page 47)

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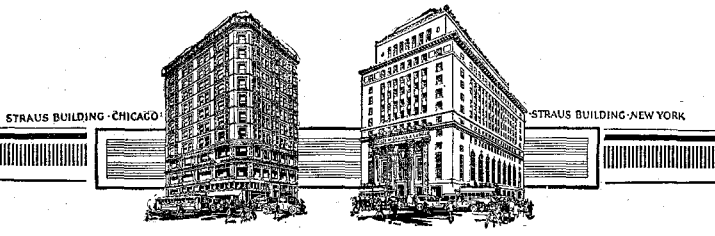

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 45)

with this headlong inflation of the currency, prices of goods on the German markets rose to something like ninety times what they were in 1914. The *Frankfurter Zeitung's* average of commodity prices, reduced to 100 as of July, 1914, worked out at 1,987 at the end of 1919, at 2,127 at the end of 1920, at 4,238 at the end of 1921, and at 9,140 at the beginning of last July.

There are two ways in which an increase of the money supply may influence prices. Even if the increase were made up wholly of gold or of paper notes redeemable on demand in gold, an abnormally great addition to the money in circulation might, directly or indirectly, drive up prices; chiefly through the resultant creation of larger bank facilities for purchase of goods by traders and consumers. In that case the rise would be a rise in actual "gold prices." But if a rapid increase of money supply consists entirely of paper not redeemable in gold, with no increase of gold reserve, then the question will soon intrude as to whether gold redemption will ever be resumed. Naturally, the greater the issue of such paper currency the less is the probability of gold resumption.

The Machinery of Currency Depreciation

THAT being so, the irredeemable paper mark which is printed in constantly increasing quantities will buy progressively less of goods or services than could be purchased by a gold mark or by a paper mark exchangeable for gold. Such discrimination will be first exhibited in foreign exchange, because, while the German Government can compel its own citizens to accept the paper mark as the nominal equivalent of gold, no such compulsion can extend to foreigners. The American merchant who has produced or acquired his stock of goods on the basis of gold values, and who is asked by the German purchaser to accept in payment paper marks, or a draft on a German bank payable in that paper, will accept such payment only at a discount from its face value. How great or how small that discount is to be will naturally be determined by the increasing or decreasing probability of ultimate gold redemption.

The fall of Germany's paper mark to a valuation, in our own gold-redeemable currency, less a hundredth part of the gold mark's valuation, reflects the banking world's belief that ultimate

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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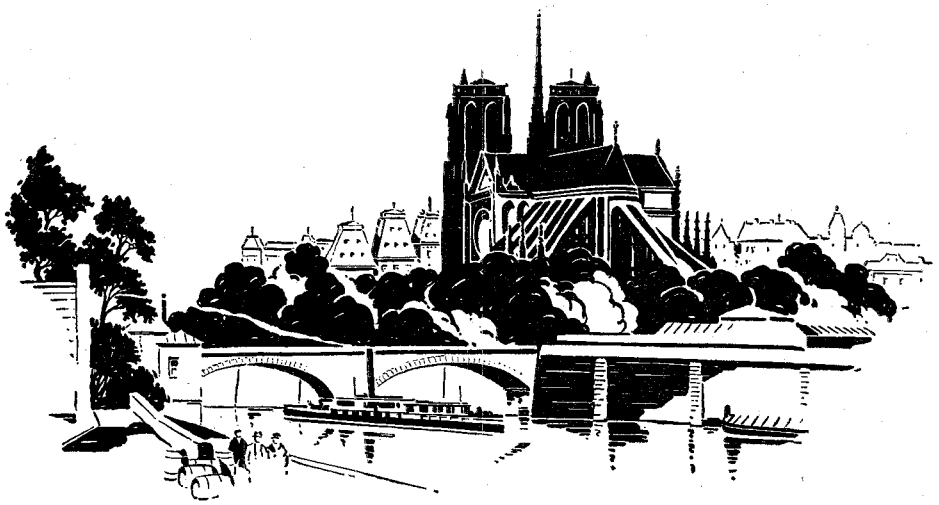

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

gold redemption is exceedingly remote and has been growing daily more improbable. But the example, set by foreign merchants and reflected in exchange rates, was quickly followed by German merchants also. The only difference of procedure was that, instead of placing an open discount on the purchasing power of the paper mark itself, the German trader reached the same end by asking progressively higher prices for his goods, when paid for in paper marks, than the prices asked if payment was made in gold.

Confusing Incidents of Inflation

ALL this is very elementary principle in the science of paper money. But there are always perplexing phenomena in such economic episodes; confusing movements of the markets which appear at times to contradict the simple underlying theory. Such conflicting incidents have been common in the case of Germany. For instance, Germany's own financial experts have at times made much of the fact that the paper mark's depreciation, measured in foreign exchange, was greater than its depreciation measured in the price of German commodities, and have therefore insisted that it did not truly indicate the situation. They have also pointed out that during the first half of 1921, when the paper currency was increasing at the rate of one billion marks per month, the New York exchange market's valuation of the mark either did not change at all or else went higher; from which it was assumed that the increase of the paper currency was not the cause of the mark's depreciation on exchange. Finally, the German Government itself has argued that it is the higher prices, necessitating as they do a proportionately larger amount of circulating money for the purposes of trade, which compel the Reichsbank to increase its paper issues; in other words, that paper inflation is effect, not cause.

The facts alleged in all three of these contentions were undeniable. On the New York exchange market at the end of 1921 the mark sold for one-half cent as against the 23¾-cent price of July, 1914, whereas in Germany the average paper prices of commodities were at the same date only forty-two times as high as in the pre-war month. Between January and July, 1921, Germany's outstanding paper currency increased 9,000,000,000 marks, or nearly 14 per cent, yet the New York price for the mark, which was 1⅓ cents in January, had recovered to 1¾ cents in July. That higher

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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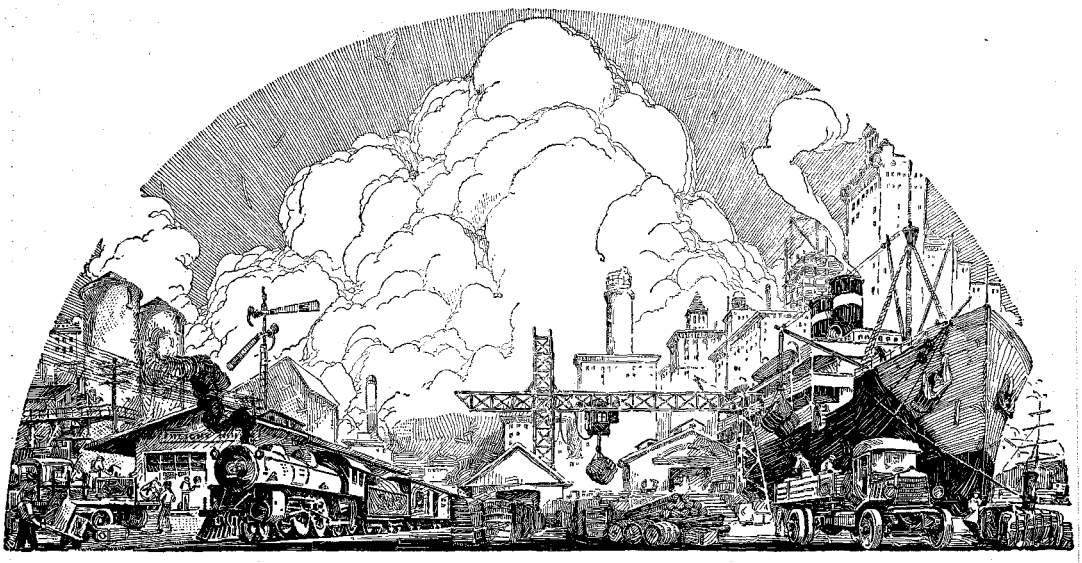

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

prices may require more currency, our own experience has shown. Even with a gold-parity currency and with no possibility of putting it into circulation except in response to actual demands of trade, the American market learned during 1919 that a rapid advance of prices brought almost equally rapid additions to outstanding Federal Reserve notes.

Influence of the Trade Balance

So much is incontestable; yet all that these seeming inconsistencies in the German situation prove is that the special influence exerted by progressive inflation of an irredeemable paper currency may be either emphasized or modified by the working of other economic causes. Even when the foreign-exchange valuation of the mark is governed primarily by the vanishing probability of ultimate gold redemption, it is also influenced (as it was, even before suspension of gold payments) by an excess of imports or exports, as the case might be, in the country's foreign trade. During 1921 Germany's imports of merchandise exceeded exports by no less than 1,600,000,000 marks per month.

The resultant influence on exchange rates was bound to depress the mark's foreign value below the point to which even paper inflation would have forced it. This additional depreciation, though it would necessarily advance the German price for imported goods, would not immediately raise the price of Germany's own products, services, or wages. Depreciation of the mark was, therefore, greater on foreign markets than in Germany. But, as we shall see, the fall of its price on the foreign markets was much the more seriously complicating fact. Furthermore, the rise in average German prices since last December has been almost exactly twice as rapid as the rise during 1921; to-day there is no such difference between home and foreign depreciation for the mark as existed twelve months ago.

The failure of mark exchange to reflect at once the paper inflation of 1921 was neither a mystery in itself nor disproof of the established theories of currency depreciation. Two special influences were visibly in operation during that year, which offset in the market for exchange, though only temporarily, both the merchandise import balance and the currency inflation. At the very low foreign-exchange price of the German mark huge sums of foreign capital were at the time attracted to investment in German property and securities. Millions of dollars' worth of German city bonds and bonds

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

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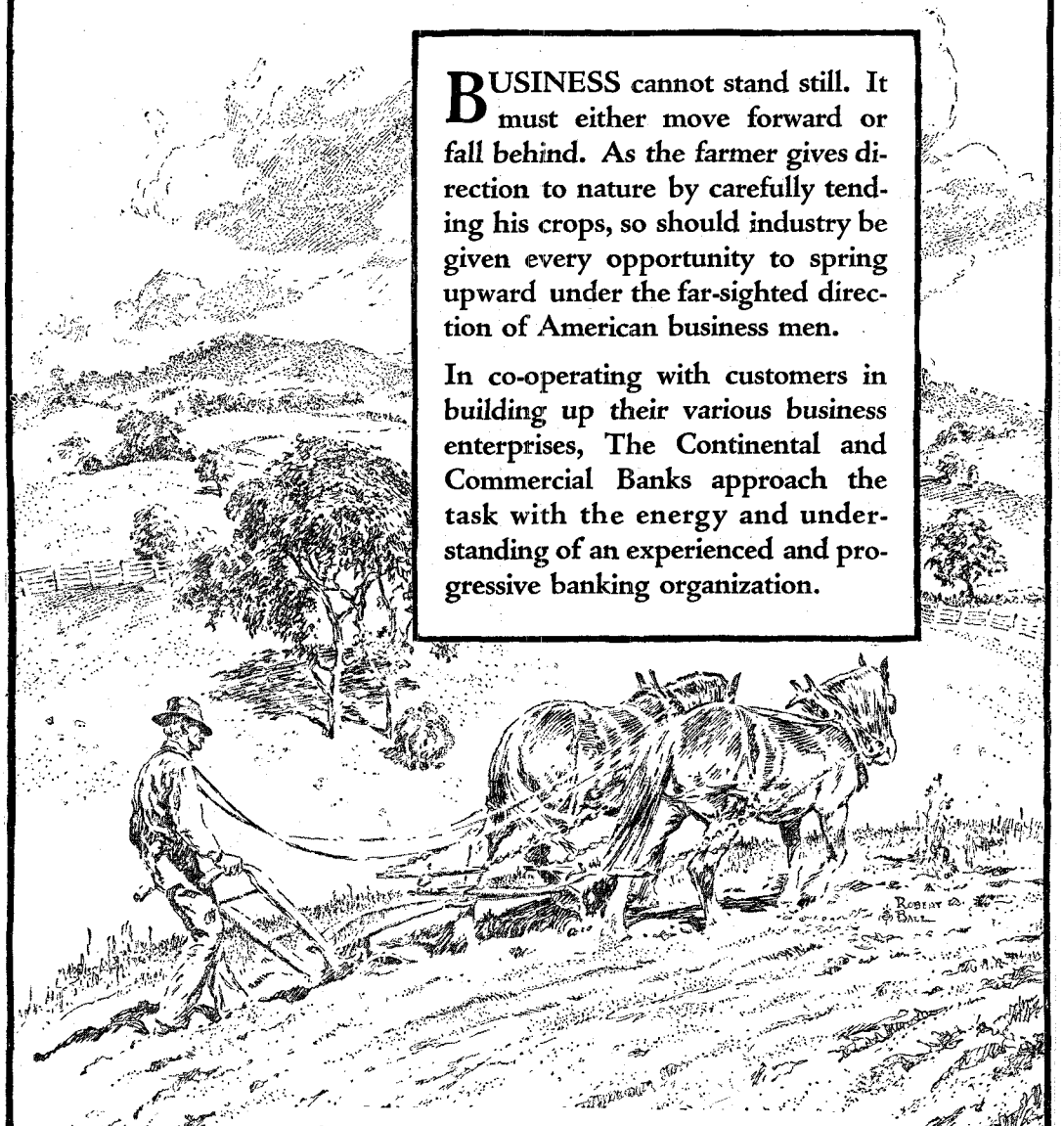

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

of German industrial companies were sent to America and sold. The price seemed low with the mark itself obtainable for half a cent or less, and there always remained the chance that the mark's valuation would recover, thereby raising the price of the investment also. Based on the same idea, still more direct an influence was exerted through outright purchase of German paper marks themselves by foreigners, to hoard for pure speculation. Both of these speculations, with their sustaining influence on the foreign value of the mark, naturally grew in magnitude during the period when negotiations were pending (as they were last autumn) to lighten the burden of reparations payments.

Argument that High Prices Caused Inflation

THE German Government's contention that the currency inflation is effect, not cause, for the reason that higher prices of themselves require more currency, brings up other considerations. That the large new issues of paper currency in 1920 and 1921—amounting to 33,000,000,000 marks in the one year and to 44,000,000,000 in the other—represented the government's expedient to meet a deficit in the public revenue, nobody has denied. But even German financiers were startled when the issue of new paper, during only the first six months of 1922, amounted to 55,000,000,000 marks.

For this increasing outpour of new paper, the rise of prices was undoubtedly in a sense responsible. Government is the largest employer of labor and purchaser of material, and along with the currency's progressive depreciation cost of materials, of labor, and of general services advanced correspondingly. While its expense account thus rose by spasmodic leaps, prompt and equivalent increase in current revenue was impracticable. A budget of taxation, drawn up with the view of meeting current expenditure, would be out of date a month or two after its formulation; the rate of expenditure might have risen 50 per cent, but the taxes for the coming fiscal year would have been arranged and imposed only in accordance with that budget. The recourse then adopted by the government would be issue of paper currency in larger sums than ever; with further rise in prices and salaries as a consequence and therefore with recurrence of the deficit problem in still more unmanageable shape. Along with this predicament of the Treasury, the German merchant or manufacturer, carrying goods and paying wages higher by one-fourth

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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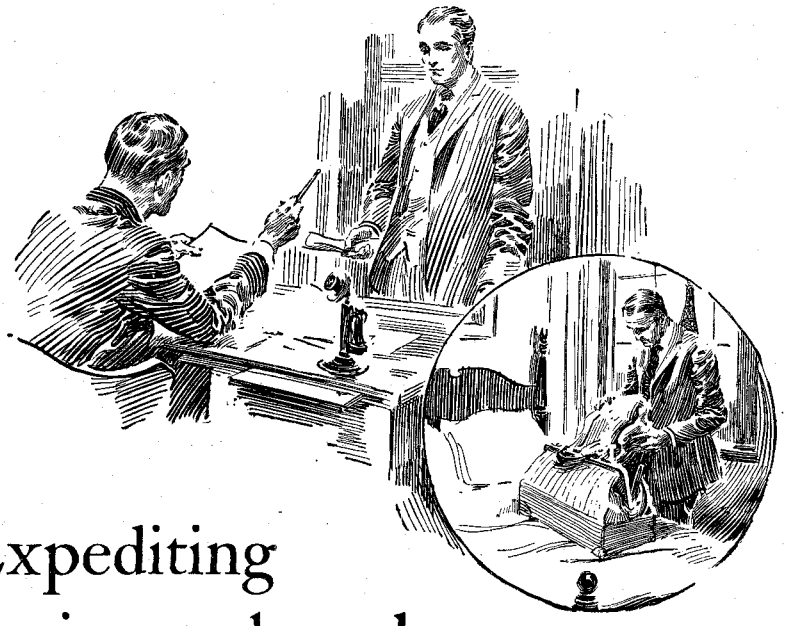

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

one-half than what they were in the preceding season, had to draw on his bank for proportionately increased sums.

YET nothing can be more obvious than the fact that this whole succession of embarrassments traces back to the original policy of deliberate inflation. If the government had not paid its bills in paper marks during 1919 and 1920, the progressive depreciation of the currency need not have occurred at all. Had that depreciation not occurred, the abnormal rise of prices would not have followed nor the demand for still more of the depreciated currency, to meet an enlarging public deficit, and enable traders to conduct their business at the higher prices. Philosophers and statesmen who dispute the basic principles of currency inflation because of these necessary consequences might with equal reason argue that the constant strengthening of his dose by the opium-eater means only that his system needs a progressively increased stimulus, and not that the mischief lay in the adoption of the habit. It is frequently asked, however, if this recourse to wholesale paper inflation, with all its necessary consequences, was not in Germany's case made unavoidable by circumstances. May not military defeat, political revolution, the long exhaustion of the war blockade and the huge foreign payments levied on her government for reparations, have left this the only possible financial recourse?

Responsibility for a financial dilemma

During the war, increase in paper-money issues not redeemable in gold may have been inevitable; at any rate, progressive inflation and depreciation of the paper currency was common to England, France, Italy, Germany, and Central Europe, not only up to the end of 1918 but to the middle of 1920. Whether the sum total of reparations payments was not fixed too high for Germany's capacity to pay them, is at least a debatable question. But Germany's case was in several ways peculiar to herself. Even during the war, while England and France, by way of meeting war expenditure, were imposing greatly increased taxation and raising huge long-term interest-bearing loans on the public credit, the German Government pursued a different policy. The Entente Allies, so the eminent banker at the head of the German Treasury declared, would ultimately be forced to pay all the war expenses of the Central Powers; therefore, why worry the German citizen with new taxes on the German money market with new loans? Only in the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

last years of war, when the outcome had grown doubtful, did the government introduce a wholly inadequate programme of taxation and public loans. Meantime it paid its war expenses with paper money.

Policies Pursued by Different Countries

WITH the end of the war and of the first after-war year, such governments as France and Italy took the first steps to reform their currencies. Their measures were resolutely introduced. Proceeds of new public loans and part of the proceeds of the taxes were promptly applied to reduction of the inflated paper money. Within two years this reduction reached two to three thousand million francs in each of the two countries. Germany made no such effort. Foreign banking experts reminded her government that the situation called not only for greatly increased taxes but for large home loans on the public credit to check the inflation of the currency, and for negotiation of large foreign loans to meet foreign reparations payments. But the German Treasury undertook neither recourse until, toward the end of 1921, the headlong depreciation of the currency and the utter confusion of the public finance had made both expedients seemingly impracticable.

Instead, it continued to put out new paper money in constantly increasing volume, not only to provide for the domestic deficit but to meet, first the heavy foreign payments for imported food and raw materials, and next the early instalments on the reparations. The government itself gave no evidence of clear comprehension of the state of things. The rich German industrialists—absorbed in their speculative profits from the rise of prices, and busy with plans for lodging the proceeds in foreign depositories where German tax levies and German currency depreciation could not reach them—confronted the government's timid proposals with sullen and effective opposition.

Under such circumstances Germany's home prices continued their perpendicular rise this year, at a greatly accelerated pace, and with that rise her merchants began to lose such competitive export trade as they had managed to acquire since the armistice. At the same time the sale of actual paper marks in foreign countries, at whatever value they would bring, to pay indebtedness accruing on such markets, forced down the price of the mark exchange in such countries so violently that a monthly instalment of $10,000,000 gold, paid by Germany

(Financial Situation, continued on page 58)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

on reparations account on a foreign market, which would have cost some 41,600,000 marks with the German currency at par and 1,600,000,000 marks with the German currency at the exchange rate of last January, would have called for 6,500,000,000 marks at the low rate of July. This was what the German Government, in its midsummer representations to the Allied commission, declared to be impossible of continuance.

The Question of the Remedy

WHAT is to be the result of this extraordinary dilemma? The logic of the situation would undoubtedly point to adoption of measures by the German Government to stop the progressive paper inflation, reduce the amount in circulation and thereby check the depreciation of the mark. France and Italy have pursued such a policy through issuing government bonds and applying the proceeds to gradual retirement of their paper currencies. The same recourse is open to Germany. France kept her currency virtually at par, while paying the 5,000,000,000 francs indemnity to Prussia after 1870, through raising a great loan on foreign markets and drawing on the proceeds. The recent bankers' conference at Paris intimated that, under certain possible conditions, the same expedient would be open now to Germany. If a moratorium on immediate cash payments for reparations should be granted, the opportunity to arrange scientifically the programme for the future would be in the German Government's hands.

With or without the moratorium, this has been recognized from the first as the only means of solving the reparations problem and saving Germany from herself. The resistance of France to reduction in the total payment assessed on Germany (which the bankers made a condition of the foreign loan) is easily comprehensible when the French Government has itself paid out, from the proceeds of home loans, no less than 60,000,000,000 francs for reconstruction in the regions devastated by Germany, yet when the cash payments actually made by Germany, though covering restitution of plundered property, have thus far provided nothing whatever on the account of reconstruction. Still, recognition of the necessities of the financial situation would probably supersede the resentment of France over its own position, if it were assured of reasonable reimbursement in the future.

BUT the factor in the matter which cannot yet be surely reckoned on is Germany itself. Without restoration of some of the

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mark's lost value on exchange, the problem of making foreign payments would be the same for Germany, when direct payments were resumed or when interest was provided for holders of her foreign bonds, as it is to-day. Yet the possibility of substantial recovery in the value of the mark is regarded in financial Germany with dislike and dread. The reason is evident enough. Since the existing depreciation of the currency has caused an equivalent upward readjustment in prices, wages, taxes, company capitalizations, transportation rates, and since that ninety-fold advance has occasioned a huge speculation and an excited "business boom," the German markets entertain natural misgivings as to what would happen if the economic force which has been driving prices up were all at once reversed.

Germany's Own Attitude

Use of credit has been extended in the measure of these inflated prices. America and Western Europe saw during 1920 and 1921 what consequences in the field of credit precede and follow the sudden ending of an extravagant price-inflation movement. Germany had no part in the reckoning of those years; she has gone rapidly forward on the path of inflation while other nations were retracing their steps. Since 1920 the paper currency of France has been reduced 4,300,000,000 francs, or 11 per cent; during the same interval the paper currency of Germany has been increased 108,000,000,000 marks, or 170 per cent. The question as to scope and character of the economic readjustment which would come with termination of that movement is by no means the least interesting question of the hour.

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The Equitable Trust Company of New York has published a treatise, "Currency Inflation and Public Debts," written by Professor R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, with a preface by Alvin W. Krech, President of the Equitable. The publication is of special interest to bankers, importers, and exporters, legislators and statesmen.

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"Bonds—Questions Answered, Terms Defined," and "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," are two excellent booklets issued by Halsey, Stuart & Company, 14 Wall Street, New York City.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity." A booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public-utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York City, have just published "A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, Revised for 1922," showing the exemption value of municipal bonds which are free from all Federal income taxes as compared with investment subjects to these same taxes. Copies may be had upon request.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a non-technical discussion of this important subject which investors may have simply by writing to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"How to Select Safe Bonds" explains the security back of Real Estate Securities. Write George M. Forman & Company, 105 C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request their July Investors' Guide, which explains how to invest savings at highest interest rates consistent with safety.

"The South Today," a booklet describing investment opportunities in first-mortgage bonds on Southern real estate, has recently been issued by G. L. Miller & Company, of Atlanta, Georgia.

The Mortgage and Securities Company of New Orleans, Louisiana, specializing in Southern investments, have published a booklet, "Farm Mortgage Bonds of the South," setting forth the attractive features of Southern securities of this type. They have also published two additional booklets, "Southern Real Estate Bonds" and "Southern Industrial Bonds." Write for copies of these booklets.

"A Guaranteed Income" is a booklet for investors in real-estate bonds, describing the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"The Story of the Mortgagette" and "First Mortgage Safeguards" are two booklets dealing with first mortgage investments in the Nation's Capital. Write The F. H. Smith Company, 1414–1416 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for copies.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first-mortgage bonds offered by this house.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

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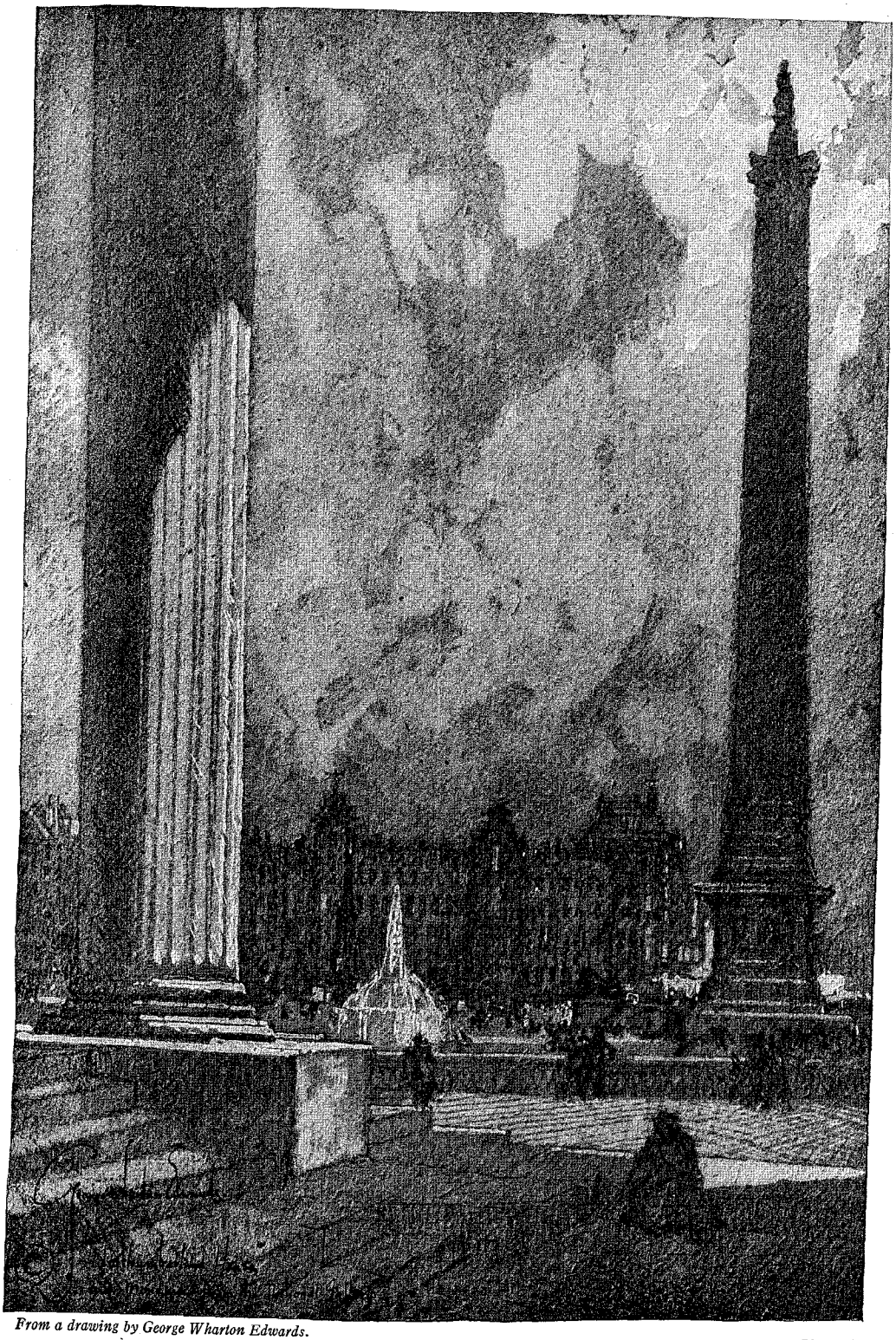

From a drawing by George Wharton Edwards.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Plate I.

—"London," page 401.

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